
T H E
E P I S T L E S
O F
L U C I U S A N N Æ U S S E N E C A.

E P I S T L E I.

On the Value and Use of Time. (a)

THIS do, my *Lucilius*; vindicate the dignity of man: be your own master: and such hours as have hitherto been forcibly taken from you, or stolen unawares, or have slipped by inadvertently, recollect, and for the future turn to some account. You may be assured what I say is true: part of our time we are obliged to sacrifice to office and power; friendship and common occurrences steal another part; and another slides away insensibly: but most scandalous is the loss of it when owing to negligence and dissipation: and yet small attention will evince, that great part of life (*b*) is spent in doing ill, a greater in doing nothing, and too often the whole in doing little or nothing to the great purpose of being. Where will you find (*c*) a man who sets any value upon time? who rates a day, or seems to understand that *he dies daily*? (*d*) For herein are we deceived; we look forwards at death; whereas death, in a great measure, is already passed: all the lapsed years of life are in the tenure of death (*e*). Act therefore, my *Lucilius*, as you inform me you do. Embrace every hour (*f*): the stronger hold you have on to-day, the less will be your dependance on to-morrow. Life, however unimproved, still glides away. There is nothing (*g*) we can properly call our own, but *Time*: all other things are foreign to us: nature hath put us in possession of this one fleeting transitory boon;

which any one deprives us of at pleasure (*b*): and so great is the folly of mortals, that, when by entreaty they have obtained things of the lowest value, mere trifles, at least such as are payable again, they suffer them to be set to their account; but no one thinks himself indebted, who hath borrowed *Time*; whereas this is the only thing that the most grateful heart cannot repay.

You will ask, perhaps, how I act myself, who am giving you this advice? I will confess ingenuously; it is with me, as with those who are luxurious, and yet not quite negligent of their affairs. I still keep an account of my expences; I cannot say, I lose nothing; but I can tell you what I lose, and why, and in what manner. I am not ashamed (*i*) to own the cause of my poverty: but it happens to me, as to many who have been reduced to indigence, not merely by their own misconduct: all men are ready to excuse and pity, but none to assist them. What then? I can by no means think him a poor man, who hath still enough (*k*), however small a portion it be, wherewith to be content. But may you, my friend, still keep your own; and seize the opportunity to use it properly. For as our ancestors wisely judged,—*Sera parsimonia in fundo est,—It is too late to be sparing, when the vessel is almost out* (*l*). As not only a little (*m*) but the worst of every thing generally remains at the bottom.

ANNOTATIONS, REFERENCES, &c.

(*a*) The antients had several curt and wise sentences among them, which they supposed some God the author of, (as if they had been always sensible of the necessity of divine revelation, and were ready to acknowledge the obligation,) such were, *Know thyself*, *Obey God*, *Nothing too much*, and the like; but one of the most celebrated among them, is, *χρὸν φιλεῖ*, *Tempori parce*, *Husband well your Time*. (See Cic. de Fin. l. 3. Clem. Alex. Strom. I. Stobæ l. III. Erasmi. Adag. Muret. in loc.) This then Seneca makes the subject of his first Epistle; and parallel to it, is the exhortation of his cotemporary, our Apostle, *Ephes. 5. 16. Col. 4. 5. Redeeming our Time*, &c. (See Ep. 117. Plin. Ep. l. 9.

(*b*) *That great part of life*] Oporæus from four MSS. reads it, *Maxima vitæ pars elabitur malè agentibus, magna nihil agentibus, tota vita aliud agentibus*. (See this passage explained in Alciat Parergon Juris, l. 4, c. 14.

(*c*) *Where will you find—*

On all-important Time, through every age,
Tho' much and warm the wise have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
I've lost a day; the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an Emperor without his crown.—*Young*.

(*d*) *He*

(d) *He dies daily*] 1 Cor. xv. 31. Καθ' ἡμέραν ἀποθνήσκω.

(e) *In the tenure of death*] Ἡμεῖς ὡς τε ἀρχομεθα ζῆν τότε ἀποθνήσκομεν. Theophrast.

As soon as we begin to live, we die. Or, When to live, we then begin to die. Οὕτως καὶ ἡμεῖς γινηθῆναις ἐξίκομεν, so we as soon as we were born, began to draw to our end. Wisdom. v. 13. (See Epist. 12. 24. 58. 120.)

(f) *Embrace every hour*] — Throw years away!

Throw empires, and be blameless. Moments seize;

Heav'n's on their wing: a moment we may wish,

When worlds want wealth to buy. — *Id.*

— Sapere aude:

Incipe. Qui rectè vivendi prorogat horam

Rusticus expectat, dum defuit amnis, at ille

Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum. — *Hor.*

Dare to be wise: begin. By virtue's rule

Who defers to live, is like the fool,

Who stays, expecting the whole river gone;

Which flows, and will for ever still flow on.

(g) *There is nothing—*] All sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,

He looks on Time as nothing; nothing else

Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's — *Young.*

(h) *Which every one deprives us of at pleasure*]

Ex quâ nos expellit, quicumque vult.

Where is that thrift, that avarice of Time,

(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inspires;

As rumour'd robberies endear our gold? —

O Time, than gold more sacred! — *Young.*

But we are so perverse, that however avaritious and tenacious we are of other things, we are extremely prodigal of Time; we freely grant, at least, part of it to any one that asks it, and are never upon our guard against those thieves, that in a friendly way steal it from us. *The pilferer of a sixpence upon the road is without remorse committed to the gallows, whilst he who steals my Time, is under no obligation to apologize for his conduct.* May we not complain here of the inequality of the legislature? For surely nothing is more precious than Time. *Nulâ re ita nos egemus ut tempore.* *There is nothing we are so much in want of as Time.* Zeno — And Theophrastus was used to say, Πολυτελής ἀναλωμαχον, *Nothing is more expensive than the loss of Time.* — And this, according to Gronovius, is undoubtedly the sense of the place: but some read it, Ex quâ non expellit—i. e. *No one is deprived of this treasure, but he that will not use it aright, or who suffers it to be taken, or stolen from him.* — Orosius from a MS. Ex quâ non expellitur—and Erasmus still differently, Ex quâ expellit quemcunque vult; i. e. *Nature hath given man this possession, but resumes it at pleasure.* And so the old French, *De laquelle elle chasse quiconque elle veut.*

(i) *I am not ashamed*] Alluding to his attendance at court.

(k) *Who hath still enough*] Old as I am, I complain not of the few days that remain for me in this life, but am satisfied with them, and am determined to improve them to the best advantage. — Happy resolution!

(l) *It is too late*] From Hesiod, c. 366.

Αἰχμονὸν δὲ πιθὺ καὶ ληγοτὸς ποσειδάει·

μισσέδι φινδεδ· δειλὴ δ' ἐνὶ πυθμῶνι φινδῶ.

The barrel full, drink deeply, if you please;

Then spare: 'twill be too late, when on the let.

Perfius alludes to the same in Sat. II.

— Donec deceptus et exspes

Nequicquam fundo suspiret nummus in imo.

Thus vainly dreams the wretch, and still spends on,

'Till a poor desperate guinea left alone

In silence mourns his dear companions gone.

And not unlike this is our proverb, *When the steed is stolen, he shuts the stable door.* Quandoquidem accepto claudenda est janua damno. *Ἰωv. Sat. III. Προμηθεύς ἵστί μετα τὰ πρᾶγματα. Lucian.* And that of the French. *Après la mort le médecin. After death the doctor.* (See *Erasm. Adag. 2. 2. 64.*)

(m) *As not only a little*] *Antiphanes* speaking of life, says,

Σφοδρ' ἐστὶν ἡμῶν ὁ βίος ὡς ἀπὸ σφίγγος / *Σίνω*

Ὅταν ᾖ τὸ λοιπὸν μικρὸν, ὄξος γινεται.

Our life like wine, when but few years are past,

Is brisk and strong; but vinegar at last.

EPISTLE II.

On Study; and true Riches. (a)

I AM happy, *Lucilius*, in conceiving great hopes of you, both from what you write, and from what I hear of you: it seems, you are no wanderer, nor apt to disquiet yourself in vain with change of place; a restlessness which generally springs from some malady in the mind. The chief testimony, I apprehend, of a mind truly calm and composed, is, that it is consistent with, and can enjoy itself.

Be pleased likewise to consider that the reading many authors, and books of all sorts, betrays a vague and unsteady disposition. You must attach yourself to some in particular, and thoroughly digest what you read, if you would entrust the faithful memory with any thing of use. He that is every-where, is no-where (*b*). They who spend their time in travelling, meet indeed with many an host, but few friends. This is necessarily the case of those, who apply not familiarly to any one study, but run over every thing cursorily and in haste. The food profits not, nor gives due
nourishment

nourishment to the body, that abides not some time therein. Nothing so much prevents the recovery of health, as a frequent change of supposed remedies. A wound is not soon healed, when different salves are tried by way of experiment. A plant thrives not, nor can well take root, that is moved from place to place. What profits only accidentally, *in passing*, is of little Use. Variety of books distracts the mind; when you cannot read, therefore, all that you have; it is enough to have only what you can read (*c*). But you will say, you have a mind sometimes to amuse yourself, with one book and sometimes with another: it is a sign, my friend, of a nice and squeamish stomach, to be tasting many viands, which, as they are various and of different qualities, rather corrupt than nourish. Read therefore always the most approved authors, and if you are pleased at any time to taste others, by way of amusement, still return to those as your principal study. Be continually treasuring up something to arm you against poverty, something against the fear of death and other the like evils, incident to man. And when you have read sufficiently, make a reserve of some particular sentiment for that day's meditation.

Such is my own practice: of the many things I read, I generally select one for observation: for instance, to-day I have been reading *Epicurus* (*d*): (for you must know I sometimes make an excursion into the enemy's camp, not by way of deserter, but as a spy;) *cheerful poverty*, says he, *is an excellent thing*. Now I cannot conceive, how that state can be called *poor*, which is *cheerful*. The man, whose poverty sits easy upon him, is rich (*e*). Not he that hath little, but he that desireth more, is the poor man. For what avails it, how much a man hath in his chest, or in his barns; what stock he has in the field, or what money at interest; if he is still hankering after another's wealth: if he is ever counting, not what he has got already, but what he may get (*f*)? Do you ask me, what I take to be the proper *mean of wealth*? I will tell you:—first, a *supply of necessities*; adly, an *easy competency* (*g*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Was I to have inscribed this Epistle to any one, according to my first design, it would have been to a Rev. D. D. whom I know to have read as many books as any one of the present age; and wrote not a few: and yet he is thought very deficient in his manner, and elegance of style: but he is my friend;—and so I will take the censure upon myself, as conscious of having richly deserved it. In 1725, of the first sermon I preached upon a publick occasion, I submitted the MS. to my friend Doctor Gretton, who returned it with the following compliment. —

“ In polite writings we use no parentheses; in philosophical the fewer the better. You do not want invention; your thoughts crowd upon you; but I think a little classical arrangement is wanting, and a few connecting particles; or rather a more perpetuated thread of discourse: you come nearer *Seneca* than *Tully*; the *Arena sine calce*.”

And, I fear, I cannot boast any great improvement in 1780: the reason, (as Seneca here expresseth it) because Nullius me ingenio familiariter applicavi, sed omnia cursim et properans transmissi. The courteous reader will excuse an old man's talking of himself. Perhaps it may have some use. — N. B. The 28th Epistle turns upon much the same argument with this.

(b) *He that* —] Quisquis ubique habitat, Nævole, nusquam habitat. — *Martial*.

Fig: Οξυμω or — Reviviscentis imperii spes Fabius fuit. Qui novam de Hannibale victoriam commentus est, nolle pugnare.

(c) *When you cannot* —] Fig. Antimetathesis — So *Pliny*. *Paneg.* Non ideo vicisse videris, ut triumphares, sed triumphare, ut vinceret.

(d) You will recollect here that *Seneca* was not an *Epicurean* but a *Stoic*.

(e) *The man whose* —] So in the foregoing Epistle,

Non puto pauperem, cui quantulumcumque superest, sat est. *I cannot think him poor, who hath wherewithal to be content.*

(f) *Is ever counting* —] Non quod habet numerat tantum quod non habet optat.

Manil.

(g) *Quod sat est.*] *Lucilius*, the old Roman poet, argues thus —

Nam si, quod satis est homini, id satis esse potisset,

Hoc sat erat: nunc cum hoc non est, qui credimus porro,

Divitias ullas animum mi explere potuisse?

No wealth can satisfy the man, who thinks,

What is sufficient, not enough for him.

E P I S T L E III.

On Friendship.

YOU inform me, *Lucilius*, that you have sent letters to me by your friend, and then desire me not to communicate with him all that I know of you; for this, you say, is not what you would chuse to do yourself: and is not this to own, and deny him, at the same time, to be your friend (*a*)? You seem to use the word as a common appellation, and to call him *friend*, as we call all candidates for an office, *good men*; and accost those whose name does not immediately occur, with, *Dear Sir* (*b*). Be this as it will; yet know, that if you think any one your friend, whom you dare not trust as far as you would your ownself, you are greatly mistaken, and know not the importance of true friendship.

It may be necessary to consult and advise with a friend in everything, but it is proper first to know him (*c*). After friendship contracted all trust is due; but a judicious choice must precede it. They strangely blend the duties relating to friendship, who, contrary to the precept of Theophrastus, when they have fixed the fancy, think it time enough to judge, rather than, having judged, embrace the friend. Consider with yourself, for some time, whether such a one is worthy to be received into your bosom, and if he seems a proper person, admit him with your whole heart. converse as frankly and boldly (*d*) with him, as you would with your ownself. Yet live so, *Lucilius*, as to commit nothing but what you dare trust even with an enemy.

However, as many things may intervene, which, from their own nature or custom, are termed *secrets*; these belong to the province of a friend; with whom you must communicate all your cares, and all your counsels. This is the way to make him faithful (*e*) indeed: for many have taught others to deceive by an apprehension of being deceived themselves; and, by an unjust suspicion, given others a right, as it were, to offend in this point.

Why then should I be upon the reserve with my friend? Why should I not think myself alone, even in his presence?

Some people are apt to blab to every one they meet what ought to be entrusted only with friends; and to disburthen themselves of whatever may chance to wring them, by teasing every ear with the doleful tale: there are others, who are afraid of the consciousness of their dearest conversants; nay, they are so obstinately close, with regard to every secret, that, if possible, they would not trust their own consciences with them. They are both in the wrong; it is no less a fault to trust every one, than to trust no one (*f*): only the former I take to be a more generous error, the latter a more safe one.

In like manner are they worthy reprehension, who are always restless, or always indolent: for to delight in bustle and tumult is not *industry*, but the conflict of a disorder'd mind; nor is it to be called *ease*, that thinks every the least motion irksome, but rather languor, and dissipation. I will therefore recommend to you what I read in *Pomponius* (*g*). *There have been those*, says he, *who have so devoted themselves to solitude, in some dark corner, as to think every thing without to be trouble and confusion.* These two things are to be interwoven, as it were, together, *Rest* and *Labour*. If you examine Nature; she will tell you, she made both the Day and the Night.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *To be your friend*] In this double sense of the word is that of *Socrates*, $\Omega \phi\iota\lambda\omicron\iota\varsigma \omega\delta\iota\varsigma \phi\iota\lambda\omicron\varsigma$, *ye are all my friends, and yet I have no friend.*

(*b*) *Sir*] *Dominum*. So, *Martial*.

Cum te non nossem, *Dominum* Regemque vocabam.

Cum voco te *Dominum*, noli tibi, *Cinna*, placere,

Sæpe etiam servum sic resaluto meum. *Id.*

Be not proud, Cinna, that I call you, Sir;

Oft bears my slave the same, an idle cur!

Or thus:

I call you Sir, yet smile not at the name,

For, Cinna, oft my servant bears the same.

Muretus likewise quotes a Greek epigram, but as all the wit lies in the pun, it is not worth translating.

Ἦν ὁ φίλος τὸ λαβὼν, δόμιν φρατέρ' αὐδὲς ἔπειν·

Ἦν δὲ λαβὼν μὲν, τὸ φρατέρ' ἔπειν μοι.

Ὡς γὰρ καὶ ταῦτα τὰ ρήματα· αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε

οὐκ ἔδιδον δόμιν· ἔγὰρ ἔχω δόμναι.

(*Vid. Torrent. in Suet. Aug. 33. Claud. 39. Lips. in l. 2. Tac. Ann. Brisson. l. 8. de Form.*

(c) *First to know him*] Sidonius, p. 304. Est enim consuetudinis mæ, ut eligam ante, post deligam. *It is my way, to chuse first, and love afterwards.*—The precept of Theophrastus here referred to, is, ὅτι διὰ κρίναντα φίλῳ, ἀλλ' ἢ φιλῶντα κρίνω, *It is proper to judge, before we fix our affection, rather than to fix it before we have formed our judgment.* An excellent precept for the young of both sexes, but especially for the fair sex!

(d) *As boldly*] This has not always been thought true policy, Ita crede amico, *saitb* Publius, ne sit inimico locus. *So trust a friend, as to leave no room for his becoming your enemy.* And Sophocles Aj. 690.

— Ἦς τι τῷ φίλῳ

Τοσαῦτ' ὑπεργῶν ὠφελῶν βελησομαι

Ὡς αὖν ἔμυστα· τοῖς πολλοῖσι γὰρ

βροτῶν ἀπιστος ἐστὶν ἰταίριος λιμήν.

And so assist and love my friend, as if

One day he would forsake me; for to many

The hav'n of friendship proves a faithless hav'n.

(e) *To make him faithful*] So Livy, Vult sibi quisque credi et habita fides ipsam obligat fidem. *Every one is desirous of credit; and to trust, is the way to be trusted.* And Pinctarch, in his Connubial Precepts, Ποῦ καὶ το πιστῶν δοκῶν πιστῶσθαι, καὶ τὸ φίλῳ φιλῶσθαι· *To believe, is an inducement to be believed; and to love, to be beloved.*

(f) *To trust no one*] So, Phædrus, Periculosum est credere et non credere. *To believe, and not to believe, are alike dangerous.* Πιστεὺς δ' ἄρα ὁμῶς καὶ ἀπιστία κλινν ἀνδρας.

Both trust, and diffidence, are alike destructive. Hesiod.

(g) Pomponius] There was a tragic poet of this name, and others; but as this sentence has not a poetical turn, Lipsius reads it Pompeius, the philosopher.

(h) Osborne, in his discourse, *On the greatness and corruption of the Church of Rome*, having just before spoken of Seneca, seems to have fallen into his style; so widely different from any other part of his writings.—“There is nothing, says he, idleness and peace makes not worse; labour and exercise better: the tree that stands in the weather, roots best and deepest: the running water and air that is agitated are most wholesome and sweet. The cause of this, must be deduced from God's eternal decree, that nothing in nature should remain idle and without motion.”

EPISTLE IV.

On the Study of Philosophy; from whence the Contempt of Death, and also of Wealth and Grandeur.

Persevere, Lucilius, as you have begun; and be as expeditious as possible; that, being once master of a regular, and well-informed mind, (a) you may the longer enjoy it. There is a pleasure indeed in endeavouring to

regulate and reform the mind, but how much more exquisite is that, which arises from the contemplation of a mind ever innocent and pure? You yet remember the joy of heart you felt, when, laying aside *the vest and tunic*, you put on the *manly robe*, and was introduced to the *Prætor*. Expect still greater joy, when you shall have cast off all puerile inclinations, and philosophy has ranked you in the class of *men*. We may have passed indeed our childhood, when what is more grievous, childishness still remains: and, what is yet worse, we are old men in authority, but boys in vices and imperfections; not only boys, but meer infants (*b*). As those are afraid of the most light and trivial things, and these of vain bugbears; so we are afraid of both.

Only pursue your studies; and you will find, that some things, the more they are dreaded, are the less to be feared: the last evil is nothing: Death approaches: what then? you might have been afraid of him, could he abide with you; but he no sooner comes, than he is gone (*c*). It is hard however, you say, to bring your mind to a contempt of life. See you not upon what frivolous occasions it is often contemned? One hangs himself, at the door of his cruel mistress; another breaks his neck from the top of an house (*d*), to avoid the threatening wrath of his master; and another, when he has played the runaway, stabs himself, to prevent his being carried home.

Think you that Virtue cannot as effectually dissipate the fear of Death, as base timidity? No man can enjoy life with complacency, who is too solicitous to prolong it, and esteems as the greatest happiness the number of Consuls he lives to see. Let such be your daily meditation, as will enable you, with an equal mind, at any time, to let go your hold of life; which some are so tenacious of, as to embrace it with painful endurance: like those, who, being carried along by a torrent, catch at briars, or any thing, be it ever so sharp, that is within their reach. Most men are apt to waver, miserably, between the fear of death, and the torments of life. They are unwilling to live, and know not how to die (*e*). Render life therefore pleasant to you, by casting away all solicitude about it. No good can truly delight the possessor, unless his mind be prepared against the loss of it: and no loss is easier to be borne, than of that which cannot

be recalled, or again expected. Against all accidents therefore, which even the most mighty are subject to, exhort and harden yourself continually. Consider that a fatherless child (*f*), and an eunuch, bore sentence against the life of *Pompey*, and put it in execution. A cruel and insolent *Parthian* slew *Crassus* (*g*). *Caius Cæsar* (*b*) commanded *Lepidus* to bow down his neck to the stroke of *Decimus* the tribune; and he did the same himself to the rake *Chærea*. Fortune hath advanced no one so high, as not to threaten him with the same treatment, with which she had permitted him to treat others. Trust not your present tranquillity. The sea in a moment is ruffled into a storm; and the ships that were dancing in safety upon the wave, are, in that instant, wrecked, and swallowed up. Consider that a robber as well as an enemy may cut your throat: and supposing you are safe from any higher power; life and death (*i*) are at the will of a menial servant: yes; let any one not fear death, and he is master of your life. Recollect the instances you have known of those, who have fallen by domestic treachery, either by open force, or surprize; and you will find that as many have perished by the resentment of slaves, as of kings. What avails it therefore to you, how powerful he is, whom you are afraid of; if what you fear, is in every one's power to execute? Or if you should be taken by an enemy, and he should command you to be led where he pleases, even to death; why do you deceive yourself, and think this the first time of your suffering that, which you have daily undergone! For I affirm that, from the hour you was born, Nature led you the same way (*k*). In these and the like considerations the mind must be continually exercised; if, with a pleasing satisfaction, you would expect that last hour, which makes all the rest disagreeable.

But to conclude this epistle; be pleased to accept a sentence, which, this very day, gave me no small delight; and which flower I likewise stole from another's garden. *Magnæ divitiæ sunt lege naturæ composita paupertas. Poverty measured by the law of Nature is great riches.* Now, do you know what this law of nature requires? Only not to hunger, not to thirst, or be cold for want of clothing. To expel hunger and thirst, there is no necessity of sitting in a palace, and submitting to the supercilious brow, and contumelious favour of the rich and great: there is no necessity of sailing upon the deep, or of following the camp. What nature wants is every-where

to be found, and attainable without much difficulty : whereas superfluities require the sweat of the brow ; for these we are obliged to dress anew ; are compelled to grow old in the field ; and driven to foreign shores. A sufficiency is always at hand.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Ep. 1. Traditi boni perpetua possessio est, &c. *The possession of good is everlasting ; no one who hath once learned virtue can forget it, &c.*

(b) See Ep. xxiv. cxv. Lucret. ii. 54.

Nam veluti pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis
In tenebris metuunt : sic nos in luce timemus.
Interdum nihilo quæ sunt metuenda magis, quam
Quæ pueri in tenebris pavitant finguntque futura.
*For like as children in the dark of night
Tremble and start ; so we ev'n in the light ;
Fearful like them, of shadows, light and vain,
The idle fancies of a child's brain.*

[c] *Than be is gone*] How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death ! I sing its sovereign cure.
Why start at death ? Where is he ? Death arriv'd,
Is past ; not come, or gone ; he's never *here*.
Imagination's fool, and Error's wretch,
Man makes a death which Nature never made ;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one. *Young.*

(d) *Another breaks his neck*] Hic se præcipitem tecto dedit, ille flagellis
Ad mortem cæsus. *Hor.*
*A desperate leap one luckless caitiff tries ;
Torn by the flagrant lash another dies. Francis.*

(e) *Unwilling to live*] Such the rebuke of *Epictetus*. Θαυμαστοὶ ἀνδρες οἱ, μήτε ζῆν θέλονται, μήτε ἀποθνήσκουσιν. *Strange men as ye are, who are neither willing to live, nor to die.*

(f) *A fatherless child*] A stronger instance of the instability of human greatness is scarce to be found in history than this, the fall and death of *Pompey the Great* : having fled to Egypt for protection in his last distress, where reigned young *Ptolemy*, (who was just come of age, and had been highly obliged to *Pompey*, for the friendship and favour which he had shewn his father) he was there assassinated, (by order of the young King, and one *Pothinus*, his tutor, and prime minister of state) his head cut off, and his body thrown and exposed upon the shore.—But not long after, the generous *Cæsar* ordered *Pothinus*, and *Achillas* the assassin, to be slain ; and the young King, having been overthrown in battle, fled away in disguise, and was never heard of afterwards. See *Plutarch's Life of Pompey*.

(g) *M. Crassus* killed in a tumult by a Parthian, called *Pomaxaitres*. His son was before slain by the Parthians ; and his head brought to his father by way of insult. See his *Life* in *Plutarch*.

(h) *Gaius Cæsar*] *Caligula*, Emperor, slain by *Cassius Chærea*, tribune of the Prætorian Cohort, in the 9th year of his age, and the 4th of his reign. See his *Life* by *Suetonius*.

(i) *Life and Death*] Contemptit omnes ille, qui mortem prius. *Sen.*
Nihil est difficile persuadere, persuasus mori. *Justin.*

There is nothing so difficult but what you may persuade a man to do, who is not afraid to die.

(k) *Nature led you the same way*] See *Epist.* 1. xxiv.

EPISTLE V*.

Against the Affectation of Singularity—On Hope and Fear.

IT demands my approbation, and gives me infinite pleasure, to find, *Lucilius*, that you pursue your studies with attention, and make it the chief, to improve daily in goodness and virtue. I not only exhort, but earnestly beseech you, to persevere. But this too I must advise you, that you affect not to be singular, either in your dress, or manner of life; like those who are ambitious, not with a design of doing any good, but of being taken notice of (*a*). Pretend not to an uncouth habit, slovenly to neglect the hair and beard, to declare a sworn aversion to a piece of plate, to lie on the ground, or to exhibit any other extraordinary mark of perverse ambition (*b*). The very name of *Philosophy*, however modestly and decently pursued, is invidious enough, and ever subject to calumny. What if we have determined to withdraw ourselves from the ordinary converse of men; let all the difference lie *within*, but let our outward appearance (*c*) be the same with that of other people. Let not the outer garment be either gawdy, or mean and sordid: let us not sigh after plate, silver or gold, embossed, and decorated with arms and mottos; nor think it a sign of frugality to be quite destitute either of gold or silver: let us act upon this principle, not to lead a life *contrary* to the generality of men, but a better (*d*): otherwise, they, whom we propose to instruct and reform, will fly from and avoid us; besides, our conversants will think nothing worthy their imitation, when they are afraid they must imitate all we do. Now this is what philosophy chiefly recommends to her pupils, *sound sense, common humanity*, and the *social virtues*; so as to converse with those, whom the disparity of our profession separates us from.

Let us also beware, lest intending to be admired, we make ourselves ridiculous and odious. Our business is to live according to Nature (*e*); but it is contrary to Nature, to afflict the body, to hate decency and cleanliness, and to diet one's self, not only with cheap food, but with such as

is gross and horrid (*f*). As it is luxury to covet dainties, it is folly and madness to reject such things as are in common use and easily to be obtained. Philosophy preaches temperance and frugality, not severe mortification: and frugality may be decent, and not inelegant. This then is the mean that I should chuse, a life tempered between politeness and vulgarity; let all men admire it, but at the same time see and acknowledge, that there is nothing so extraordinary in it, but what is practicable. What then? Must we act, in all respects, like other men? Shall there be no difference between us and the commonalty? Yes surely; he will find a great difference, who more narrowly inspects our conduct. Whoever comes into a house of ours, let him admire the *man*, and not the furniture. He is great, who useth his earthen vessels as contentedly as if they were silver; nor less to be esteemed is he, who useth silver not more proudly than if it was earthenware. It betrays a weak mind not to be sufficient for the support of wealth.

But to make you a small present of the fruit I gathered to-day, know, that I have learned from our *Hecaton* (*g*), that to set bounds to our desires is a sure remedy against fear. Defines timere, si sperare desieris. *If you cease to hope, says he, you will cease to fear.* But you will say, how can things so very dissimilar have any effect upon each other? I will tell you; dissimilar as they seem to be, there is a connection between them. As the same chain holds both the prisoner and his guard (*b*), so do these two affections, however contrary they may seem to each other, march linked together: and fear follows hope. Nor do I wonder at this; since both belong to a mind in suspense; and anxious concerning what may happen. But the principal cause of both is, that we disregard the present, and extend our views to things at a distance. Forecast therefore, an indisputable good to man, is turned into evil. Brute beasts fly such dangers as they are sensible of; and, having escaped them, rest secure. But we are tortured, both with what is past, and with what is to come. Thus many things, really good in themselves, hurt us: for, memory recalls, and forecast anticipates, the torment of fear. No one is wretched from what is present only.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

* According to my first design, I had inscribed this Epistle to my late friend Dr. Rawlinson: the propriety of it, I believe, would not be doubted by those who knew him.

(a) *Of being taken notice of*] *Conspici*. In Scripture language, *ὥς τὸ διαδῆναι τοῖς ἀνθρώποις, ὥς ἵδεναι τοῖς ἀνθρώποις*. Matth. xxiii. v.—*Horace* ridicules some of his time, who in like manner affected to be thought poets.

Nanciscetur enim nomen pretiumque poetæ—
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
Tonfori Licino commiserit.—

*A poet's fame and fortune sure to gain,
If long their beards; incurable their brain.* Francis.

(b) *Muretus* observes, that not only wisdom, but oftentimes ambition affects a sordid garb; nor are any men more solicitous for fame and glory, than they who pursue it under a pretence of flying from it.

So when *Diogenes*, the cynic, told *Plato*, “that he despised and trampled upon his pride,” “True, said *Plato*, you do so; but with more pride.”—And *Aristotle* imputes the sordid and negligent dress of the *Lacedæmonians* to pride and arrogance.

(c) *Our outward appearance*] Though the Apostle says *our conversation is in heaven*, Phil. iii. 20, yet he condescends to be made all things to all men, that, at least, he might save some. 1 Cor. ix. 18, 22.

(d) *But a better*] I should be sorry, if any of my brethren, who may chance to read this Epistle, did not effectually feel this, and other excellent precepts exhibited herein.

(e) *According to Nature*] See Epist. 41. De vit. beat. c. 3.

(f) *Erasmus* justly thinks this applicable to the beastly crew of monks and friars, and all such as affect singularity and unnecessary wretchedness in dress and diet. And the ingenious *Francis Osborne* reckons this among the causes of the defection from the church of *Rome*. “The seeking to maintain a greater shew of piety, than was suitable to human frailty and the comforts of life.” The friar's habit being no less nasty than unseemly, and therefore shunned by nicer judgments, and those of parts, not so capable of temptation from any thing, as pleasure and profit. Or if such austerity was called for, in relation to external zeal, (the parade of all religions, and fit to be mustered up often in the eyes of the people) yet the generality might have been left to more decent accoutrements, by which they had become sociable unto others, and not loathsome to themselves.

(g) *Hecaton*, the Stoic philosopher, a disciple of *Panætius*. * He lived at *Rhodes*.

(h) *And his guard*] This sort of military guard *Manilius* supposed born under the influence of the constellation *Andromeda*.

Vinctorum Dominus, sociusque in parte catenæ,
Interdum pœnis innoxia corpora servat l. 5.

The prisoner's keeper, partner of his chain,

Of saves the guiltless from the threaten'd pain. See Ep. 70 and 78.

THE EPISTLES OF

EPISTLE VI.

On Friendship and Conversation. (a)

I AM very sensible, *Lucilius*, that I am not only improved (*a*), but, as it were, transformed (*b*); and yet I pretend not to say, or expect, that there is nothing, in the common course of life, that requires further improvement. There are many things that still call for reformation: some affections to be checked and lowered, others to be encouraged and raised. And indeed I think this is a sign of the mind's being improved, when it can see those faults, of which it was ignorant before. In some maladies, a sensibility of pain gives hopes of recovery. I was therefore desirous to acquaint you with my sudden change; as I then began to have more confidence of our friendship; *that* true friendship, which neither hope, nor fear, nor any interested view can disunite; *that*, which men carry to the last, and for which they would not scruple to die. I could name several, who wanted not a friend (*c*), but friendship. Now this cannot happen, where minds are possessed with an uniformity of will, to act honourably. And why can it not? Because they know that all things, and more especially adversity, are to be held in common.

You cannot imagine what new improvements I collect every day. “Inform me, you say, of the means, which you have experimentally found of so great efficacy.” It is my desire so to do: I will transmit every thing to you; and am glad to learn, in order to instruct (*d*). Nor indeed would any thing give me pleasure, however excellent and salutary it might be, was I to keep the knowledge of it to myself. Was wisdom offered me under such restriction, as to be obliged to conceal it, I would reject it. No enjoyment whatever can be agreeable without participation. I will therefore send you the books themselves; and that you may not waste much time, in searching after the useful and profitable, as it lies scattered in several places, I will set some mark, (*in the margin, or otherwise*) whereby you may immediately recur to those passages, which I both approve and admire.

Yet

Yet after all (e), conversation and familiarity will have better effect than any thing written, or a formal speech. You must come hither, and be present with us; first, because men give greater credit to their eyes, than to their ears; and secondly, the way by precept is long and tedious; whereas that of example is short and powerful. *Cleanthes* had never resembled *Zeno*, if he had been satisfied only with his lectures. He was intimate with him, privy to all his secrets, and diligently observed, whether he lived up to his own rule. *Plato* and *Aristotle* (f), and the whole tribe of philosophers of various sects (g), learned more from the morals of *Socrates*, than from his preachments. It was not the school of *Epicurus*, but familiarity that made *Metrodorus* (b), *Hermachus*, and *Polyænus*, so eminent in the world. Nor do I invite you hither, merely for *your* good, but my own; as in conference each may assist the other in many points. In the mean while, as, according to custom, I owe you every day something by way of a small present, I will inform you, wherein *Hecaton* to-day gave me great pleasure: “*Do you ask*, says he, *what improvement I have made of late?—Amicum esse mihi cæpi; I have learned to be a friend to myself.* Great improvement this indeed! Such a one can never be said to be alone: for know, that he, who is a friend to himself, is a friend to all mankind.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) There is an excellent commentary on this subject in *Plutarch*, entitled, *How a man may know the improvement he makes in virtue.*

(b) *Transformed*] *Tranfigurari*, which relates entirely to the *mind*, or *inner man*. So the Apostle—*Circumcision availeth nothing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature.* Gal. 6. xv. If a man be in Christ, he is a new creature. *Old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new.* 11 Cor. 5. 17.

(c) *A friend*] i. e. A common friend. See Epist. iii.

(d) *I am glad to learn, in order to instruct*] Cato ap. Cic. de Fin. 3.—*Impellimur natura ut prodesse velimus, imprimisque docendo rationibusque prudentiæ tradendis. Itaque non facile est invenire, qui quod sciat ipse, non tradat alteri. A natural impulse directs every man to do good to as many as he can, and especially by instructing and forming them to the purposes of wisdom. And indeed it is not easy to find a man who is not communicative to another of the knowledge he possesses himself. We therefore have a propensity to teach as well as to learn.*

So the old Poet *Lucilius* — Id me.

Nolo scire mihi, cujus sum conscius solus,
Ne damnum faciam. Scire est nescire, nisi id me
Scire alius scierit. —

Which *Perfius* in fewer words —

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.
For it is nothing worth that lies conceal'd:
And science is not science till reveal'd. Dryden.

- (e) *Yet after all*] Plus tamen tibi viva vox—proderit.
 —Præterea multo magis, ut vulgo dicitur, *viva vox afficit*.
 Nam licet acriora sint quæ legas, altius tamen in animo
 Sedent quæ pronuntiatio, vultus, habitus, gestus etiam dicentis affigit.

Plin. Ep. iii. l. 2.

Bisides, according to the proverb, what the ear hears stands in no need to be guessed at. And suppose what you read in itself more affecting, yet certainly the pronunciation, the countenance, the dress, the gesture, of an orator, imprint his lessons more deeply upon the mind.

(f) *Aristotle*] Lipsius observes here that there must be some mistake, or that Seneca wrote too hastily; for so far was Aristotle from conversing with Socrates, that he never saw him: as Socrates died in the first year of the 95th Olympiad, or according to Diodorus in the 97th; and Aristotle was born in the first year of the 99th, according to Laertius, Dionysius, A. Gellius, Eusebius, and others. And consequently Ammonius is likewise mistaken; when in his life of Aristotle he talks of his living three years with Socrates.

(g) *Of various sects*] Hæc autem, ut ex Appennino, fluminum, sic ex communi sapientiam jugo sunt doctrinarum facta divortia.—Cic. de Orat. l. 3. 19. From this common source of philosophy (the Discourses of Socrates) as rivers from the Appenines, learning began to run in different channels; &c. You know, says Aristides to Socrates, that I never learned any thing from you professedly; yet great benefit did I reap from you while in the same house; still greater, if at any time in the same room; and much more when my eyes were fixed upon you, as you was speaking; but most of all, when I was sitting by you, and hung as it were upon your garment. Plato in Theægn.

(h) *Metrodorus*] There were two of this name, disciples of Epicurus: the one Metrodorus, of Stratonica; who left Epicurus, and followed Carneades: the other, the Athenian, who still kept with Socrates, and in many treatises propagated his doctrine; who is the person here spoken of.

Hermarchus] The son of Agemarchus, of Mitylene, who succeeded Epicurus in his school.

Polyænus] The son of Athenodorus of Lampſaca. He was the disciple of Epicurus, but died before him.

(i) *I have learned*] Cæpi. This word not in the MS. nor the last sentence, Qui sibi amicus est.—So in the old French, which renders the place thus: sçachés que chacun peut avoir un tel amy. Know that it is in the power of any one to have such a friend. But it is a stoical maxim, That he who loves himself, i. e. who studies wisdom and goodness, will also love others. Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se, credere mundo, Not born as for himself, but all the world.

EPISTLE VII.

On public Shows, particularly the Gladiators (a)—and Converſe with the World.

DO you ask, Lucilius, what I would have you principally to avoid? The rabble. You are not yet strong enough to be safe among the many. I will confess to you my own weakness: when I venture abroad, I never
 3 return

return the same moral man I went out: What I settled before, is discomposed; or something that I rejected returns. It is with us; who are just recovered from some inveterate disorder, as with those who, by long indisposition, are so weakened, that the being brought into the air, gives them a disagreeable sensation.

Intercourse with the world (b) is prejudicial: some one or other, either by example or discourse, will paint vice in such agreeable colours, as to taint the mind insensibly; so that the more company we keep, the greater is our danger. But nothing is more hurtful to a good disposition than to while the time away at some public shew: for then vice steals upon us more easily under the masque of pleasure. Would you think it? I really return from such entertainments, more covetous, more ambitious, more dissolute, nay, even more cruel and inhuman, from having conversed with men. By chance, I fell in with a public show at *mid-day*; expecting some sport, buffoonery, or other relaxation, when the eyes of the spectators had been satiated with the sight of human gore. Nothing less: all the bloody deeds of the morning were mere mercy: for now, all trifling apart, they commit downright murder: the combatants have nothing to shield the body: they are exposed to every stroke of their antagonist; and every stroke is a wound: and this some prefer to their fighting in pairs, matched, and well accoutred; or of such as were men of great art and experience in the profession: and why should they not? There is no helmet or shield to repel the blow: no defence, no art: for these are but so many balks and delays of death. In the morning men are exposed to lions and bears: at noon to the spectators themselves. Men-slayers are ordered out against one another; and the conqueror is detained for another slaughter. Death alone puts an end to this business; while fire and sword are employed as instruments. And all this is carried on after the ordinary slaughter of the day is over. But some one hath committed a theft: what then? He deserves to be hanged: another slew a man; it is but just he should be slain himself. And what hast thou deserved, O wretch, who canst take delight in these horrid solemnities (c)? "*Kill, burn, scourge,*" is all the cry. "*Why is he so afraid of the sword's point? Why is he so timorous to kill? Why does he not die more manfully?*" They are urged on with stripes, if they refuse to encounter; and are obliged to give and take wounds with a forward and open breast. Is the appointed

show at a stand, that something may be doing, they are called out to cut one another's throats. But, do you not consider, that bad examples often recoil to the prejudice of those who set them? Thank the immortal gods, that you are instructing him (*d*) to be cruel, who cannot learn.

Hence it is manifest, that a mind, that is tender and not over-tenacious of what is right, is not to be entrusted with the converse of *the many*. Vice is catching. The varying populace can shake a *Socrates*, a *Cato* or a *Lælius*, from his purpose; so that none of us, however polished the disposition, can stand against the violence of vices, that assail us in such a numerous body. Nay, even one example of luxury, or avarice, is capable of doing much mischief. A delicate coxcomb by degrees softens and effeminates his conversants: a rich neighbour incites covetousness: an ill-minded man is apt to taint with malignity his companion, however simple and candid.

What then, think you, must be the consequence when a man subjects himself to every public attack? You must either imitate, or hate the assailants: both are to be avoided; lest, you become like the bad, because they are many; or inimical to many, because unlike them. Retire therefore into thyself, as much as possible: converse with those, who are capable of making you better; and admit those, whom you think yourself capable of instructing. These are reciprocal duties. Men often learn, while they teach. There is no reason however, that the glory of publishing your ingenuity should introduce you to the public, either by way of recital, or dispute: which indeed I should not be averse to, was your art adapted to the level of the vulgar: scarce any one can understand you: or if one or two of better parts than ordinary, should by chance fall in your way, it will demand some pains to instruct them, and bring them to your taste. "For whom then, you will say, have you taken so much pains to learn?" Fear not; your time was not thrown away; if it was for yourself only.

But, that I may not have learned all that I have picked up to-day for myself alone; I will communicate with you three sentences of great importance, though almost in the same sense. One of which I shall pay you, as the usual debt; and I beg your acceptance of the other two beforehand. *Democritus* saith, unus mihi pro populo est et populus pro uno, *One is to me*

a thousand, and a thousand as one. And well hath he spoke, (whoever he was, for the author is not known) who to one that asked him, "*why be-
spent so much diligence in an art, which but few could be the better for?*" replied, *fatis sunt mihi pauci, fatis est unus, fatis est nullus, A few are enough for me, nay, one is enough, or no one at all.* And more excellent is the third: when *Epicurus* was writing to one of his fellow-students, *These things*, says he, *I write not to the many, but to you alone*; *fatis enim magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus, for we are to each other a theatre large enough.* These, my *Lucilius*, are the things which I would have you treasure up in your mind, that you may despise the vain pleasure, that accrues from the approbation of the world (e). Many praise thee: but are you satisfied with yourself, if you are what they take you for and applaud? Let your goodness be approved *within*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *The gladiators*] The first show of gladiators exhibited at *Rome*, was that of *M. and D. Brutus*, upon the death of their father, A. U. C. 489, ante Christum, 264. - But the honour of removing this barbarity out of the Roman world. was reserved for *Constantine the Great*, A. U. C. 1096, about 600 years after their first institution; yet under *Constantius*, *Theodosius*, and *Valentinian*, the same cruel humour began to revive; 'till a final stop was put to it by the Emperor *Honorius*, A. D. 396. — There were several orders or kinds of gladiators who owed their distinction to their country, their arms, their way of fighting, and the like. The three kinds mentioned in this Epistle, are the *Meridiani*, who engaged in the afternoon; the *Posulatii*, commonly men of great skill and experience, whom the people particularly desired the Emperor to produce; and the *Ordinarii*, such as were presented according to the common manner, and at the usual time, and fought the ordinary way. *Kennett's Roman Antig.*

(b) *Intercourse with the world*] When I who pass a great part, very much the greatest part of my life alone, sally forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myself, by the conversation I find there; and still further from caring one jot for what passes there.

Bolingbroke, Letter 212, vol. ii.

In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles, rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man, that will, may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without. *Id.* vol. ix. p. 45.

(c) *Horrid solemnities*] *Dr. Kennett* concludes his account of the gladiators with the following passage from *Cicero*.—*Crudele Gladiatorum spectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri solet, &c. The shows of the gladiators may possibly to some persons seem barbarous and inhuman; and indeed, as the case now stands, I cannot say that the censure is unjust: but in those times, when only guilty persons were the combatants, the ear perhaps might receive better instructions; but it is impossible that any thing which affects the eyes, should fortify us with more success against the assaults of grief and death.* *Tusc. En. 2.* See *Epist. xcvi.*

(d) *Instructing him*] He is supposed to mean the Emperor *Nero*, who at the beginning of his reign was far from being cruel. His predecessor *Claudius*, when addressed by some of these poor wretches, as they passed before him, with, *Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutant*, returned in answer, *Averte vos*; which when they would gladly have interpreted as an act of favour, and a grant of their lives, he soon gave them to understand, that it proceeded from the contrary principle of barbarous cruelty and insensibility. *Suet. Tacit. Ann. xiv.*

(e) *The approbation of the multitude*] *Or do I seek, saith the Apostle, to please men? for if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ.* *Gal. i. 10.*

EPISTLE VIII.

On Temperance, and the Benefit of Philosophy.

YOU seem, *Lucilius*, to be surprized, that I should command you to shun the public, to retire, and rest satisfied with the complacency of your own conscience: as if I was regardless both of my own, and the precepts of my principals (*a*), who recommend an active life: know then it is for this purpose I conceal myself, and shut my doors; that I may see no one, in order to profit many. No day, I can assure you, passes by unemployed: and even part of the night I claim for study. I lie down indeed, but keep my eyes, tired and heavy as they are, still at work. Moreover, I have withdrawn myself not only from men, but from all manner of worldly affairs, even my own: I am at work for posterity (*b*): I am continually writing something, I hope for their benefit; intending to treat them with some salutary prescriptions, and the composition of certain medicines, that I myself have happily experienced, in my own malady; which if not perfectly cured, hath been prevented from growing worse. I am endeavouring to shew to others the right path, which I am persuaded I have found, after much weariness and travail.—Beware of those things, I say, which are apt to please the vulgar, and are merely accidental; be suspicious and distrustful of every casual good. It is for wild beasts, and fish, to be deceived by some alluring bait. Think ye that such and such things are the effects of fortune (*c*)? No; they are snares. Whosoever would lead a safe and pleasant life, let him avoid such false and treacherous benefits, which thinking to catch, we are miserably deceived; and caught ourselves, as with birdlime (*d*). An ambitious course of life leads to a precipice: the end of an high station is, to fall: for it is not in our power to stop, when our seeming happiness hath taken a wrong bias. Either abide firm in your station, or confide in yourself (*e*). So shall not Fortune overthrow you, but only dash against you, like a wave, and be beat back again.

Maintain therefore this sound and salutary way of living: so far only to indulge the body, as to preserve it in good health (*f*). It must be treated more roughly, if you would have it obedient, or serviceable, to the soul (*g*). Food satisfies hunger; let drink assuage thirst; clothes keep off the cold, and

and an house defend you, from whatever else might injure the body : it matters not whether the house be of turf, or foreign marble : a man may be as safe and happy under a thatched, as under a golden roof. Despise the superfluities, which needless labour acquires, by way of ornament or credit. Think, there is nothing admirable in thee, but the soul (*b*). Nothing so great, as to be compared with the greatness of it. Now, while I am meditating on these reflections, and am desirous to convey them to posterity, seem I not to be doing more good, than in being ready, when called upon, to bail my friend, or to be witness to his will, or to give him my hand and suffrage in the senate, when a candidate for some public office ? Believe me, they who seem to be doing little or nothing, are sometimes engaged in matters of the greatest moment, while they are employing themselves on things, at the same time, both human and divine.

But to conclude this Epistle, and therein discharge my usual payment ; not out of my own stock I confess ; for I have still in hand *Epicurus* ; in whom I this day read, *Philosophiæ servias oportet, ut tibi contingat vera libertas* ; *you must be the slave of philosophy, if you desire to enjoy true liberty*. He that hath once subjected and delivered himself up to her, is instantly made free : for, this her service, I say, is perfect freedom (*i*). Perhaps, you may ask me, why I am so fond of reciting the excellent sayings of *Epicurus*, neglectful of those of my own school ? Are not these then of *Epicurus* spoken in general, and suitable to every sect ? How many things occur which are said or might have been said by the philosophers ? Not to mention the tragedians, or our *togatæ*, which are sometimes serious, being a sort of a tragi-comedy ? How many excellent sentences do we find even in a *Mime* or farce ? There are several in *Publius* full worthy the buskin : one I shall quote, which belongs to philosophy and the subject before us ; where he denies all casual things to be properly our own :

Alienum est omne, quicquid optando venit.

What we must wish for, is a foreign good.

But I remember one from you, *Lucilius*, which I think better, and more terse ;—

Non est tuum, fortuna quod fecit tuum.

That is not thine, which you to fortune owe.

And

And I cannot pass by another saying of your's, which I still prefer to the foregoing—

Dari bonum quod potuit, auferri potest.

The good that's giv'n, may be taken from us.

Observe, I expect no acquittance for these; what I now send you, is your own.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *The precepts of my principals*] Zeno, Cbrysippus, and others of the Stoics assert, that a wise man should not be so reserved, as, when called upon, to refuse the management of public affairs; knowing that he may be the means to prevent the growth of vice; and to excite his fellow citizens to virtuous actions: nay, that they are the only persons fit for magistracy and judicature. *Diog. Laert.*

(b) *At work for posterity*] The great Cato, invincible as he was, and often the leader of armies, thought however that he could be of more service to the commonwealth by the publication of his military discipline in writing: since brave actions benefit only the present age; but such things, as are wrote for the public good, last for ever. *Veges. de a Mil.* l. 2. — What Englishman can read this, without being put in mind, to his great sorrow and detestation, of the horrid transactions of last week (June 12, 1780), when the house of that great and good man, Lord Mansfield, Chief Justice of England, was causelessly attacked; and, with the rich furniture, all the notes and observations of so consummate a lawyer and judge, (the whole work and labour of a long life, contained in a number of manuscript volumes and papers) were all committed to the flames with undistinguishing rage, and consumed, by the most villainous crew of insurgents that ever disgraced a people!

(c) *Such gifts*] Pliny has an excellent Epistle to this purpose (l. ix. ep. 30) *My opinion is, that a man who would be truly bountiful ought to exert his liberality, towards his country, his neighbour, his relations, his friends, and let me say, by way of distinction, his friends in the greatest indigence.* (Such a precaution Lord Orrery observes, was necessary in an age, where liberality seldom was directed by innate goodness of heart, but often skulked under the mask of craft and design) *not like those persons who chuse to apply their gifts, only where they see a probability of finding a most ample return.* Such gifts are like baited hooks. They are not meant to bestow your own property, but the property of others. Alluding to the *Hæredipetæ* or *Captatores*, who were so numerous a band of miscreants in the days of Pliny, that they are mentioned with ridicule and abhorrence, by all the satyrists of that time; and particularly by *Martial*—*To Gargalianus*, (l. iv. 56.)

Munera quod senibus viduisque irgentia mittis

Vis te munificum Gargaliane vocem?

Sordidius nihil est, nihil est te spurcius uno,

Qui potes insidias dona vocare tuas.

Sic avidis fallax indulget piscibus hamus:

Callida sic stultas decipit esca teras.

Quid sit largiri, quid sit donare, docebo;

Si nescis: dona Gargaliane mihi.

*For gifts you to the old and widows send,
Would you, Gargal. be deem'd a generous friend?
Nothing can be more sordid or more base,
To think such baits will for kind presents pass:*

*Anglers thus hooks for greedy fish prepare ;
And silly beasts are driv'n into a snare.
How to be truly generous would you know,
Something on me, for friendship sake, bestow.*

(d) *And caught themselves*] Vid. Ep. 119. Valer. l. 9. c. 4. Proculdubio hic non possedit divitias, sed a divitiis possessus est.—Plin. Ep. sup. cit. Ea invasit homines habendi cupido ut possideri magis quam possidere videantur. *The thirst of gain is so excessive, that men seem to be possessed by their wealth, not to possess it.*—Bionas vetus dictum ad avarum, Οὐκ ἔστι τὸν ἄνθρωπον μακάριον, ἀλλὰ ἢ ἄνθρωπον τῆτον. Sic D. Cyprian. ad donat. l. 2. Vid. Not. ad Sidon. Apoll. p. 512.

(e) *Or confide in yourself*] I read this passage with Gronovius, Aut statum rectus, aut temet tene. *Remain firm in your place or station, without being allured by any blandishment of fortune; or, if you have been so already, check your pursuit, so as still to be master of yourself, and not subject altogether to her caprice.* So, the old French, Il faut donc se contenter de choses qu'on sont bonnes et certaines, ou plutôt de soi même.—Muretus, Aut rectus sta, aut semel fuge.—Malherbe, Il faut favirer teste, ou s'enfuir.

(f) *In good health.*] Our divine precept runs much higher, *Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat; neither for the body what ye shall put on.*—But rather seek ye the kingdom of God, and all things shall be added to you. Matth. vi. 31.

(g) *To the soul.*] If thine eye offend thee pluck it out; Matth. 5. 19. And let Christians also remember what the Apostle saith, *If ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if, through the spirit, ye mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.* Rom. 8. 3. Therefore, says he, *I keep under my body and bring it into subjection.* 1 Cor. 9. 27. And who indeed is the perfect man, saith St. James, but he that is able to bridle the whole body? 8. 2.

(h) *But the soul*] For what is a man profited, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Matth. 16. 26.

(i) *Perfect freedom*] Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. John 8. 32.—Stand fast in the liberty, wherewith Christ hath made you free. Gal. 3. 1. If then the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. John 8. 56.—See Ep. 75. ad fin.

EPISTLE IX.

On Friendship; Self-Complacency, and Contentment.

YOU desire, Lucilius, to know, whether Epicurus justly reprimands those, who are pleased to affirm, *that a wise man is satisfied in himself, and consequently wants no friend.* This is objected ~~to~~ by Epicurus against Stilpo, and all those who place their summum bonum (or, chief good) in a certain

indifference of soul. We cannot help being obscure, while we endeavour to express the Greek ἀπάθειαν (*apathy*) in one word, and call it *impassibility*; for the contrary to what we mean may be understood thereby (*a*). We mean one, who denies any sense or feeling of any kind of evil; but it may likewise be understood of one, who cannot *bear* any kind of evil. Consider therefore, whether we may not better define it, *A soul invulnerable, or beyond the reach of sufferance*. Now this is the difference, between us (*Stoics*,) and them, (the *Epicureans*.) Our wise man gets the better of every evil, but yet he feels it: whereas their wise man pretends not to feel it. In this however we agree, A wise man is contented and satisfied in himself: and yet, as sufficient as he is in himself, according to our tenets, he desires to have a friend, a neighbour, a companion. And as to the contentment we are speaking of, he is contented with a part, as it were, of himself: for should he have lost a hand by any disease, or by the sword of an enemy; or suppose, by some accident, an eye; he is contented with that which is left; and will live as cheerfully with his maimed body, as if it were entire. What is wanting, he will not sigh for in vain; though at the same time, no doubt, he had rather not want it. And thus is a wise man satisfied in himself, not that he desires to have no friend, but he knows how to be content without one: I mean, he can bear the loss of a friend patiently; though perhaps he will not be long without one; as it is in his power to repair the loss when he pleases. As when *Phidias* (*b*) hath lost, or disposed of, a statue, he will set about making another; so the wise artist, in forming friendships, will substitute another friend in the room of him he hath lost. You may ask, perhaps, what method a man must take, so soon to gain a friend? I will tell you, provided you accept of this in full payment of the debt I owe you in the epistolary way.

Saith *Hecaton*, "I will disclose to you an excellent philtre, without the use of love-powder, herb, or bewitching charm,—*si vis amari, ama; love, that you may be beloved* (*c*).” Now, there is a pleasure, not only in the habit of a sure and lasting friendship, but also in the acquisition and beginning of a new one: the same difference that is between the husbandman, who hath got in his crop, and him that soweth, is there between him who hath got a friend, and him who is endeavouring to get one. *Attalus*, the philosopher, was wont to say, *Jucundius esse amicum facere, quam habere; there*

is more pleasure in making a friend, than in having one. As the artist takes more delight in the act of painting, than in having painted: for why? that earnestness and anxiety with which he pursued his work, gives a more pleasing sensation, than what he tastes in having finished his piece: he now enjoys indeed the fruit of his art, but while he was painting, he enjoyed the art itself: to have our children grown up, suppose to twenty years of age, may be of more service indeed; but their prattling infancy is sweeter and more entertaining. But to return to our purpose—

The wise man, I was saying, however satisfied in himself, is yet desirous to have a friend; and for this reason, was there no other; that so great a virtue, as the exercise of friendship, may not lie dormant: not, as *Epicurus* says (*e*) in the Epistle before me, that he may have a friend to comfort him on the bed of sickness, or relieve him, when poor, or in prison; but that he may have some one, on whom to display the like merciful disposition, whether by comforting him in sickness, or delivering him from inimical durance. He thinks very wrong, who regards only himself, and makes self-interest the ground of friendship: he will end as he begun: he professes to serve his friend even in bonds, but as soon as he hears the clinking of the chain, deserts him. These are what are commonly called *temporary* (*f*) friendships; which last no longer than to serve a turn. Hence the prosperous are surrounded with a number of friends; while the wretched bemoan themselves in solitude: for then is the time of flight, when put to the trial. From whence we see so many scandalous examples of friends, either deserting, or betraying one another through fear: whereas the end of friendship ought to correspond with the beginning. He that hath undertook to be a friend, because it is expedient, or dreams of other gain than what naturally arises from friendship, will never be true to the obligation, but will be tempted, upon the least view of interest, to act contrary to the laws of friendship. To what purpose then have I chose a friend? Why, to have one whom I would serve to the utmost in case of necessity, would follow him into banishment; and for whose life and preservation I would expose myself to danger and death (*g*). What you are pleased to call friendship, is not friendship, but mere traffick (*h*), having regard only to some advantage that may accrue therefrom. No doubt, the affection of lovers hath something in it very like friendship: but it is still

imperfect, and may be called a sort of *insane* friendship. Is it then founded on the views of profit, of ambition, or of glory? No; love of its own pure motive, neglectful of all other considerations, incites the mind to the desire of beauty, not without hopes of mutual endearments. And what then? Does a vile affection spring from, or form an alliance upon, a more honourable cause? But this, you say, is not the point in question; whether friendship is desirable merely upon its own account: for if so, the man who is satisfied in himself, may well accede thereto, as to the most lovely object; not allured by any hope of gain, or disheartened at any change of fortune. He detracts from the majesty of friendship, who enters upon it merely as a preservative against evil accidents. The wise man (dreads no accident, he) is satisfied in himself. But this quality, my *Lucilius*, is generally misinterpreted: men are apt to exclude the wise man from all community with the world; contracting him, as it were, within his own skin. It will be proper therefore to distinguish, and explain what we mean, by *self-complacency*.

Now, a wise man is satisfied in himself, not merely with regard to life, but to his living happily: the former indeed wants many things, but the latter nothing more than a sound, elevated mind, contemptuous of the power of fortune. Accept also of a nice distinction (1) made by *Chrysippus*: he affirms, *that a wise man can want nothing; yet many things are necessary for him*: on the contrary, *A fool stands not in need of any thing, for there is nothing he knows how to use; but he wants every thing*. The wise man stands in need of eyes and hands, and other requisites for daily use; but he *wants* nothing; for *to want* is to be necessitous; but a wise man is a stranger to necessity. However satisfied therefore he may be in himself; he may still make use of a friend; nor does he act against principle, if he desires more than one; not that he thereby may live happily, for he can be happy without a friend. The *summum bonum* seeks not any external provision, it is maintained within, and is entire in itself; if it looks out for any foreign accession, it becomes subject to the caprice of fortune. But what sort of life must a wise man lead, when, without a friend, he is cast into prison, or left destitute in a foreign country, or is detained in a long voyage by contrary winds, or cast ashore upon a desert island? Why as *Jupiter*, (when, at the conflagration of the world, all the rest of the gods

are

are confounded, in the wreck of nature,) will acquiesce in himself, taken up entirely with his own ideas: somewhat like this is a wise man disposed, through life: he is collected within himself: there he dwells: and notwithstanding, so long as it is in his power, he orders, and busies himself with, worldly affairs, he is contented in himself; he marries a wife, still contented; he brings up his children, still contented; and perhaps had rather not live at all, than live without a companion: it is not however with a view to advantage, that invites him to cultivate friendship (*l*), but a sort of instinct, or natural inclination: there is a certain innate sweetness in friendship; as solitude is generally odious and distasteful, the desire of society is pleasant and agreeable: as nature ingratiates man with man, such is our incitement to friendship. The wise man however, though he proves the most affectionate of friends, to such as he hath acquired, nay, though he equals, and sometimes prefers them to himself, yet terminates all good in himself, and assumes the words of *Stilpo* (*m*); that *Stilpo*, whom *Epicurus* here attacks in the Epistle before me; and whom (when his country was taken, and he had lost his children, and his dearer wife, and had escaped from the flames, alone; and yet seemed happy,) being asked by *Demetrius Poliorcetes* (so called from his having destroyed many towns) whether he had lost any thing; No, says he, *all the goods I have I carry with me*. Behold a truly brave and great man; he is victorious over victory itself. *I have lost nothing*, says he: he makes *Demetrius* even doubt of his conquest: *I carry every thing with me*, viz. justice, virtue, temperance, prudence, and the disposition, to think nothing to be really good that can be taken from us. We admire some animals in that they can pass through fire without detriment: how much more admirable is this philosopher, who without loss or harm, made his way, through fire, sword, and ruin! You see how much easier it is to conquer a whole nation than one man.

The like noble sentiment and language holds the *Stoic* (*n*). He carries his *all*, undamaged, through a city on fire; for he is contented in himself; and under this character rates his happiness. Yet think not that the *Stoics* alone fling out such generous expressions; even *Epicurus*, who is here reprimanding *Stilpo*, says something not dissimilar thereto; which I beg your acceptance of, though I had before paid you the debt of the day.—*Si cui sua non videntur amplissima, licet totius mundi dominus sit, tamen miser est.*

If, says he, what a man possesseth seems not amply sufficient, was he master of the world, he would be wretched: or perhaps it may seem better expressed in this manner, (for we are to regard the sentiment, rather than the expression) Miser est qui se non beatissimum judicat licet imperet mundo; He who does not think himself happy, is miserable, though he command the world. And that you may know this to be the common voice of nature, you will find in the comic poet;

Non est beatus, esse qui se non putat (o).

He is not blest'd, who thinks himself not blest'd.

It matters not what condition you are in, if you think it a bad one. What if that villainously rich man; or, that lord of many, but slave to more, call themselves happy, will this their declaration make them so? No: it avails not what a man says of himself, but what he thinks: nor what he thinks to-day, but continually. Nor need you be concerned that any one hath amassed great wealth, which he is unworthy of: for no one but the wise man is capable of self-complacency: and a fool will be disgusted at his own condition, be it what it will.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *For the contrary*] So in *Cicero*, explaining the tenets of the Stoics. The word *inestimable*, which is generally used for something so great, as to be invaluable, signifies a thing of *no value*, and not worthy of any esteem.

(b) *Phidias*] The celebrated statuary of *Athens*: he flourished, A. M. 3511. Or, suppose, any other statuary.

(c) So in the Epigram—*Marce, ut ameris ama.*

And *Theocritus*—*Στιγνὰ τὸς φιλοῦντας, ἰὸν φιλεῖτε, φιλοῦσθαι.*

Quisquis amatur amet, ut et ipse ubi amat, ametur.

Love those who love you; if you fain would prove

The kind and mutual tenderness of love.

(d) *Attalus*] A Stoic philosopher, in the time of *Tiberius*. See Epist. 108.

(e) *Epicurus says, these creatures, (brutes,) upbraid the remorselessness of humanity,—in not being capable of gratuitous love, nor knowing how to be a friend without profit. Well therefore might the comedian be admired, who said, For reward only man loves man. Epicurus thinks that after this manner children are beloved of their parents, and parents of their children. But if the benefit of speech was allowed to brutes, and if horses, cows, dogs and birds, were brought upon the stage, the song would be changed; and it would be said, that neither the cow loved the calf for gain, nor the mare her foal, nor fowls their chicken, but that they*

were

were beloved gratis, and by the impulse of nature, &c. Plutarch. de amore in Liberos.—Vid. Lipf. Manuduct. l. 3. Diff. 16.

So Horace, Sat. I. 1. 81. At si aliquis casus lecto te affixit, habes qui
Affideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te
Suscitet, ac reddat vatis, carisque propinquis.
*If, by a cold some painful illness bred,
Or other chance, confine me to my bed,
My wealth will purchase some good-natur'd friend
My cordials to prepare, my couch attend;
And urge the doctor to preserve my life,
And give me to my children and my wife.*—Francis.

(f) *Temporary*] Ονομα γὰρ, ἔργον δ' ἔκ ἐχουσιν οἱ φίλοι,
Οἱ μὴ πρὶ τῶσι συμφοραῖς ὥς τις φίλος.—Eur.
*They're friends by name, but not in deed,
Who are not friends in time of need.*

(g) *Danger and death*] *And greater love hath no man than this, to lay down his life for his friend.*
John 15. 13. See Epist. 6.

(h) *Traffic*] Negotiatio. So Cicero (II. De Nat. Deor.) Amicitiam si ad fructum nostrum referemus, non erit ista amicitia; sed mercatura quædam utilitatum suarum.

(i) *A nice distinction*] Muretus observes that to want, δεῖσθαι, *egere*, here signifies, so to want a thing, as to be anxious after, and not able to bear the loss of it: and that ἰδιῶσθαι, *indigere*, to stand in need of, means, to want a thing that is absolutely useful and necessary, and which a man knows how to make a right use of. Cicero has treated on this question in his first book of *Tusculan Questions*: but Plutarch with more perspicuity hath ridiculed it, in his treatise, *Of Common Notions against the Stoics*.

(k) The Stoics supposed that *Jupiter*, or Nature, and the first principle of all things, was fire; that part of it, being of a grosser consistence, was turned into animal life: and the still grosser part was made water, and of water earth: but that at a certain time all things shall again be reduced into their first principle, fire. And this they called ἀπυρμωσις, or *the conflagration of the world*. Vid. Lipf. Physiol. l. 2. Diff. 22.

Chrysippus says, that *Jupiter* is like to man, as is also the world and Providence to the soul. When therefore the conflagration shall be; *Jupiter*, who alone of all the gods is incorruptible, will retire into Providence, and they being together, will both perpetually remain in one substance of the æther.—Plutarch. Ib.

(l) *To cultivate friendship*, Epicurus publicly professed, that all friendships were founded on a view to pleasure or interest; and this they carried so far, as to maintain, that fathers had no other love for their children than what sprung from the profit or pleasure they enjoyed, or expected to enjoy from them. But the *Stoics* thought much better; that not only parental love was a natural affection, but that man is formed by nature for society; and that they have an instinctive love and relationship for each other; and consequently that the friendships of all wise and good men are pure and disinterested, without the least view to any recompence whatever. See the above quotation from Plutarch.

(m) *Stilpo*] See this story related differently in *Laertius' Life of Zeno*, who was the disciple of *Stilpo*, p. 177.

(n) This stoical doctrine is what *Horace* ridicules, Ep. 1. 1. 106.

Ad summum sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum,
Præcipue sanus, nisi cum pituita molesta est.
*In short this Stoic, this wise man, is all
That free and beautiful, good, and great, we call.*

*A king of kings, inferior to none
But to the Ruler of the skies alone;
As strong in health too;—could he but take off
The painful grievance of a curfed cough.*

- (c) Non est beatus, &c. But it is equally true from what follows in *Seneca*, that
Non est statim beatus, esse qui se putat.
He is not always happy, who thinks himself so.

Vid. Lipf. *Manuduct.* L. 2. Diff. 32.

E P I S T L E X.

*On Solitude and Prayer. * (a)*

BE assured, *Lucilius*, that I have not alter'd my opinion. Shun, I say, the rabble: shun a few; nay, every one: I know not whom to recommend to you as a proper conversant; and upon this I form my judgment; I dare trust you with yourself (b). *Crates* (as they say) a follower of that *Stilpo*, (c) whom I mentioned in my former epistle, when he saw a young man walking in private by himself, asked him, “*what he was doing there alone? I am conversing with myself*, says he: to whom *Crates* replied, *take care, young man, I beseech you, and diligently consider with yourself, whether you are not conversing with a bad man.* We are apt to set a watch upon the melancholy in distress; lest they should make a bad use of solitude: and, indeed, no imprudent person should be left alone; for then it is, that his thoughts are ever busy: he lays schemes to endanger himself or others; and plans his wicked purposes; then it is, he utters what the mind before concealed, either through fear or shame; he emboldens his courage; he enflames the lustful passions; and, in his wrath, meditates revenge. In a word, the only advantage, that solitude pretends to, in trusting no one, and not fearing to be betrayed, is lost upon a fool; he betrays himself.

Know

Know then, *Lucilius*, what I hope of you; rather what I am confident of, (for hope belongs to an uncertain good) I cannot, I say, find any one, with whom I had rather you should converse, than with yourself. I well remember, what noble words, and full of energy, you once poured forth with great spirit; when I immediately congratulated myself and said, *surely such excellent things come not from the lips only; they must be founded on sincerity, and a good heart: this young man is not one of the vulgar; he regards salvation: so speak; so live.*

Be careful ever to maintain this greatness of soul: and though you have reason to thank the gods for the success of your former vows, cease not to pray; and ask particularly for *wisdom, (e) a sound mind, and health of body.* Why should you not often pray for these blessings? Fear not to importune a gracious God, (*f*) when you ask not for any foreign good, or what belongs to another person.

But, according to custom, I shall subjoin to this epistle a small present: it is from *Athenodorus*; and I think it a just and excellent observation: *Tum scito esse te omnibus cupiditatibus solutum, cum eo perveneris, ut nihil deum rogas, nisi quod rogare possis palam.* *Know, says he, that you have discharged every irregular passion, when you are arrived to such goodness, as to ask of God nothing, but what you care not if all the world should bear.* But, alas! how great is the folly and hypocrisy of the present age! men are continually whispering and muttering to God some villainous prayer (*g*); was any one to listen, they are immediately silent; and thus what they are unwilling men should hear; they presume to offer up to God. Consider then, whether you may not take this maxim for a wholesome rule of life: *so live among men, as if the eye of God was upon you; and so address yourself to God, as if men heard your prayer.*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) It has been said of *Socrates*, that he was *half a Christian*; I think this epistle of *Seneca* will carry him somewhat farther.

(b) *Antisthenes* being asked what benefit he had reaped from philosophy, made answer—*τὸ δύνασθαι ἱκανῶς ἑαυτῷ.* *To be able to converse with himself.*

(c) *The follower*] *Stilponis* auditor—but not of the same sect or party: his proper master was *Diogenes the Cynic*. Indeed the lectures of *Stilpo* were so sweet and eloquent, that he drew to them many of the studious and learned at *Megara*, and particularly this *Crates*, and *Zeno* himself.

(d) *He regards salvation*] *Ad salutem spectat. Gall. Il regarde un salut.* But if *salvation* seems too strong a word to come from the mouth of an heathen, though there is no necessity for taking it in the Christian sense, it may be rendered, *he has regard to his own good and welfare.*

(e) *For wisdom*] *So Juvenal x. 356. Orandum est, ut mens sit sana, in corpore sano.*

Pray we for health of body, and of mind.

— The prayer of Solomon is so pertinent to this place, that I could not omit it, though so well known to every one.—

“ Give me, O Lord God, an understanding heart, to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad.—Give me wisdom and knowledge.” And God said to Solomon, “ Because this was in thine heart, and thou hast not asked riches, or honour, nor the life of thine enemies, neither yet hast asked long life for thyself, but hast asked wisdom and knowledge:—Lo! wisdom and knowledge are granted thee, and I will give thee both riches and honour, such as none of the kings have had before; neither shall any after thee have the like.”—1 Kings, ii. 9. 2 Chron. i. 10.

• To which let me add from St. James, i. 5. *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him: but let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.*

(f) *To importune God*] See Luke 18, 1. where is set forth the parable of the importunate widow.—*To the end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint. Pray without ceasing. 1 Theff. 5, 17.*

(g) *Some villainous prayer*] *I wonder (says Plutarch) that, Hercules, or some other god, has not long since plucked up and carried away the tripod, wherein is offered such base and villainous questions to Apollo: some applying themselves to him as a mere paltry astrologer, to try his skill, and impose upon him by subtle questions: others asking him about treasures buried under ground, others about marrying a fortune: so that Pythagoras will here be convinced of his mistake when he affirmed that, the time when men are most honest, is, when they present themselves before the gods: for these filthy passions, which they dare not discover before a grave mortal man, they scruple not to utter to Apollo. De defect. orat.*

This is finely touched upon by Horace, Ep. l. 16, 57.

Vir bonus omne forum quem spectat, et omne tribunal
Quandocunque Deos vel porco vel bove placat.
Iane pater, clarè, clarè cum dixit, Apollo.
Labra movens metuens audiri, pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere, da sanctum iustumque videri;
Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem.
*Your best man, on whom with awful praise,
The Forum and the courts of justice gaze:
If e'er he make a public sacrifice,
Dread Janus, Phœbus, clear and loud he cries,
But, when his prayer in earnest is prefer'd,
Scarce moves his lips, afraid of being heard;
Beauteous Laverna, my petition hear,
Let me with truth and sanctity appear:
Oh, give me to deceive, and, with a veil,
Of darkness and of night, my crimes conceal.*—*Francis.*

Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros.
Tollere de templis et aperto vivere voto:
Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clarè, et ut audiat hospes:
Illa sibi introrsum, et sub lingua immurmurat! O si
Ebullit patui præclarum funus!
— Pupillumque utinam, quem proximus hærea
Impello, expungam! —

Thus boldly to the gods mankind reveal,
 What, from each other, they for shame conceal;
Give me good fame, ye powers, and make me just,
 Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust:
 In private then—*when wilt thou, mighty Jove,*
My wealthy uncle from this wor'd remove?—
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head!
I should possess th' estate, if he were dead, &c.—Dryden.

EPISTLE XI.

On Modesty, Bashfulness, and natural Habit.

I HAVE had the pleasure, *Lucilius*, of conversing with a friend of yours, of a most excellent disposition; his very first speech shewed such ingenuity, strength of mind, and proficiency in learning, as to give me a taste of what we may one day expect from him. What he said, was by no means premeditated, as I came upon him unawares. As soon as he had recovered the surprize, it was with difficulty that he shook off that decent modesty, which is a very good sign in a young man (*a*); so deep a blush was spread over his face: and this, I think, will not leave him, even when he hath strengthened his mind with virtue, thrown off all vices, and commenced the *wise man*.

It is not in the power of wisdom entirely to surmount the natural imperfections of mind or body: whatever is innate and inbred may be corrected by art, but cannot be quite rooted out. Even some, of the most steady temper, when obliged to speak in public, have been known to sweat, as if they had been fatigued with running a race; while others have been so affected on the like occasion, as to have their knees tremble, their teeth chatter, their tongue falter, or their lips so close, that they cannot open their mouth. And this bashfulness, neither discipline, nor use can shake off: nature will still prevail, and admonish, even the strongest, of this

their weakness (*c*): for such I reckon the blush which spreads itself over the face of the gravest persons. It is more common, indeed among youth, who have more heat, and a delicate constitution; but it spares not even veterans and sages. There are some, indeed, who are never more to be dreaded, than when they redden (*d*); as if they had, at once, thrown from the heart all decency and modesty. As *Sylla* was always most violent, when the blood rose in his face: but nothing could be more soft and pleasing than the countenance of *Pompey*; he always blushed, when in company, and especially when he made a public oration; and I remember to have seen *Fabian* (*e*) blush, upon being called upon in the senate, only as a witness, and I thought it became him admirably well. This was not owing to any infirmity of mind, but to surprize and accident: which, though they do not always embarrass the unexperienced, yet naturally affect such as, from the constitution of the body, are apt to blush. For as there are some whose blood is so well-tempered as not to be moved extraordinarily; there are others in whom it is so lively and active as to be continually flying into the face: and this, as before observed, no wisdom can get the better of; otherwise it would subject nature to its command, and eradicate every imperfection. Whatever ariseth from the condition of birth, or the temperature of the body, it will stick by us; how much, or how long soever, the mind has been endeavouring to fix and compose itself upon right principles, none of these things can be avoided, any more than they can be acquired. The greatest artists on the stage, who mimic all kinds of passion; who can express fear and trembling, and display all the signs of heartfore grief; when they are to express bashfulness, can do no more than exhibit a dejected countenance, speak low, and cast their eyes upon the ground; they cannot blush when they would: it is in vain either to forbid or command a blush: wisdom neither promises, nor can perform any thing in this respect; they are their own masters; and come, and go, as they please.

But this epistle demands a sentimental clause: accept then of this, which I take to be a salutary and useful maxim, worthy of being engraved upon the heart: aliquis vir bonus nobis eligendus est, ac semper ante oculos habendus, ut sic tunquam illo spectante vivamus, et omnia tanquam illo vidente faciamus. *We must fix upon some good man (*f*), and have him always*

Before our eye, as a witness of our life and actions. And this likewise, my *Lucilius*, was the precept of *Epicurus*; he would have a guardian, or censor, continually set over us; and with great propriety: for sure, many sins would be prevented, was some witness to be present at the commission. Let the mind, therefore, suppose some one present, whom it may revere; and from whose authority every secret may receive sanction. Happy the man, who not only by his presence, but by being thought upon, has such influence upon another person, as to induce him to act decently! And happy the man, who so reverences another, as upon only calling him to mind, forms and regulates his own conduct. He, that so reverenceth another, will soon be revered himself. Chuse therefore *Cato*; or if *Cato* seems somewhat too rigid, chuse *Lælius*, a man of not so severe a temper; or chuse some one, among your acquaintance, whose life and manner of address, charm you; and having in view either the understanding or presence of such a one, look upon him, either as your guardian or model: there must be some one, I say, according to whose plan we must form our morals: without some certain rule, you will never correct what is amiss.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *A good sign in a young man*] So *Pliny*, speaking of *Calpurnius Piso*, the younger, says,—*Commendabat hæc voce suavissima, vocem verecundia; multum sanguinis, multum sollicitudinis in ore magna ornamenta recitantis: etenim nescio quo pacto magis in studiis homines timor quam fiducia decet.* These beauties were extremely brighten'd by a most harmonious voice, which a very becoming modesty rendered still more pleasing. Confusion and concern, in the countenance of a speaker, throws a grace upon all he utters; for there is a certain decent timidity, which, I know not how, is infinitely more engaging than the assured, and self-sufficient air of confidence. M.—*Diogenes*, the Cynic, seeing a young man blush, said to him, *Θάρρει, τοῦτο ἐστὶ τῆς ἀρετῆς τὸ χρῶμα.* Take courage, youth; you need not be ashamed; this is the colour of virtue—*Πᾶς ἐρυθρῶν γὰρ χροῖος ἐστὶ μοι δοκεῖ.* Menander

A blush points out the goodness of the heart. See Ep. 25.

(b) *To speak in publick*]. *Plutarch*, speaking of *Alcibiades*, observes, that, though he was as sagacious, and happy in his thoughts as any man whatever; yet, for want of a little assurance, he very often miserably lost himself in his pleadings; and would falter and make pauses in the middle of an oration; purely for the want of a single word, or some neat expression that he had in his papers and could not presently recollect.—And there have been two remarkable instances, partly in our memory, of this inability to speak in publick; notwithstanding the greatest capacities and accomplishments that could be required in such a province: I mean, in that elegant writer, Philosopher, and statesman, Mr. *Addison*: and our late worthy provost of King's college, Cambridge, Dr. *Roderick*; who never attempted to preach but once, in a country village.

village, (*Milton*, near *Cambridge*) and even there, had not courage enough to go half through his sermon.

(c) *This weaknes*] — II. v. 44. — οὐδὲ οἱ αἰδώς;

Γίνεται, ἢ τι ἀνδρὸς μέγα σνιται, ἢ οἰησι.

Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,

The greatest evil, and the greatest good.

Vid. Plutarch. (de vitioso pudore. c. n.)

(d) *When they redder*] Tacitus, in his life of *Agricola*, speaking of *Domitian* says, *His countenance was cruel, being always covered with a settled red: in which he hardened himself against all shame and blushing.*

(e) *Fabian*, the philosopher, and rhetorician, (see Ep. 100.) He flourished in the reign of *Tiberius*, when *Seneca* was a young man.

(f) *We must fix upon*] See Ep. 25. Lips. Manud. III. Diff. ult.

— Καὶ ἀπωθὺν ἦν

Αἰὲρ ὁ χρηστός, δυστυχῆντας ωφελῖν. Eur.

Thus good men, in some measure, can attend,

Even in their absence, a distressful friend.

----- *Xenophon* (Diff. et Fact. l. 4.) attributes this to *Socrates*; that even in his absence the remembrance of him was of great service to those who were conversant with him and heard his lectures.

----- And *Plutarch* (de Sign. Profectus) adviseth, when we go upon any business, or undertake any office, to set before our eyes some excellent person, either alive or dead, and consider with ourselves, what *Plato* would have done in this affair; what *Epaminondas* would have said; how *Lycurgus*, or *Agésilas* would have behaved; that addressing ourselves, and adorning our minds at these mirrors, we may correct every disagreeing word and irregular passion.—And if the consideration and remembrance of good men being present and entertained in our minds, preserve the proficiency, in all affections and doubts, regular and unmoveable; you may judge that this also is a token of a proficient in virtue.

But a serious *Christian* need not to be reminded to place a *Cato*, a *Lælius*, or even a *St. Paul* in his view for this purpose; he cannot but know, that he hath infinitely a more powerful guardian, and more close inspector, ever over him, or rather in him.—For know ye not, that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? 1 Cor. 3. 16. 6. 19. See also Rom. 8. 9. Ephes. 4. 30. 1 Thess. 5. 19.

EPISTLE XII.

On Life and Old Age.

GO where I will, *Lucilius*, or do what I will, I meet with something that reminds me of old Age. I went the other day to my *villa* without the city, and was complaining, that it seemed greatly out of repair, notwithstanding my continual expence. *I cannot help it*, says my bailiff, *it is*

no fault of mine; I have done all I can, but it is very old. Now, you must know, that this *villa* is of my own building. What then must I expect, if the stone wall, of my own time, is decayed! So much for that; but still more out of humour; *surely, says I, those plane-trees have been much neglected; how knotty and crooked are the branches! there is scarce a leaf upon them: and the trunks how wretched and squallid! This could never have happened, if they had been properly dug about, and well watered.* Upon this, my bailiff swears heartily, that *he has done all he could, that no care has been wanting in him, but the trees are very old.* True enough; for I planted them myself, and saw their first foliage. Turning to the door, *What old decrepit fellow is this, said I, whom you have properly enough placed here, with his face pointed to the door? (a) where did you get him? what was your fancy for bringing a strange corpse to my house?—Do you not know me?* says the old man; *I am Felicio, to whom formerly you was wont to bring play-things; I am the son of Philositus, your late bailiff; your favourite play-fellow.* “*Surely, says I, the man doats; what does he talk of being a little boy, and my play-fellow? But it may be so indeed; for he is shedding his teeth.*

This is what I am obliged to my *villa* for; that, look where I will, I am put in mind of my old age. Be it so; let me enjoy it; let me love it. It is replete with pleasure, when we know how to use it. Fruit is then more grateful, when at the end of the season. The bloom of youth is then most comely, when passing into manhood. Your wine-bibbers relish best the last bottle, even that which oversets them, and gives the finishing stroke to the debauch. Whatever is exquisite in pleasure is reserved to the last. Even age is most pleasant, when the decay is not too rapid, but comes gently on; nor can I think it destitute of pleasure, even on the verge of life: or, this may be reckoned instead of pleasure, that it wants none. How sweet is life, when all anxious desires have taken their leave of us!

But it is very irksome, you will say, to have death always before our eyes. Death, my friend, ought to be placed before the eyes of the young, as well as of the old. For we are not summoned according to the parish register. And besides there is no man so old, as to make it sinful to expect another day (*b*). Now, every day is another step in life. Our whole
time:

time consists of parts, and circles circumscribed within circles of different dimensions; some one of which takes in and compasseth the rest: and this is what includes the life of man: another compriseth the years of youth, and another those of childhood. There is also a complete year, which contains in itself all those times, that by multiplication, form the course of life: a month is confined in still narrower bounds; and a day consists of yet a smaller compass: and this hath also a beginning and ending, a circuit from east to west. *Heraclitus* therefore, (who from the obscurity of his style got the nickname of *Scotinus*, (*Darkling*) saith, “*Unus dies omni par est*,” *One day is par to another*. This some interpret, as if he had said, They are equal with regard to hours; which is certainly true; for if a day consists of twenty-four hours, every day is equal; for what is lost in the day is made up in the night. Others interpret it, that one day is equal to any other, by way of resemblance; as the longest space of time exhibits no more than what you have seen in one day, *viz.* light and darkness, frequently repeated in the alternate changes of the heavens; and is no otherwise different than in not being always of an equal length. Every day therefore is to be so ordered and regulated, as if it closed the rear, set bounds to, and completed life (*c*).

Pacuvius, (*d*) the debauchée, who had lived so long in *Syria*, that he made it, as it were, his own; when, with wine and costly dainties, he banquetted as at a funeral, would order himself to be laid out with the usual solemnities, and carried upon a bier from supper; while amidst the applause of his boon companions, this was sung to music; *BEGONE, BEGONE, He bath lived, be bath lived indeed*. This was his practice almost every night. Now, what *he* did wantonly, and from a bad turn of mind; let us do, from a good one: and as we go to sleep, let us, in a pleasant and chearful temper, say,

Vixi, et quem cursum dederat fortuna peregi.

I've liv'd; I've run the destin'd course of fate.

If God is pleased to add to our days *the morrow*; let us accept it with thanksgiving. He is a most happy man, and truly enjoys himself, who expects the morrow, without the least anxiety; whoever hath said over night, *I have lived*, rises the next morn to gain.

But

But it is time to conclude this Epistle. “What then, *you will say*, will it come without the usual present, some peculiar sentiment?”—Never fear, it shall bring something; yes, and something of consequence. For what can be more excellent than the words I here subjoin? *It is wretched to live in necessity, but there is no necessity for living so (e).*—Let us thank God that no one is long detained in wretchedness: necessity is really to be overcome. But these, you will say, are the words of *Epicurus*; why do you continually refer me to others? Give me something of your own.—What is true, Lucilius, is my own. And I shall go on, in quoting *Epicurus* and others; that they, who enlist themselves in any sect, and regard not *what* is said, but *by whom* it is said, may know, that, when any thing is said, perfectly good, all the world have a right to it.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *With his face to the door*] This alludes to the antient custom of their *laying out* the dead body, (Πεθεσις, *conlocatio*), which was always near the threshold at the entrance of the door. *Hom. Il. v. 412*, on the death of *Patroclus*.

Ὅς μοι ἐν κλισίῃ διδαιγμένος ὤϊ χαλκῷ
Κίτται, ἀνὰ προθύρῳ τιτραμένος—
*Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.*—Pope.

So *Virgil* (11. 30).—Recipit que ad limina gressum
Corpus ubi exanimi positum Pallantis Acetes
Servabat senior—
*Then to the gates Æneas pass'd, and wept,
Where old Acetes Pallas' body kept.*—Lauderdale.

And they took particular care, in placing the body, to turn the feet and face towards the gate; which custom *Perfius* has elegantly described (Sat. iii. v. 103.)

——tandemque beatulus alto
Compositus lecto, crassisque lutatus amomis
In portam rigidos calces extendit—
*Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His heels stretch'd out and pointing to the gate.*—Dryden.

The reason of this position (says *Bp. Kennet*) was to shew all persons whether any violence had been the cause of the person's death. *Vid. Lips. EleB. i. c. 6.*

(b) *Another day?* why not another year, with *Cato* in *Cicero*; *Nemo est tam senex, qui se annum non putat posse vivere?* *No one is so old who does not think he can live another year.*—*Lips.*

(c) *Every day*] This precept from *Horace*, *Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum. Grata superveniat quæ non sperabitur hora.*

*Believe that ev'ry morning ray
Hath lighted up the latest day:
Then if to-morrow's sun be thine,
With double lustre shall it shine.* Francis.

Musonius,—non est præsentem diem bene transigere, nisi qui proponit velut ultimam illam transigere.
No one can be said to pass his day well, who did not propose to pass it as his last.

(d) *Pacuvius*] Qui voluptatibus dediti, quasi in diem vivunt vivendi causas quotidie finiunt. *Plin. Ep.* The sons of sensuality who have no views beyond the present hour, terminate with each day the suble purport of their lives. *Melmoth.* Those who are entirely devoted to pleasure, live as if their lives were to end with the day, and every day convinced the world they deserve to die. *Orrery.*

(e) Nullum malum est in necessitate vivere, sed in necessitate vivere necessita nulla est, &c. However these words might become a Roman or Epicurean, they could not but be shocking to a Christian reader, if translated in the sense *Seneca* intended: I have therefore given them another turn, and adapted them, as well as I could, to more sound doctrine. Besides, if every *morrow*, as *Seneca* here saith, is to be looked upon as gain, and to be received with thanksgiving; how ungrateful, how wicked must we be, to abridge ourselves voluntarily of that favour, when we know not what the *morrow* may bring forth by the providence of God, for our relief, (*multis viis*, saith *Seneca*; true, if he had said) by patience, industry and prayer.

EPISTLE XIII.

On Magnanimity in Distress. Certain Remedies against Fear.

I KNOW, *Lucilius*, your magnanimity: for even before you was instructed in the sound precepts of philosophy, in order to surmount all difficulties; you was pleased to exert yourself strenuously against the power of fortune; and much more, when you had grappled with her, and experienced your strength: which indeed cannot be well known, 'till the difficulties that surround us on every side make a closer attack. Then it is, that a soul, truly noble and unconquerable, gives proof of its abilities: this is the only test: the wrestler cannot enter the lists with true courage, who has not been seasoned, as it were, with bruises. He, that hath often seen his own blood unterrified,—who has had his teeth beaten out with the fist,—who hath been tripped up, and pressed with the whole weight of his antagonist, and hath still kept up his courage;—who, as often as he hath been thrown, hath rose more fierce and stubborn; he it is, that, at any time, engages, full of hope. Therefore to carry on the metaphor, I must observe, that Fortune hath often thrown, and fallen upon you; but you scorned to yield: you

you still started up, and more resolutely stood your ground: for valour, when provoked, grows the stronger. Yet, if you are pleased to accept of my advice, I will point out some proper aid for your better defence:

There are more things, my *Lucilius*, that frighten, than which press hard upon us: and we are often more distressed from opinion, than in reality. I am not speaking to you in the language of *Stoicism*, but in a humbler strain. For *we* indeed think all those afflictions, that are apt to extort sighs and groans, light and despicable. Laying aside these big words, (but, O ye Gods, how true!) I only require this of you, that you would not anticipate misery; since the evils, you dread as coming upon you, may perhaps never reach you, at least they are not yet come. Thus some things torture us more than they ought; some, before they ought; and some which ought never to torture us at all. We heighten our pain, either by presupposing a cause, or anticipation. This however we shall defer at present, as it is a controverted point(*a*): what I think to be light, you will contend to be very grievous: I have seen some laugh under the scourge, while others have cried at a box o' the ear. But we shall presently see, whether those you think so insupportable are of any weight in themselves, or formidable only through our weakness. Grant me only this, that, when you are surrounded by those who would persuade you, that you are miserable, you would reflect not upon what you hear, but what you think, and feel yourself; and consulting with your patience, as you certainly know yourself best, ask yourself the following questions: "Whence is it that these my friends " so bewail my condition? Why do they keep at such a distance; fearing " contagion, as if calamity was catching? Is there any thing really bad " in the case? or, is it only what has got a bad name?" Examine further, whether you are tortured, or grieve causelessly, making that an evil, which is not so? But you will say, "How shall I know, whether my afflictions " are real or not?" Observe then what I say upon this point.

We are afflicted with such evils, as are present or future, or both. Concerning present evils, it is easy to form a judgment; if the body be still free, in sound health, and in no pain from external injury; say with yourself, "I am well to-day, be the morrow as it will."—But you are afraid of some future evil.—Consider well, whether the grounds upon which your fear of some evil to come is founded, are warrantable. We generally labour

under unjust suspicions, and are often deceived by report : which may well be supposed to affect individuals, when it has been known to put an end to a battle. 'Tis certain, *Lucilius*, we lie open to impression, without duly weighing the things that strike us with sudden fear (*b*) ; we will not give ourselves time to examine them ; we tremble ; and then turn our backs, like those soldiers, whom the dust raised by a flock of sheep have drove from the camp ; or, whom some false story, without knowledge of the author, hath terrified and put to flight. Things, false and vain, I know not how, are apt to disturb us more than such as are true ; for these have their certain measure ; whereas the former are the effects of blind conjecture, and the fancies of a coward mind. No sort of fear therefore is so pernicious, and remediless, as that we call *panic* : other fears are irrational, but this quite senseless. Let us therefore diligently examine into this affair.

It is probable such an evil may happen.—It will take up some time therefore before it is true, if ever. How many things happen unexpectedly ! and how many have been expected that have not happened ? But suppose such a thing should certainly happen ; what avails it to anticipate sorrow ? it will be time enough to grieve when it comes : in the mean while, promise yourself better things : at least, there will be so much time gained : and many things may intervene ; whereby the impending evil, however near it is supposed, may rest where it is, or vanish, or fall upon another person. Fire hath given time for flight of those within : some, falling from on high, have been gently laid upon the ground without hurt : sometimes the sword, when at the very throat, hath been withheld : and the condemned criminal hath outlived the appointed executioner (*c*). — Bad fortune hath also its inconstancy : perhaps it may happen, perhaps not ; while it does not happen, think for the best. It is not uncommon for the mind, even when there is no apparent sign of distress, to afflict itself with vain imaginations ; to make the worst interpretation of some doubtful word ; or, looking upon a person to be more offended than he is, to consider, not how great his anger, but what may be the consequences of it. How vain is life, or what end can there be of misery, if fear is thus to have its full scope ! Here then let prudence step in to your assistance ; here let strength of mind throw off all fear, however manifest the cause : at least let one foible repel another : temper fear with hope (*d*) : nothing that we
fear.

fear is so certain, as that it is not more certain, what we dread may not happen, and what we hope for deceive us. Let fear and hope be put to the test: and because all things are uncertain, be kind to yourself, and fancy what you like best. If fear prompts any uncouth surmise, still incline to the better part, and give yourself no further trouble.—Now and then reflect upon this; that the greater part of mankind, when there is no evil present, nor like to happen, are upon the fret, and under continual alarms; for no one resists the impulse, when it hath once taken effect, or endeavours to reduce to truth the object of fear: no one thus reflects with himself; “The author is mistaken; he hath certainly feigned such a report, or has been too credulous.” No; we give ourselves up to the reporter; with dread we look upon uncertain things as certain; we observe no mean; and therefore simple doubt is turned into real fear.

I am almost ashamed, *Lucilius*, to address you in this manner, and presume to comfort you with such weak arguments. But, should any one tell you, that such a thing will not happen; do you, on the contrary, say, “It will happen; and what then? Let it happen; it may turn to my good: death by being contemned makes life honourable: the juice of hemlock, by which the great *Socrates* fell, completed his character: and when *Cato* was determined to die, had the conqueror taken the sword out of his hand, he would have robbed him of great part of his glory (*e*).”—But too tedious are my exhortations, when you need rather a remembrancer than a counsellor; for I have said nothing against the bent of your own nature: you was born to great accomplishments: so much the more therefore study to raise, and adorn your good disposition.

I shall now conclude this Epistle; when I have set the usual mark to it, by subjoining some excellent saying or other, as thus: *Among the many evils that attend on folly, this is one, It is always beginning to live (f)*. Consider well, my *Lucilius*, best of men, the full purport of this sentence; and you will learn, how vile and ridiculous is the levity of men, who are ever projecting, and laying new foundations of life, and building their fond hopes thereon. Look on all around you, and observe with what anxiety even old men are making great preparations, either with some ambitious view, or for travel, and merchandise. Now what can be more ab-

furd than to see an old man beginning to live (*g*)? I should not have added the name of the author of this sentiment, had it been so well known, as some other of the common sayings of *Epicurus*, which I have taken upon me to quote, and adopt for my own.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *A controverted point*] Between the *Stoics* and the *Epicureans*, with others who think pain an evil; whereas to the former it is an indifferent thing.

(*b*) *'Tis certain*] See Ep. 24.

Ἡπὶ μᾶλλον ἐκφοβᾷ καὶ ἡμῶν,
Ὡς τὸ γὰρ πασχαῖν τ' ἐπὶ τοῖς μαιζοῖς κακὸν. — Eur.
*The future terrifies, with daily fear,
Than real ills to suffer, more severe.*

(*c*) I remember two particular instances of this: one, at *Eton*, of a labourer falling from a very high scaffolding: the other, at *Cambridge*, of a young gentleman's falling from the upper story of *Christ-College*, unhurt. But what is more extraordinary and to the purpose; in the late horrid riot beforementioned, the insurgents set fire to *Newgate*, and delivered, among the other prisoners, three unhappy wretches that were to have been executed the next morning. And within a few days, — *Dennis*, (alias *Jack Ketch*) was capitally convicted, and condemned; for being concerned in the said riot.

(*d*) *Fear with hope*] See Epist. 104. — But it is observable here, that there were some philosophers, called by the Greeks, *Elpisticks*, i. e. *Hopers*; who maintained that the chief happiness in life consisted in hope; and that were we deprived of this, and the delight attending it, life would be an insupportable burthen. See *Plutarch. Sympos. 4. 4.*

(*e*) *Had robbed him*] As *Seneca* might think; but no true Christian can be of the same opinion, though *Cato* acted upon principle, even the chief principle of *Stoicism*; since it may easily be proved a false one, from the fitness of things, and had been proved by the forementioned great philosopher, *Socrates*. Vid. *Plato*. See also the foregoing Epistle.

(*f*) *Beginning to live*] See Ep. 20. *Lips. Manud. l. ii. c. Diff. 15.*

(*g*) *An old man*] *Juvenes* adhuc confusa quædam et quasi turbata non indecent: senibus placida omnia et ordinata conveniunt; quibus industria fera, turpis ambitio est. *Plin. Ep. l. 3. 1.* *In young men perhaps some irregularity and disorder may not be unbecoming.* But in the downhill of life; all things should be carried on smoothly and methodically: industry is ill-timed, and ambition a reproach. — *Qrrery.*

E P I S T L E XIV.

On Caution, and Security.

I Confess, *Lucilius*, that an affection for, as also the care and preservation of, the body, is natural: nor do I deny but that sometimes it may be indulged: yet I cannot allow, that one should be a slave to it. He that is a slave to his body,—is over-anxious for its welfare,—and refers every thing thereto,—is a slave to many masters. We ought so to comport ourselves, not as if we lived for the body, but as if we could not live without it. Too great a love for it, racks us with perpetual fears, burthens us with unnecessary anxieties, and subjects us to contumely. He that sets too high a value upon his body, can never have a due sense of what is great and honourable. It is worthy indeed of our most diligent care; yet if reason exacts, or dignity and fidelity (*a*) require it to be committed to the flames, we are to submit. At the same time, I say, we must endeavour, as far as lies in our power, not only to avoid danger (*b*), but all manner of annoyance: we must make ourselves as secure as possible, by frequently reflecting on the means, whereby those things, that are to be feared, may be repelled: and of such things, if I am not mistaken, there are three sorts; *indigence, diseases*, and *oppression from some superior*. Of these nothing can be more terrible than the last, *tyrannical oppression*: it rushes upon us with uproar and violence; whereas the natural evils I have mentioned, silently creep upon us, nor strike with terror either the eyes or ears: but how great the pomp of an execution! Chains, fire, the sword, and wild beasts, gaping for a feast on human entrails: let the imagination add to these a dungeon, a cross, iron whips, hooks, the being sawed asunder, impaled, or torn in pieces by horses, or having the clothes dawbed with pitch, or other the like inflammable matter, and then set on fire, or whatever else the most shocking cruelty hath invented (*c*). Is it any wonder we should be afraid of these tortures, whose variety is so manifold, and apparatus so terrible? For as the executioner afflicts more severely the person condemned, the more instruments of pain he sets in view, (whereby patience itself is overcome:) so, in other

other respects, among all those evils that are apt to damp the spirits, and subdue the courage of man, *they* have the greatest effect that are most visible. Other plagues indeed are not less grievous, I mean, hunger and thirst, an inflammation in the bowels, or a burning fever, but then they are not seen : they shake no weapon at us, nor present any thing terrible to the eye : whereas the former, like vast armies in array, subdue the mind with the appearance and tremendous preparation. What have we to do then, but to take all possible care to give no offence (*d*) ?

There are times, when, in a popular government, the rabble are to be feared (*e*) : or if the government be such, that the chief executive power is in the senate, then are the leading men therein most to be dreaded : and sometimes the people have delegated their power to particular persons even against themselves. Now as in these cases it is very difficult to have every one our friends, we may rest satisfied in not having them our enemies. The wise man therefore will be cautious not to provoke the resentment of those in power ; nay, he will shun it, as he would a storm, if he was at sea. When you sailed to *Sicily*, you passed through the Straits ; you know the place therefore : now a rash pilot never regards a south wind, though it be that which harraffeth the *Sicilian* sea, and forms those dreadful whirlpools : he never minds to steer on the larboard, but sails on into the very mouth of the boisterous *Charybdis* (*f*). Whereas one of more caution is continually enquiring of the more experienced, how the tide flows---what signs of a storm are in the clouds,---and keeps on his course, at a wary distance from the places notorious for whirlpools and shipwrecks. Such is the conduct of the wise man, in life. He avoids as much as possible the power that can hurt him ; without discovering his design ; as there is some sort of security even in this, not to fly professedly ; because what a man flies from, he tacitly condemns.

How to be safe from the populace in general requires circumspection. First then let me advise you, to avoid party ; to aim at nothing that is apt to raise strife (*g*) among the competitors ;—and 2dly, not to be greedy of amassing so much wealth as might enrich the spoiler : the less you carry about you so much the safer : no one, or very few, are such villains as to spill human blood, for the sake of spilling blood : more men act upon a
view

view of interest than from malice (*b*): the robber passeth by a man in rags; and the poor man finds quarter in a place beset with thieves. Lastly, three things, from antient prescription, are to be avoided: *Hatred*, *Envy*, and *Contempt*: and the way to effect this, wisdom alone can shew. It is a very nice point, and to be treated with great caution, lest the fear of envy should throw us into contempt; lest seeming unwilling to trample upon others, we discover that we may be trampled on ourselves. The being to be feared, hath caused many to be afraid for themselves. We must retire, and lower, as it were, ourselves, as much as possible, yet not so as to be contemptible: for envy and contempt are alike dangerous. In short, we must have recourse to philosophy: as this sort of learning commands respect, like (that badge of honor) the sacred *Fillet*: I do not say among good men only, but among such as are not extremely bad. For, eloquence at the bar, and what other arts are used to move the people, commonly create an adversary: but philosophy is ever quiet, and, minding its own business, is above contempt: and so far above other arts as to be respected even by the worst of men: wickedness will never get to such an height, will never so conspire against virtue, as not to leave the name of *Philosopher* venerable and sacred. But philosophy itself must behave with candour and moderation.

“ What then, you will say, must we think of *Cato*? Was his philosophy
 “ so calm and gentle, when he exerted himself, in order by his counsel, to
 “ repress the civil war, and intervened between two princes, furious in
 “ arms; and, while some opposed *Pompey*, and others *Cæsar*, dared to pro-
 “ voke them both himself?” It is doubtful indeed, whether, at that time,
 it was proper for a wise man to take charge of, or concern himself with,
 public affairs. Some one might say, “ what is your intention, *Cato*? The
 “ business now is not concerning *Liberty*; for that has long since been lost:
 “ the dispute is, whether *Cæsar* or *Pompey* shall be master of the common-
 “ wealth: what have you to do with this contention? You have no part
 “ here: the point is already settled; a lordly governor is to be chosen; and
 “ what matters it to you which of them conquers? The better man can-
 “ not: he indeed may be the worse who is overcome; but he cannot be the
 “ better who overcomes; when, to conquer in such a cause, is in itself
 “ dishonour.”

I have only touched upon the last part of *Cato's* behaviour : but the foregoing times were such as would not properly admit of a wise man's interfering in the ruinous state of the republic. What could *Cato* do more, amid the many plunders, than bawl, and make a vain outcry ; when at one while he was dragged from the *Forum*, through a lane of people, who lifted up their hands against him, and even spit upon him ; and at another time was hurried out of the Senate-house to prison ? But we shall see hereafter the propriety of a wise man's concerning himself with government affairs, and whether it be worth his while to risque the losing his labour :
 ————— for the present I shall recommend to you those philosophers, who, being excluded from every public office, have retired, to study and adorn life ; and form laws for the good government of mankind, without any offence to those in power.

————— The wise man will not give any disturbance to the public as a reformer ; nor endeavour to be pointed at for singularity in the conduct of life : what then ? will he certainly be safe, who follows this maxim ? I can no more promise you this, than a sound state of health to a temperate man ; and yet nothing contributes more to health than temperance. A ship may sometimes be lost in the haven ; but what various accidents is it subject to in the midst of the sea ? How great then must be the danger of the man, who is ever busy, and forming great designs, when it is scarce possible to be safe even in retirement ? I do not deny but that sometimes the innocent may suffer, but much oftener the guilty : a man may not want skill, though he may chance to be wounded, through his armour. Lastly, the wise man regards the intent of every action, without being concerned for the event : the outset is in our own power ; the event belongs to fortune ; whom I will not allow to pass sentence upon me (submitting herein to no other judge but Reason and the fitness of things) though she may perhaps bring trouble and vexation ; the robber is not condemned before the fact.

But now I see you are holding out your hand for your daily stipend. I will fill it with gold : and because I mention gold, learn from hence how to make the use of it the more agreeable. *Is maximè divitiis fruitur qui minime divitiis indiget. He most of all enjoys riches, who wants them the least.* “ Tell me, you say, who is the author of this sentence ? ” Well ; to
 shew

shew you how liberal we are, we have determined to give (*i*) you more than is our own. It is the sentiment of *Epicurus*, *Metrodorus*, or some other of that school. But what signifies who said it? It is said to all. He that wants riches, is anxious after them, but no good is enjoyed with anxiety. He is always studying to make some addition to his store, who thinks of nothing but an increase of his wealth: such a one forgets the right use of what he has got; he is ever busy at his account-books; or attending the Forum; he daily consults the almanack; and, instead of being a proprietor, becomes his own factor.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) *Fidelity*] *Fides*. The Christian word is *faith*. Gall. *La Foy*.

(*b*) *To avoid danger*] And can there, good Mr. Stoic, be any greater danger, any greater annoyance, dreaded, than death? How then can it be taking care of the body, or observing the first rule of nature, self-preservation, so highly commended elsewhere, to rush voluntarily on death? But thus Stoicism often contradicts itself. See Epist. 24.

(*c*) *The most shocking cruelty*] Vid. Brodæ. Miscell. l. 2. c. 9. Turneb. Adversar. l. 15. c. 15 Sigon. de Judiciis, l. 3. c. 18.

(*d*) *To give no offence*] The Apostle's advice in this respect, as in all other, far transcends the Stoic; establishing a doctrine which the wisest philosopher of them all had not yet advanced. *Recompense*, says he, *no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men; and if it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.* Rom. 12. 17.

(*e*) *The rabble*] See Ep. 8. Note (*b*).

(*f*) *Charybdis*] Dextram Scylla latus, lævum implacata Charybdis obsidet.---*Virgil*. iii. 420.

For on the right, her dogs, foul *Scylla* hides;
Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
 And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides.---*Dryden*.

(*g*) *To raise strife*] For where envy and strife is, there is confusion, and every evil work.---*Jam*. 3, 16.

(*h*) *More men*] Plures computant quam oderunt.---*al.* occiderint. From whence Pincianus conjectures, plures compilant, quam occiderint: *More commit robberies than murders.* So the old French, La plus part demande la bourse, que la vie.

(*i*) *To shew you*] Vulg. ut scias quam benigni sumus propositum est aliena laudare: *Others, dare, which I follow, as best answering to benigni sumus, carrying on the metaphor.*

EPISTLE XV.

On Diet and Exercise.

IT hath been, *Lucilius*, an ancient custom to begin an Epistle, with this compliment, *I am glad to hear you are well (a)* : and I will say, (I think with propriety) *I am glad to hear you study philosophy* : for this is *to be well* : without this, the soul is sick ; and even the body, though ever so strong and vigorous, without this, hath but the strength of a frantic madman. Be this sort of health then your principal care, nor let the other be neglected ; which indeed will not cost you much pains, if you are desirous to procure it : for it would be ridiculous, and by no means convenient for a studious man to be engaged in any laborious exercise, in order to make the arms more pliant, to widen the shoulders, or harden the ribs : was you to be crammed like a gladiator, to make your muscular parts more brawny, you will never equal a fed ox in weight and strength. Besides, the more large and gross the body, the more will the mind be cramped and inactive. Straiten therefore and lower the body, in order to give the mind fairer play. Many inconveniences attend on those who devote themselves to the care of the body ; first in some laborious exercise that exhausts the spirits, and makes them unfit for more intensive studies : and secondly, the subtilty of the mind (*b*) is checked by nothing more than by repletion. Add to this the slavery of the lowest kind (*c*) grown into an habit, among men, who devote their whole time to the bagnio or tavern ; who have spent the day according to their wish, if they have been almost dissolved in sweat ; and to supply the place of the juices thereby exhaled, have poured down large draughts of liquor upon an empty stomach. To sweat and to drink, what is this but the life of a porter (*d*) ?

There are some gentle exercises, which sufficiently recreate the body and take up but little time, the principal thing to be regarded. An easy run, the swinging the hands to and fro with weights in them, leaping in length or height, or dancing (if I may so call it) like the *Salii (e)* ; or (to speak less courtly) like a fuller or weaver. Chuse any one of these ; it is easy, and
requires

requires no art. But in whatever you are pleased to divert yourself, tarry not long, before you return to the exercise of the mind. This may be employed both night and day: it is strengthened and maintained by moderate labour: neither heat, nor cold, nor even old age can hinder this sort of exercise. Cherish this good, which is improving every day. Not that I would have you always poring over a book; or at your writing desk: some respite (*f*) is to be given to the mind; yet not so as to enfeeble, but only to refresh it. Taking the air on horseback, or in a chariot, keeps the body in exercise, and prevents not the study of the mind. In walking also, with a friend, you may read, dictate, speak, and hear. Sometimes to strain the voice, at a certain pitch, without raising or lowering it, as in sing-song (*g*), is an exercise (*h*) not to be despised: and then if you desire to learn in what manner you must walk; take along with you, one of those merry fellows, who are put upon finding out new devices for bread (*i*); you may get one, who will teach you a right step, and other ceremonies, in eating or speaking; and be as impudent, as the credulity of your patience will permit him. *What then?* you will say: *Must I begin at once to speak aloud, and with vehemence?* No: it is so very natural for the voice to be raised and wound up gradually, that the greatest wranglers begin with a common accent, and so proceed to vociferation. No gladiator (*k*) bawls out for *help and mercy* at the first onset. However therefore the impulse of your mind may persuade you, you may upbraid a fault, sometimes with more earnestness, and sometimes with more lenity, as may best suit your voice and lungs: and when you are to recover your voice to the usual pitch, let it gradually descend, and not drop at once: let it be managed with the temper and discretion of a judicious orator, and not rage in the style of a blockhead or rustic: for it is not our intention to exercise the voice, but that the voice should exercise us. Thus then (*l*) I have saved you from some trouble and expence; (in giving you my advice *gratis*) to which let me add a small present which cannot but be acceptable to you.

An excellent sentence that; *Stulta vita ingrata est, trepida est, tota in futurum fertur; The life of a fool is made up of chagrin, anxiety, and dismal apprehensions of what may happen.* You will ask me, who is the author of it? The same as before. And what life do you think he calls the *life of a fool*? Such a one as that of *Baba* and *Ixion* (*m*)? No: it is such a one as

we ourselves lead, whom blind ambition and fond desires hurry upon acquisitions that may be hurtful, and yet never satisfy; who, if any thing could satisfy (*n*), have enough already; who never consider, how sweet it is to have nothing to ask; and how noble it is to be fully content, without any the least dependence upon Fortune. Think therefore now and then, *Lucilius*, upon your own acquisitions; and when you observe how many are above you, think also how many are below you: if you would be grateful to heaven, for the happiness of life, think how many you surpass therein. But why do I compare you with others? you have even surpassed yourself (*o*).

Set yourself then some bounds, which, if you would, you cannot, pass. Those insidious blessings we are so fond of, and which are much more sweet in expectation, than in enjoyment, will soon pass away (*p*): was there any solidity in them, they would satisfy: but by their specious appearances they only provoke and incite the thirst. As to what remains for me in the currency of time, why should I rather ask Fortune to give it me, than prevail on myself not to ask it? Or, why should I be solicitous after it, unmindful of human frailty? Shall I amass? What? Labour and toil. Behold, this day is my last: if not, my last is very near.

ANNOTATIONS &c.

(*a*) Vel solum illud scribe, unde priores incipere solebant, si vales bene est, ego valeo, *Or let your letter consist only of that old-fashioned compliment*, In hopes that you are well; as I am at this present writing. *Plin. L. 1. Ep. 11.*

(*b*) *The subtilty of the mind*] *Diogenes*, the Cynic, being asked why the wrestlers (in the games) were generally very stupid and senseless; answered, *Because they are stuffed with beef and bacon*; alluding to the animals, as well as to the eaters. To which *Galen* adds that proverbial saying, Πάσι α γὰρ ἀεὶ πτὶν ἔ τικται ῥδερ, *Pinguis venter non gignet tenuem sensum*.---*Erasm. 3. 6. 18.*---The English say, *Fat paunches make lean pates*.

(*c*) *Pessimæ notæ mancipia in magisterium* (*al. in magistratum*) *recepta*. Or, it may be rendered, *Slaves of the lowest sort, admitted into office, and familiarity*; alluding to the *Græculi Magistri*, mentioned below.

(*d*) *Cardiaci*] One subject to the heart-burn. *Plin. 23. 25. Juv. v. 33.*

(*e*) *Like the Salii*] An order of priests, instituted by *Numa*; who when they carried the sacred *An-cilia* in procession, kept just measures with their feet, and shewed great strength and agility in the various and handsome turns of their body.

(*f*) *Some respite*] See *Ep. 84.*

(*g*) *As in sing song*] *Per gradus et certos modos*. *Lipsius observes, that by Gradus is to be understood, the rising or falling of the voice; and that modus relates to the tone.*

(*b*) *An*

(b) *An exercise*] This was also reckoned an exercise of great utility. (Vid. Hieron. Mercurial. l. 6. Artis Gymnasticæ: Plutarchi *ὑγιεινὰ*, c. 26.)

(i) *For bread*] Græculus esuriens, in cælum, jusseris, ibit. *Juv.* 3. 76.

All things the hungry Greek exactly knows,

And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n he goes.---Dryden.

(k) *The gladiator*] Alluding to the gladiator's appeal to the people when in the utmost distress; as they had it in their power to save him, if they pleased.

(l) *They then---*] Various are the readings here; from one (Pincian.) it may be rendered: *A certain Greek hath saved me some trouble in this affair, who hath enabled me to add to the foregoing a small present.* The life, &c.

(m) *Baba and Ixion*] Two silly fellows of those times. But *Erasmus* reads, Babys et Ixionis---That *Babys* the brother of *Marfjas*, who challenged *Apollo* in singing; and the poet's *Ixion*, who embraced a cloud instead of *Juno*.

(n) Ep. 2. (N. g.)

(o) *Surpassed yourself*] Having been advanced from a Plebeian to the Equestrian order; and now *Cæsar's Precurator*; an officer, sent by the Emperor into some province, to receive and regulate the public revenue, and to dispose of it at the Emperor's command. See Ep. 19. (N. c.)

(p) Ah think, my friends, how swift the minutes haste!

The present day entirely is our own.

Then seize the blessing ere 'tis gone:

To morrow! fatal sound! since this may be our last.

Yalden on human Life.

Dryden's Miscell. v. iiii.

E P I S L E XVI.

On the Study of Philosophy.

I KNOW, *Lucilius*, that it is your opinion, no one can live happily, or indeed scarce tolerably, without the study of philosophy: and that wisdom, when perfected (a), makes life completely happy, and, without having made any great progress, satisfactory. But this opinion, clear as it is, must be established and fixed deeper in the heart, by daily meditation. It is more difficult to abide by good resolutions, than to form them. You must persevere, and by continual application so strengthen the mind, that it may be as truly good, as the will is to have it so. You need not, therefore, give yourself the trouble of many words, and protestations to me; I am perfectly satisfied in the progress you have made; I know too, that what you write is upon good principles, not feigned, nor coloured over: yet give me
leave

leave to say, that though I have great hopes of you, I am not quite confident: I would have you think the same yourself. Presume not, too soon and easily, on your own strength: examine well yourself (*b*): make different scrutinies and observations, but more especially consider this; whether you have made a progress in philosophy, or in life itself; in knowledge, or in practice.

Philosophy is no popular artifice; nor made for shew, and ostentation (*c*): it consists not in words, but in deeds. Nor is it to be applied to, only as an amusement, to take off the tediousness of the day: no; it forms and fashions the mind; sets life in good order; directs the conduct; shews what is to be done (*d*), and what to be left undone; it sits at the helm, and steers our course through the wide sea of doubt; in short, no man can live in safety without it. Innumerable accidents happen every hour, which must have recourse to philosophy, as a faithful counsellor. But some one will say, "What avails philosophy, if fate (or *destiny as the Stoics think*) will take its course (*e*): if God is the supreme governor of the world? or if (according to the *Epicureans*) *Chance* is all in all; For, things certain cannot be altered; and no preparation can be made against what is uncertain; if either God hath prevented my purposes, and hath decreed what I shall do; or if every event is in the disposal of Fortune?" Be this as it will, *Lucilius*, let any, or all of these opinions take place; philosophy is nevertheless necessary, and to be diligently studied: whether Fate, I say, binds us by an inexorable law; or God, the sovereign of the world, disposeth all things; or Chance impels, and tosseth about at random, human affairs; still philosophy must be our defence; this will exhort us to obey God with a willing mind; and more strenuously to resist the power of Fortune; this will teach you to trust in providence (*f*), and humbly submit to casualties. But there is no need at present to launch out further into dispute, concerning our free-agency, if Providence holds the reins of government; or we are bound and dragged by the chain of destiny; or the sudden changes in the course of things depend upon mere *Chance*. I return therefore, *Lucilius*, to advise and exhort you, not to suffer the ardour of your mind to become faint and languid by any such surmises; resolve and persevere, 'till such impulse becomes an habit.

Now,

Now if I know you well, *Lucilius*, you have been musing, from the beginning, upon what sort of present I would send with this Epistle. Peruse it, and you will find something; wherein indeed you will have no reason to admire my judgment; for I am still liberal of what is not my own: but why do I say, not *my own*? whatever is *properly* said by any one, I make bold to call it *mine*; as that saying of *Epicurus*, si ad naturam vives, nunquam eris pauper: si ad opinionem nunquam dives: exiguum natura desiderat, opinio immensum. *If you live according to nature, you will never be poor; if according to opinion, never rich: what nature demands, is little; what opinion, immense.* Let the possessions of many rich men be heaped upon you; let fortune exalt you far above any private condition of life; let her cover you with a roof of gold, clothe you with purple, surround you with delicacies, and so enrich you, as to have the ground, whereon you walk, paved with marble, and bestow upon you not only money enough for use, but to squander away: add to these, statues, pictures, and whatever else art can supply the most luxurious fancy with; the issue of all will be, only an inducement, still to covet something more. The desires of nature have their limits: but those that arise from false opinion, have not where to rest; for they know no bounds. He that walks in a straight and beaten path will soon find an end; but he that wanders out of his way, will long wander; for error is infinite. Withdraw yourself therefore from vain superfluities, and when you would know, whether what you are solicitous after, ariseth from a natural or a fond and blind desire; consider whether such thing, if obtained, can give you solid contentment; if not,--if as far as you have gone, you must still go further; you may be assured that the path you walk in, is not the right path of nature.

A N N O T A T I O N S; &c.

(a) The Stoical wise man exists not but in description; for as *Plutarch* observes, ἡ σοφία οὐκ ἔστιν ἐν τῷ αἵματι, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ. De pugn. Stoic.) *There is no such one upon earth, nor ever was.* And *Cicero*, Stoicam sapientiam interpretantur, quam adhuc nemo mortalis est consecutus. (in *Lael.*) *The Stoics give you such a definition of virtue as no mortal man ever yet attained to.* However, he may be look'd upon as set forth by way of example; as, in the *Gospel*, Christians are required to be perfect, even as their father which is in heaven is perfect. Matth. 5. 48. And as *Plato* (in *Phæd.*) says, *Pure wisdom is not attainable on this side the grave*; no Christian can properly assume the character, 'till he comes to the general assembly, and church of the first-born, which are enrolled in heaven, and to the throne of God, who

is the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men, made perfect. Heb. 22. 23. See 1 King. 8. 46. Job. 9. 20. Pl. 51. 5 Prov. 20. 9 Eccles. 7. 20. 1 Cor. 13. 11 Phil. 3. 12. Col. 4. 12. 2 Tim. 3. 17. 1 John. 1. 8. See also, *Sen. de Ben.* 1. Ep. 42. (N. 2) *Lips. Manud.* 11. 8.

(b) *Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves, &c.* 2 Cor. 13. 5. 1 Cor. 11. 28. See Ep. 25. (N. e.)

(c) *Lipsum ex Laetantio.* Mendacium incongruum et ineptum est, non in pectore, sed in labiis habere bonitatem, ne ergo---Virtutem verba putes, ut Lucum ligna,---Hor. Ep. 1. 6. 31.

'Tis ridiculous to think,

(As beedles minds the weakest things approve)

That words make virtue, just as trees a grove.---Creech.

Be ye doers of the word, not hearers only, deceiving your own selves; Jam. 1. 22. See also, Matth. 7. 21-Rom. 2. 13.

(d) As we say of the scriptures, *all scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable, for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.* 2 Tim. 3. 16.

(e) Fatalism, an old thread of doctrine, of late twitted anew, by a most ingenious, and indefatigable spinner; but happily untwisted by one of the same breed; forasmuch as, instead of carrying us through the extensive labyrinth of doubt, it fixeth us like statues, on the spot, merely passive; or (without a metaphor) will lead us to the following conclusion: that, since no action or event could possibly be different from *what it has been, is, or will be*, repentance becomes an idle ejaculation, and every application to Heaven for mercy and forgiveness, unnecessary, &c. *N. Diss.*

(f) *Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.* Prov. 3. 5.—*I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength, and my song, and he is become my salvation.* 11. 12. 2.—*Trust not in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.* 1 Tim. 6. 17.

EPISTLE XVII.

On the same; and concerning Poverty.

THROW away all these vanities, *Lucilius*, if you are wise, or rather that you may be wise. Strive with all your might to attain sound wisdom. If any thing withholds you, either untie the knot or cut it. But *family-affairs*, you say, *detain you; which you would fain so order, as, without any further trouble, to arrive at an easy competency; so that poverty may be no burthen to you; nor you to any one.* When you say this, *Lucilius*, you seem not to know the whole strength and power of the good in question; you see indeed the excellency of philosophy in the gross; but as yet you consider

consider not minutely enough its several parts; you know its great utility, at all times, and in all respects; forasmuch as, (to use the words of *Cicero*) in maximis opituleter, et in minima descendat; *it assists us in affairs of the highest consequence, and descends even to the lowest (a)*. Believe me, if you consult philosophy, she will persuade you not to sit so long at your counting-desk.

But this is your scheme; this the chief avocation from your studies: *to shun that dreadful thing, poverty*. And what if, after all, poverty should prove desirable? Riches have prevented many from the study of philosophy: poverty is always free, and always secure. If an enemy's trumpet sounds an alarm, the poor man knows it to be of little consequence to him (*b*): if there is an outcry of fire, he is at the trouble of saving nothing but himself: if he must go aboard, he makes no bustle in the port; nor does he disturb the shore with a single attendant, much less with a crew of servants, for whom it might be difficult to find provision in a foreign country. Not but that it is an easy matter to supply a few mouths, especially of those that are orderly, and require nothing more than a common meal. Hunger costs not much to be satisfied; but a nice palate is expensive. Poverty is contented with the satisfaction of her present desires. Why therefore do you contemn fellowship with *her*, whose manner every rich man in his senses, or who would fain live happily, desires to imitate? Would you be at leisure to improve, and attend the duties of the mind, you must either be poor, or act as such. Study will turn to little account, where there is no respect had to frugality; and frugality is a sort of voluntary poverty.

Lay aside, therefore, these frivolous excuses; *I have not yet got enough; when I have, I will give myself up entirely to philosophy*. Nothing is to be sought before this, which you defer, and postpone to every thing. You must begin here. But you say, *I would fain get wherewithal to live*. Learn then how to get it. If any thing hinders you from living well, let it not hinder you from dying well. There is no reason that poverty, or even want should recall you from the study of philosophy; for even hunger is to be endured while we are in pursuit of this, as patiently as

in a siege. And what is the reward of patience at such a time; ~~but the~~ not falling into the hands, and submitting to the discretion of ~~the~~ conqueror? But how much greater the reward that *this* promiserh, even perpetual liberty; a liberty out of the reach of men or gods to destroy! (c) Hunger hath been driven to such extremes, that whole armies have wanted necessaries, and been forced to eat the roots of herbs (d), and such offals as are not fit to be named (e). And for what did they suffer all this? for a kingdom (f), and, what is still more surprising, for a kingdom not their own. And will any one scruple to endure poverty, that he may free his mind from all hurtful passions, *and be king of himself?*

There is no necessity therefore for being rich, before you enter upon this study. You may apply yourself to it without a viaticum, and attain it, without provision, or supplies. But so it is, *Lucilius*, when you shall have got every thing else, you will then look after philosophy. You suppose this the last necessary of life, or, if I may call it so, an additional accomplishment. But I beg of you, whatever you are in possession of, to study philosophy: for how do you know but that you have too much of worldly goods already? Or, if you have nothing, make the attainment of this your first study.

But necessaries will be wanting. What necessaries? All that nature asks is very little; and a wise man will accommodate himself to nature. If he is driven to the last extremity, *he knows his time here is but short* (g). And if he has still enough to keep body and soul together, he is thankful for it, and makes the most of what he has got: not being solicitous or anxious after any thing more than mere necessaries, food and rayment. He sits himself down contentedly, and laughs at the hurry and fatigues of the rich; and the many vexations and perplexities of those who are striving to be so; saying, *Why are ye so long about it? why do ye plague yourselves with the expectation of interest-money; or of some great return in trade; or the death of an old miser; when ye may soon be rich in a more compendious way? Wisdom supplies the place of wealth; and where she hath made riches seem superfluous she hath given them.*

them. But this argument belongs not properly to you, *Lucilius*, who may be ranked among the rich; change but the times (*b*), and you have a great deal too much. But in every age there is enough to supply nature.

And here I might have ended this Epistle, had I not used you to a bad custom. As no one can salute or address the *Parthian* kings without a present; so there is no taking leave of you *gratis*. Well then, I will still borrow from *Epicurus*,---*Multis parasse divitias, non finis miseriarum fuit, sed mutatio;---The acquiring much wealth hath proved to many, not an end, but only a change, of their miseries.* The fault however lies not in the things acquired, but in the mind itself. That which made poverty grievous, makes also riches irksome. As it matters not, whether you place a sick man, on a wooden, or a golden couch; since he still carries his disease along with him; so whether a discomposed mind be placed in wealth or poverty, it is the same thing. The distemper will still attend it.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) *Lipfius* gives these words to *Hortentius* rather than to *Cicero*.

(b) The rich only are in danger. So *Petronius*;

Cum cecinere tubæ, jugulo stat divite ferrum.

(c) Or, *the being subject to no fear either of man or God.* This may be looked upon as a Stoical rant; but *St. Peter* says, *Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?*—1. Pet. 3. 13.—See also Ep. 38. (N. x.)

(d) See *Sen. de ira. c. 20.* *Sidon. Apoll. viii. 7.* No. P. 437.

(e) *Dictu frædam*—ad infames jam jamque coegerat escas. *ib.*

(f) The Apostle argues in like manner. *Every one that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things: now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.* 1 Cor. 9. 25.

Pro toto hoc argumento, pulchrè Manilius,

Quæremus lucrum navi, mortemque sequemur

Ad prædas. Pudeat tanto bona velle caduca.

Quid cœlo dabimus! quantum est quo veneat omne?

Impendendus homo est, Deus esse ut possit in ipso.

Pulchra, inquam, hæc magis, an pia? *Lipf.*

—*From food and clothes from east to west we run,*

And spendthrifts often sweat to be undone.

Are perishing goods worth so much pains and cost,

Hard to be got and in enjoyment lost?

Then what must heaven deserve? That gold, that buys

The rest, how disproportionate a price!

It asks a bigger value, and to gain

The God, lay out thyself, the price is man. Creech.

(g) *Exiliet e vita*] This, I think, is the second passage which required to be softened, in order to avoid a certain doctrine of the Stoics, which could not but be shocking to a Christian reader; and which *Seneca* himself seems not to approve of, in what follows;—*Si verò exiguum fuerit, et angustum, quo vita produci possit, id boni consulet.* See Ep. 12. 14. 24. 65. (N. i.)

Besides, the turn here given, and which the words will bear in some measure, is consonant to that most comfortable doctrine of the Apostle; *Our light affliction* which is but for a moment, *worketh for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory.* 11 Cor. 4. 17.

(b) *Saculum muta, nimis habes* Vulg.—*Saculum muta*—*Lips. Oppop.* i. e. If we look back to the times of the *Fabricii*, and the *Curii*, before luxury grew into fashion, *you have already too much.*

EPISTLE XVIII.

On the Behaviour of a Philosopher at certain Seasons. On Poverty; and immoderate Anger.

DECEMBER is a month, in which the city seems in full employ. Public feasting and luxury are allowed, and every place resounds with the noise of preparation: as if there was no difference between the feast called *Saturnalia* (a), and the common working days; so that he was not wide of the mark, who was pleased to say, that December now lasted all the year!—I should have been glad, *Lucilius*, if you had been here, that I might have conferred with you, and heard your opinion, concerning what is to be done; whether we must go on in our usual way; or, lest we should seem too far to dissent from the humour of the times, we should likewise unrobe, and give a loose to joy, banquetting and wine. For what was not usual but on some uproar and disturbance, or when any calamity befel the city (b), we now change our dress for the sake of pleasure and feasting. If I am not mistaken in you, were you appointed arbiter in this affair, you would not have us act altogether like the rabble, nor altogether unlike them: unless perhaps the mind, on these festival days, is to be restrained, in order to exhibit a single example of abstinence, while every one else is indulging himself in the most luxurious pleasures. He gives a sure token of his steadiness, who is not to be drawn into softness and luxury at such a time; and so much stronger

stronger is he, if he keeps himself sober and thirsty, when all the people are drunk and overcharged. But the more moderate way is, not to be particular at this time, so as to be taken notice of; nor yet to give into all their measures; but to do what others do, though not in the same manner. A man may celebrate a festival without luxury and excess of riot.

But I have an inclination to try the firmness of your mind; by giving you such precepts as have been given, and followed too, by great men. Set apart certain days, in which taking up with the meanest and vilest diet, and the most coarse and rough cloathing, you may say to yourself; *And is this all that I was afraid of?* While in security, let the mind prepare itself against difficulties; and amidst the favours of fortune, be strengthened against any injurious treatment. The soldier, in the time of peace, exercises himself; throws up trenches, and, in fruitless labour, takes a great deal of pains, to inure himself against the time, when it may become necessary. Whom you would not have tremble in the time of action, you must harden before the time comes. In like manner some have continually so inured themselves to poverty, as almost to proceed to want; that they may never be surprized with what they have learned to bear.

Think not that I am inviting you to a mean repast (*c*), or the hovel of a poor man (*d*), or whatever else it is, whereby luxury sometimes relieves itself, and smooths over the irksomeness of riches by way of change: no; I desire that your bed may be really hard; your clothes rough, your bread stale, and of the vilest sort: endure this three or four days, or sometimes longer, that it may not be whim only by way of variety, but a fair tryal (*e*); and then, believe me, *Lucilius*, you will exult in being satisfied with what costs a trifle: and you will learn, that you are under no such great obligation to fortune, for a maintenance; for let her be as spiteful as she pleases, she cannot but supply you with such things as are absolutely necessary.

Yet after all, there is no reason to think you have done a great thing: it is no more than what many thousand slaves, and poor wretches do daily. All that you can boast of is, that you do it voluntarily. And then it will be as easy for you to endure it always (*f*) as sometimes to undergo the trial. Let us be exercised, as it were, at the post; lest fortune should come upon us unprepared. Let poverty be familiar to us. We shall more securely enjoy wealth, if we know that it is not grievous to be poor. That great master of pleasure, *Epicurus*, observed certain days, wherein he very sparingly satisfied hunger, to prove whether there was any thing that did not contribute to the enjoyment of full and consummate pleasure: or if any thing was wanting thereto, what it was; and whether it deserved all that care and pains, that are generally bestowed in the acquiring it. This is what he says of himself in the Epistle he wrote to *Polyænus*, when *Charinus* was governor of *Athens*. And he even glories in it; that he could dine at less expence than three farthings (*g*); when *Metrodorus*, who had not made so great a proficiency in philosophy, would spend the whole. Do you think that he found only satiety in his meal? yes, and pleasure too; a pleasure not light and transitory, and to be at times repeated, but stable and certain. Not that mere water is so pleasant a thing, or a coarse cake, or a piece of barley bread; but the chief pleasure consists in being able to extract even satisfaction from these, and to arrive at such a pass, as to bid defiance to the inclemency of fortune. What if the allowance of a common prison is better; and even the executioner supplies the criminals under sentence of death with a larger portion: how great must that mind be, to submit to that condition voluntarily, that is decreed for those who are reduced to the last extremity! This is to raise, as it were, a counter-battery to Fortune. Begin therefore, *Lucilius*, to practise these things; set apart some particular days to quit, as it were, the world; and make the lowest condition familiar to you: accept the fellowship of poverty.

Aude hospes contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum

Finge Deo. Virg. 8. 364. (*b*)

Not that I would debar you from the possession of riches, but would have you so possess them, as not to be afraid of losing them. Which
intrepid

intrepid security you may attain by this simple method; only by persuading yourself that you can live happily without them; and looking upon them as ever ready to take wing.

I shall now begin to fold up my letter. But pay me first, *you say*, the usual debt. Well then, *Epicurus* shall pay you. Immodica ira gignit infaniam, *Immoderate anger turns to madness*: You cannot but know this truth, if ever you was master of a stubborn slave, or had an enemy (*i*). But indeed this passion is apt to afflict all sorts of persons: it arises as well from love as from hate; it breaks out not only in serious affairs, but amidst sport and jesting; nor does it signify so much from what provocation it springs; as what sort of mind it affects; as it is not to be considered how great a fire is, but whereon it happens to light: be it ever so great, it hurts not solid bodies; while such as are dry and combustible soon raise a spark into a mighty flame. Thus it is, *Lucilius*, the event of an extraordinary passion is madness; and therefore anger is to be avoided, not only for moderation-sake, but for the health, *both of the mind and body* (*k*).

A N N O T A T I O N S &c.

(*a*) This festival is supposed to have been instituted in memory of the liberty enjoyed in the golden age under *Saturn*, before the names of master and servant were known in the world. For among other mirthful ceremonies to be observed on this festival, servants were allowed to be so free with their masters, as to change clothes with them, and make them wait upon them at table:

Exerceant epulas læti famulosque procurant

Quisque suos.—*Attius*.

Restaque servosum, cum famulantur heri. *Ansonius*.

And even to ridicule them to their faces:

Hor. Sat. II. 7. 4.—Age, libertate Decembri,

Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere; narra.

Go to, and as our antient laws decree,

Use boldly thy December's liberty,

Speak fairly what thou wilt, thou mayst be free. *Creech*.

This festival at its first institution was kept only one day, (the 14th of the kalends of *January*) which continued to the time of *Augustus*, when two more days were added; and by *Caligula* two more; according to *Martial*,

Et jam Saturni quinque fuere dies.

Hæc signata mihi quinque diebus erunt. *Id.*

Which soon after were encreased to seven days ;

Sic *Novius*, Atellanarum scriptor,

Olim expectata septem veniunt Saturnalia.

Et *Mummius* quidam,—Nostri majores veluti bene

Multa instituere, sic hoc optimè, frigore

Fecere summo dies septem Saturnalia.

See Ep. 47.—*Lucian*, (who in his *Saturnalia* recites the forms and ceremonies observed on this festival. *Macrob.* ii. 10. *Alex. ab Alex.* ii. 22. *Lips.* Saturn. i. 2, 3.

(b)

Ergo ubi concipiunt quantis sit cladibus urbi

Constatura fides superùm, feralè per urbem

Iustitium; latuit plebeio tectus amictu

Omnis bonos; nullos comitata est purpura fasces.—*Lucan.* ii. 18.

While thus the wretched citizens behold

What certain ills the faithful gods foretold :

Justice suspends her course in mournful Rome,

And all the noisy Courts at once are dumb :

No honours shine in the distinguish'd weed,

No rods the purple magistrate precede.----*Rowe.*

(c) Ad modicas cœnas. *Al. medicas. Al. monas. Al. moneas.* From whence *Muretus* conjectures *Timoneas*, such an entertainment, as one might expect from *Timon*, the Misanthrope, in his reduced state. *Oppop. Lips.*

(d) Pauperum cellas. *Vid. Sen. ad Helviam.* c. 12.

Mundæ que, parvo sub lare pauperum,

Cœnæ, sine aulæis et ostro,

Sollicitam explicuere frontem. *Hor. Od.* iii. 29. 14.

To frugal treats and humble cells,

With grateful change the wealthy fly ;

Where health-preserving plainness dwells

Far from the carpet's gaudy eye.

Such scenes have charm'd the pangs of care,

And smooth'd the clouded forehead of despair. *Francis.*

(e) The like Precept is given by *Epiæctetus.* *Diff.* 13.

(f) Or, for the ring of wrestlers. *Ad palum, a la luite, Vet. Gall. a la Quintaine. Malberbe.*

(g) Non toto asse. *Timocrates* objected to *Epicurus*, that he spent daily above a pound in meat and drink. This *Laertius* denied, who, with many others, alledged, that *Epicurus* lived upon the most simple and mean diet, according to his own words; I exult in bodily pleasure, with the enjoyment only of bread and water; I despise all manner of sumptuous delicacies, not for their own sake, but on account of the disorders that attend them. *Stobæ. Serm.* 17.—So in his Epistle to *Menæcius*, Bread and water, says *Epicurus*, give consummate pleasure to a man when dry and hungry.

(h)

Mean as it is, this palace and this door,

Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror :

Dare to be poor; accept our homely food,

Which feasted him; and emulate a God. *Dryden.*

(i) Cùm habuerint servum et inimicum. *Muretus* thinks these words to be suspected; but why I cannot conceive: for what things are apt to exasperate a man more than a disorderly slave, or a malicious enemy?

(k) He

(k) *He that is slow to wrath, is of great understanding; but he that is of an hasty spirit, exalteth folly.* Prov. 14. 29. *He that is slow to wrath, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.* 16. 32. *Cease from anger, and forsake wrath.* Ps. 37. 8. *For wrath killeth the foolish man, and indignation slayeth the silly one.* Job. 5. 2. *Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.* Eccles. 7. 9. *Let every one be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.* Jam. 1. 19. *Be ye angry, and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath.* Ephes. 4. 26. *Let all bitterness and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice.* 34.

EPISTLE XIX.

*On Solitude and Retirement *.*

I Exult, *Lucilius*, at the reception of every letter from you confirming my hopes; as they not only promise but engage for you. Go on, I pray you; for what can I ask of my friend better, than what I would ask of *the gods* in his behalf? Withdraw yourself from your present employments, if you can, gracefully; if not, force yourself from them. We have flung away time enough already; let us begin in our old age to decamp. Seems it a disagreeable task? We have lived in a stormy ocean, let us die in a quiet harbour. Not that I would have you affect singularity, or think to gain a name, by retirement; which you ought not, either to boast, or to conceal. For I shall never desire to prevail upon you so far, as that, condemning the madness and folly of mankind, you should retire into some secret place, forgetting and forgot. Act so, that your retreat, though not talked of, may yet be seen. Such as have not yet entered upon a public life, may do as they please, and still live in obscurity; but you are not at liberty herein. The strength of your genius, your elegant writings, and great and noble alliances, have every where published your name: so well are you known, that was you to shut yourself up in the remotest part of the

world, it would be in vain: no darkness can so screen you, but that the lustre of your former actions would betray you.

But I think, you may now demand some rest, without repentment, anxiety or remorse. For what do you leave behind you that you can possibly regret? Clients? Not one of them follows you for your sake, but for what they can get.—Friends? Friendships indeed were sought formerly; but now interest is all (*a*). Or are you afraid that some old man in your absence will alter his will? Or that your visitors will seek some other levee? *Lucilius*, any thing extraordinary, and especially liberty, is not to be purchased for nothing; consider, whether you had rather lose yourself, or your connections. For my part, I wish you had grown old in as private a station, as you was born; and that fortune had never introduced you into high life. Your rapid success hath carried you quite beyond the prospect of healthful happiness. A province, a government, and all its appendages! and then follow other offices, and still other after them! What end will there be? What do you expect before your ambition will be satisfied? To have all you desire? That will never be. As we say of the series of causes, of which fate is composed, the same we say of desires, from the attainment of one still springs another. You are involved in a state of life; which, of itself, can know no end of misery and slavery. Withdraw your neck from the yoke; it were better broke at once, than to be always oppressed †. If you reduce yourself to a private state, every thing indeed will be lessened, but there will be enough left for a reasonable mind: whereas now, though vast stores are heaped upon you, there is yet no satisfaction. Had you rather then enjoy contentment with a little, or suffer hunger amidst plenty? Prosperity is not only covetous itself, but exposed to the covetousness of others; and it is not possible to satisfy others, if you cannot satisfy yourself.

But you will say, How shall I extricate myself? In every way you can. Think how many things you have rashly undertaken to get money; what toils you have undergone for honour. Something must be attempted for the sake of ease and retirement; or you must wear out
yourself

yourself in the fatigues of office; live in a continual hurry of business, amidst a storm, which no moderation can fly from, nor any proposed enjoyment of life escape. For what avails it how much you desire ease yourself, when your fortune will not suffer you to enjoy it? And what if you still advance in life? As much as you add to your success, you add to your fears. Give me leave to remind you of a saying of *Mecenas*, when the torture of his dignity (*b*) forced the truth from him; *Ipsa enim altitudo attonat summa: The greater the height, the more subject to the effects of thunder.* This is what he hath advanced in his treatise called *Prometheus*; and his meaning is, *that too great height astonishes and confounds the happy person.* Can there be any power of so great worth, as to make you talk thus idly, as if you were drunk (*c*)? *Mecenas* indeed was an ingenious man, and would have set a noble example of Roman eloquence, if prosperity had not enervated, nay, quite unmann'd him (*d*). And such, *Lucilius*, must be your fate, unless, (what he too late desired) (*e*) you lower your sails, and make to shore.

With this saying of *Mecenas*, I might here have discharged my account with you, but that I fear you will dispute it, and not accept of payment in such *new coin*. No; as things are, *Epicurus* must pay the usual debt; well then, he says, *Ante circumspiciendum est, cum quibus edas et bibas, quàm quod edas et bibas.* Nam sine amico visceratio, leonis ac lupi vita est. *You must rather have regard to the persons with whom you eat and drink, than to what you eat and drink. For good cheer without a friend, is the life of a lion or a wolf (g).* Now this is what you can never do but in retirement. At present, you will have guests enough, whom your secretary is pleased to pick out from your levee; but he greatly errs, who looks for a friend in his crowded drawing-room; or who only tries him at an entertainment (*b*). For no greater evil attends the man of business, and much employ, than that he takes those to be his friends, to whom he is no hearty friend himself; and thinks nothing of greater efficacy in promoting friendship, than conferring benefits. Whereas there are some men, who the more they stand indebted to your generosity, the more they hate you. A small favour
indeed

indeed makes a debtor, but a large one an enemy. What then, do not benefits procure friendships? yes, when you are allowed to chuse the person you would oblige; not when they are conferred promiscuously. Therefore when you have any such intention, or till you are your own master, embrace this opinion of the wise: *It is of more consequence to consider, on whom the benefit is conferred, than what it is.*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* “ There is a difference between *retirement* and *solitude*: the former may be social, and filled up with all the endearments of life; we carry with us into *retirement*, the affections of nature: but we drop them in *solitude*: in the one we fly from the incumbrance, in the other, from the de-lights of society.”

(a) “ Sincerity, constancy, tendernefs, are seldom to be found; they are so much out of use, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. *We meet with few friends*: the greatest part of those, who pass for such, are, properly speaking, nothing more than acquaintance: and no wonder; since *Tully's* maxim is certainly true; that friendship can subsist, non nisi inter bonos, (*only among the good*) at that age of life, when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind, which the innocency of our own heart inspires, and the experience of other men's de-stroys.” *Bolingbroke Lett.* p. 148.

“ Believe me, (says the same Philosopher) there is more pleasure, and more merit too, in culti-vating friendship, than in taking care of the state. Fools and knaves are generally best fitted for the last; and none but men of sense and virtue are capable of the other.” *Lett.* 200.

† See Ep. 22. (N. 6.)

(b) *Mecænatis vera in ipso eculeo elocuti.*—*Ponit eculeum pro dignitate torquente possidentem.* *Vet. Schol.*—*Eculeo*, i. e. dignitate, et *Aula*, ubi assidua tormenta. *Lips.* Or perhaps by *eculeo*, says *Muretus*, *Seneca* means, the three last years of *Mecænas'* life, wherein he could scarce ever get any sleep.

(c) *Lipsius* thinks this not saying too much, as applied to *Mecænas*. See a specimen of his style, and the flourish of a *Macaroni*, Ep. 114.

(d) Ep. 92. *Habuit* (*Mecænas*) grande et virile ingenium, nisi ipse illud discinxisset.

(e) Not being in so high favour, at that time, with *Augustus*, as was his wife *Terentia*.

(f) In aspero et probo. *Nummus probus*, qui non peccat in materia; *asper*, quum nondum est detritus usu. *Eras.* Sed vid. *Muret.* et *Lips.* *Hodiè apud Turcas*, *Aspri*, *nummuli ex argento*.

(g) See Ep. 73.—Εἶς ἐς κρηκας μονοπάγης καὶ τοιχωρυκί. *Alexis.*

Go and be hang'd, thou solitary glutton,

An housebreaker is a better man.

The Romans give us the saying of a pleasant man, and a good companion, whoever he was, who, having supped alone, said, that he had eat indeed, but not supped, as if a supper always wanted company and conversation, to make it palatable and pleasing. *Plutarch*, *Sympos.* vii. Prol.—Hence the Latins use the words *convivium*, and *cæna*, quasi κοίτι. *Lips.*

(h) See *Sen. de Benef.* vi. 34.

E P I S T L E XX.

True Philosophy consists not in Words, but in Actions.

On the Contempt of Wealth.

IF you are well, and think yourself worthy of, one-day, becoming your own master, I rejoice: for it will be my glory, to have extricated you from that state wherein you so long wavered, without hopes of being made free. But this, my *Lucilius*, I shall beg and require of you: that you would permit philosophy to sink deeper into your heart;---that you would often make trial of your proficiency; not by speech or writing, but by the firmness of mind, and the diminution, at least, of all fond desires. Some propose to gain the applause of an audience by declamation; others to entertain the ears of young men, and such as are at leisure to attend their lectures, with variety of matter, and volubility of speech. But philosophy teaches to act, not to speak; and requires that every one should live according to the law prescribed; and that his conduct should agree with his discourse (*a*); and that without any discordant action, it should be of one and the same colour throughout, for this is the whole duty and proof of wisdom; that deeds should correspond with words; and that the man should be every where, and at all times, consistent with himself. But where shall we find such a one? There are few, indeed; but there are some. However, it must be own'd a difficult task; though I do not say that a wise man should always walk with the same step, but in one and the same path. Observe, therefore, whether your dress be different from your furniture; whether you are liberal to yourself, and sordid to those who belong to you; whether you sup frugally, and build prodigally. Enter, at once, upon one certain rule of life, and square your whole life by the same. Some are very sparing, and even niggardly, at home, but are very generous and expensive abroad. Such different behaviour is faulty, and betrays
a mind

a mind still wavering, without any certain tenour of life. Moreover, I will shew you, from whence this inconstancy, this contrariety, proceeds. No one seriously purposes what he really would have; or if he does, he perseveres not therein, but passes on to something else; nor is this the only change of mind; for he soon returns even to that, which he had before cast off and condemned. Therefore, laying aside all former definitions of wisdom, and comprehending the whole measure of human life, we may rest satisfied with this: *What is wisdom? It is always to will, or always not to will, the same thing.* (b) I think I need not add any such exception, as that the thing any one wills, must be what is right: for nothing but what is right, can please always. Men, therefore, know not what they would have, but at the very moment when they would have it. No one seems to have the power of fixing, positively, what he wills or not, upon the whole. The judgment is daily altered, and is, at one time, opposite to what it is at another; so that many spend their whole lives, as it were, in play. (c) Press on, therefore, *Lucilius*, as you have begun; and, haply, you will either reach your journey's end, or, at least, know, that you have not, as yet, reached it, nor can reach it, but by your own industry.

What then, you say, must become of your domestics? When they are no longer maintained by you, they will learn to maintain themselves. And what you could not know from your own courtesy, and good-nature, poverty will teach you. This will retain your true and sure friends; when *they* will desert you, who honoured you not for your sake, but their own interest. Is not poverty itself therefore amiable, when it points out the persons who love you unfeignedly? O! when will that day come, that no one shall commend you more than you deserve; or presume to honour you with false praise! Hither let all your thoughts tend; regard this; wish for this; remitting all other affairs to the guidance of Providence, that you may be satisfied with yourself, and happy in your own endowments. What felicity can be more divine? Reduce yourself to a low degree; from whence you need fear no fall. And that you may the more willingly do this, I hope the tribute, which this epistle will immediately pay you, will prove an inducement.

ducement. Nay, though perhaps you may dislike it, *Epicurus* is even now ready to pay it for me. *Your discourse, believe me, would appear more magnificent from a truckle-bed and a patched coat ; for things delivered under these circumstances are not only well expressed, but well proved.*

(d) And, for my part, I am never more affected with what I hear from our *Demetrius* than when I see him laid upon straw, and so badly equipped as to appear rather naked, than clothed. What then ? May not a man despise riches, even when it is in his power to enjoy them ? (e) Certainly he may : And he shews a noble mind, who seeing them flow around him, and wondering with himself at his good fortune, laughs ; and rather knows them to be his own from what he hears, than from any alteration they make in his conduct. It is extraordinary for a man not to be corrupted by the communication of wealth. He is great, who, amidst his riches, can humbly look down upon himself as a poor man ; but much more secure is he who has none. I know not, you say, how such a one, was he reduced to poverty, would bear it. And I say (for *Epicurus*) I know not how a poor man would despise riches, were they to fall to his lot. The mind therefore in both is to be regarded ; and we must consider, whether the one affects poverty, and the other despiseth riches : Or otherwise a straw bed, and ragged clothes are but a light proof of the will, unless it shall appear, that a man acts, not by necessity, but choice. But the good disposition I am speaking of, is not the looking upon these things as preferable ; but because by such preparation, they become easy to be borne. And indeed, my *Lucilius*, they are easy ; nay, by being thought upon long before, should they fall to your lot, they will be pleasant too. For they have that in them without which there can be no pleasure, *security*.

I think it necessary therefore, what I wrote to you concerning the practice of some great men ; to set apart certain days for the exercise of an imaginary poverty, which is the rather to be practised, because we are apt to become effeminate by delicacies, and to think all things hard and irksome. The mind requires to be roused and forced from its lethargic disposition ; and to be often reminded of what a little portion we have by the appointment of nature. No man is born rich in himself ; as soon as he enters upon life, he is obliged to be contented with milk

and swadling clothes; such a beginning promifeth not kingdoms,
though kings are not exempt from it.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Ep. 16 (N. c.)

So *Cbaucer*, in the character of the Parson.

“ This noble ensample to his schepe he yaff.
 “ That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught;
 “ Out of the Gospel he the wordis caught:
 “ And this figure he added thereunto;
 “ That if gold rusted, what schuld yryn do?”

Thus rendered by *Dryden*:

*His preaching much, but more his practice, wrought;
 A living sermon of the truths he taught:
 If they be foul on whom the people trust,
 Well may the baser brass contract a rust.*

(b) This is *Zeno's* ὁμολογία, consistency, the end of philosophy. *Cato* (ap. *Cic.* De Fin. iii.) summum hominis bonum positum est in eo, quod ὁμολογίας stoici, nos appellamus convenientiam, si placet.

See Ep. 35. (N. c.) 74. (N. h.) 95. 120. *Lips.* Manud. 11. 15.

(c) They are restless in body, as in mind:

Tanta mali tanquam moles in pectore constat.—
 Quid sibi quisque velit, nescire et quærere semper:
 Commutare locum, quasi onus deponere possit.—
 Hoc se quisque modo fugit, et quod scilicet, ut fit,
 Effugere, haud potis est ingratis hæret et angit.

Lucret. 111, 1070.

*Oh! if the foolish race of man, who find
 A weight of cares, still pressing on their mind,
 Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
 And all this burden, lodg'd within the breast;
 Sure they would change their course; not live as now;
 Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow:—
 —Thus every one o'erworks his weary will,
 To spun himself, and to shake off his ill:
 The shaking fit returns, and bangs upon him still.—**Dryden.*

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(d) *Lipsius*, doubts whether these are the words of *Epicurus*; and seems rather to think them the words of *Seneca*, in answer to what *Epicurus* is supposed to have said.

(e) I cannot but think that *Seneca* is here drawing his own picture, notwithstanding what has been said of his wealth and covetousness.—“ To despise riches with *Seneca's* purse, (says Lord Bolingbroke) is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philosophy.”

E P I S T L E XXI.

The Honour of Philosophy.

DO you think, *Lucilius*, that the contents of your last are of any great importance? Indeed you give yourself much unnecessary trouble. You know not what you would have: you rather approve of virtue, than follow it. You see wherein true felicity is placed, yet have not the courage to make any advance thereto. Give me leave then to shew you what prevents it, because you seem but little to consider it yourself. You have a great opinion of those things you are supposed to leave; and when the security you would wish to enjoy is set before you, the splendor of the life you must retire from, dazzles and retains you, under an apprehension of falling into a sordid and obscure condition. You are mistaken, *Lucilius*; the way proposed, and which you ought to pursue, is rather an ascent. As is the difference between splendor and light, when *this* has a certain origin in itself, but *that* shines with borrow'd rays; the same is there between this, your sort of, life and the philosopher's: the life you lead, because it shines but by reflection, is soon eclipsed, when any thing intervenes; whereas the life proposed is ever bright in its own lustre: your philosophical studies will render you famous and noble: I will give you an instance of it from *Epicurus*. When he was writing to *Idomeneus* (*a*), and endeavouring to recall him from a specious way of life, to more solid and lasting glory, at a time when he was the minister of royal power (*b*), and transacting the affairs of state; if, says *Epicurus*, *glory is your pursuit; know, that my Epistles will make you more famous than all those things you adore, or for which you are adored*. Did he speak falsely herein? Who would have known *Idomeneus*, had not *Epicurus* registered and engraved him in his Epistles? All those potentates and princes from whom *Idomeneus* held his titles, are buried in oblivion. *Cicero's* Epistles still preserve the name of *Atticus* or otherwise *Agrippa's* being his son-in-law, *Tiberius* his granddaughter's husband, and *Drusus Cæsar* his great-grandson, would have

been of little advantage to him. He had been lost among so great names, had not *Cicero* set him in view (*c*). The vast deluge of time will flow in upon us; and though some great geniuses may raise their heads above it, and for a while exert themselves against oblivion; yet must they one day fall like those who have gone before them.

What *Epicurus* promised his friend, I in some measure promise you, *Lucilius*; I flatter myself, that I shall have some favour with posterity; and can at least preserve for a time such names as I think proper to take with me. Our *Virgil* promised immortal honour to two persons, and still makes good his promise;

Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt.
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo;
Dum domus Æneæ capitoli immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit (*d*).

Whomsoever fortune hath exalted, and all such as are the limbs, as it were, and partakers of another's greatness, flourish for a while, are greatly caressed, and have a full levée, while they continue in office; but no sooner are they gone, than every remembrance of them is lost for ever. Whereas the work of learning and ingenuity is ever encreasing, nor are the possessors of them honoured only in themselves, but whatever has any connection with them.

That I may not make mention of *Idomeneus gratis*, he shall pay for himself. It was to him that *Epicurus* wrote that noble sentence, in which he exhorts him to make *Pythocles* rich in no doubtful or common way: *If*, says he, *you would make Pythocles rich, you must not add to his wealth, but subtract from his desires* (*e*). A sentence too clear in itself to need explanation, and too eloquent to be heighten'd: but this I must advise you, not to think this spoken, with relation only to riches; for apply it to what you please, it is still of the same force. *If you would make Pythocles more honourable, you must not add to his titles, but subtract from his desires. If you would have Pythocles to enjoy perpetual delight,*

you must not add to his pleasures, but subtract from his desires. If you would make Polythocles the happy old man, and fill up the measure of life; it is not to be done, by adding more years, but by retrenching his desires. Nor is there any reason to think, these are merely the words of *Epicurus*, for they are the voice of Nature. And what is usually done in the senate, we must do the same in philosophy: when any one hath delivered his opinion, and in some measure it demands assent, I immediately desire a division, and I follow him (*f*). I the more willingly relate these sayings of *Epicurus*, that I may prove to those who have recourse to him under false hopes to find some cloak for their vices; that go where they will, they must still lead a good and sober life. When you visit his gardens and read this inscription; *Stranger, you may live well here: here pleasure is the summum bonum; the master of this house is ready to entertain you: he is humane and hospitable: he will give you a cake to eat, and water to drink; and in the end he will say to you, have you not been well entertained?* Know, that these gardens provoke not hunger, but assuage it. Nor do they enflame the thirst by the very draught, as some liquors do, but quench it, by a natural and easy remedy. In this sort of pleasure I am grown old. But observe, that I am speaking to you of such desires, as are not to be soothed by mere words, but such as require something, easily attainable, for their satisfaction. For with regard to the extraordinary, which may be deferred, corrected, or suppressed; I must remind you of this one thing; that such pleasure is not natural, is not necessary. If you bestow any thing upon it, it is merely voluntary (*g*). *The belly hath no ears* (*b*), either to receive precepts, or admit excuse: it makes its demands indeed, and often calls upon us; and yet is no troublesome creditor, as he is dismissed contentedly with a little; if you only give what you owe him, not all that is in your power to give.

ANNOTATIONS &c.

(a) That *Epicurus* flattered *Idomeneus* is objected to him by *Laertius*, in his *Life of Epicurus*. And *Athenæus* c. vii. observes that *the good man* (*Epicurus*) *flattered both Idomeneus and Metrodorus*, τῷ γαστρὶ ἐνεκεν, *for belly-timber*.

(b) To *Lyfimachus*, or some other of *Alexander's* successors.

(c) “Neither his son *Agrippa*, nor grandson *Tiberius*, nor great grandson *Drusus*, would have been of any service to him, if *Cicero's* name by drawing *Atticus*’ along with it, had not given him an immortality.—*Dr. Middleton's Life of Cicero*.

(d) In that beautiful Epifode, of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*; l. ix. v. 446.

O happy friends! for if my verse can give

Immortal life, your fame shall ever live:

Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies;

And spread, where-e'er the Roman Eagle flies.—*Dryden*.

(e) The words of *Epicurus* (*Stob. Sermon. 17.*) are, Εἰ βέλαι πλεσιὸν τινα ποιεῖσαι, μὴ χρημάτων προσιδεῖ, τῆς δὲ ἐπιθυμίας ἀφαιρεῖ. So *Plato* (*Stob. Sermon. x.*) to one who was ever hankering after wealth, said, *Thou wretch, if thou wouldst be happy, endeavour not to encrease thy store, but to diminish thy desires*. And *Socrates*, to one, that asked him, how a man might become rich, answered, *By being contented to be poor*.

Pythocles was an handsome young man, whom, though but of 18 years of age, *Epicurus* was pleased to extol for his extraordinary genius, above all the learned of *Greece*, for which extravagant adulation he is blamed both by *Laertius* and *Plutarch*.—*Lips.*

(f) *Sen. de vit. beat. c. 3.* *Briffon. de Form. c. 2.* *Kennett's Rom. Antiquities*, p. 103.

(g) *Epicurus* dividebat cupiditatum genera, non nimis fortasse subtiliter, utiliter tamen. Partim esse naturales et necessarias; partim naturales et non necessarias; partim neutrum.—*Naturales*, fatiari pœnè nihilo; nec secundum genus difficile ad potiendum; tertias, planè inanes et ejiciendas funditus putavit. *Cic. Tusc. v.*—*Nemesius* (*de Anima c. xviii.*) in like manner divides pleasures into three kinds; *Natural and necessary, for the support of life; as food and rayment: Natural, but not absolutely necessary; as marriage, and a communion of the sexes; neither necessary nor natural; as drunkenness, petulance, luxury*.

(h) “Discourse to, or call upon, hungry persons, they will not mind you, or leave their meat to attend, or, as *Erasmus*, ubi de pastu agitur, non attenduntur honestæ rationes. (Λιμὴ γὰρ ἐδ' ἐστὶν ἀντιπεῖν ἐπὶ Hunger cannot bear contradiction.) Nothing makes the vulgar more untractable, fierce and seditious, than scarcity and hunger.—*Nescit plebes jejuna timere*.—There is some reason the belly should have no ears, because words will not fill it.” *Ray. Prov. p. 100.*

Ὁὐ γὰρ τισυγερὴ ἐπὶ γαστρὶ κυντερον αλλο

ἐπλετο, ἢ τ' ἐκελευσεν ἐο μνησασθαι ἀναγκη.—*Od. 4. 116.*

Spent with fatigue, and sbrunk with pining fast,

My craving bowels still require repast,—

Necessity demands our daily bread,

Hunger is violent, and will be fed.—*Pope*.

E P I S T L E XXII.

On Retirement ; for the Study of Philosophy.

YOU are now sensible, *Lucilius*, that you must disengage yourself from those specious and vain avocations, that take you from your studies: and you desire to know by what means you can effect this. There are some things which cannot be communicated but by a personal conference. The physician cannot prescribe a proper diet, or a proper time for bathing, by letters only: He must know the constitution of his patient, and feel his pulse. According to the old proverb, *Gladiatorem in arenâ capere consilium (a)*, *The gladiator consults his advantage when actually engaged*. The eye or countenance of his antagonist, his manner of parrying, and the attitude of his body, direct his observation. What is usual or ought to be done in certain cases, may be prescribed, and ordered in writing: such counsel is given to persons absent, and to posterity: but at what time a thing is to be done, and in what manner, no one can teach at a distance: circumstances must be well weighed; nor is the being present alone sufficient, a man must be prudent, and watchful to observe the fleeting opportunity: diligently, I say, observe this; and lay hold on it, as soon as it is perceived; and with your whole strength and mind extricate yourself from your present employ: I will give you my opinion in plain terms:

You must either quit your manner of life, or it is not worth while to live: but this I also think, that the gentlest methods to extricate yourself must first be used; endeavour to loosen your bonds, before you proceed to violence: not but that it may be thought more brave to fall at once than to live in continual suspense (*b*). But what I now particularly require is, that at length you entangle yourself no further, but rest satisfied with such business, as you have involved yourself in, or which, as you would rather have it thought, hath fallen upon you.

You

You must by no means look out for more: if you do, you can have no manner of excuse; nor can you plead it accidental. What is usually said on this occasion, is generally false: *I could not do otherwise; however unwilling I was, it was absolutely necessary.* There is no necessity for pushing forwards unadvisedly; it is something, if not to repugn, yet to stand one's ground, and not press too much upon the favour of fortune. You must excuse me, therefore, if I not only differ from you in opinion, but appeal to more prudent persons than myself, as is my custom, when in doubt. I have read an Epistle from *Epicurus* much to the point in hand: it is written to *Idomeneus*; whom he adviseth to fly, and make all the haste he can, before some superior power intervenes, and deprives him of the liberty to act as he pleases. Yet he subjoins that nothing must be attempted but at an apt and proper season; and that when such shall offer, it must immediately be embraced: he forbids any one that is meditating his flight, to dream; and gives hopes of a salutary escape from the most difficult distress, if we neither prevent, nor neglect a proper opportunity.

I suppose you would be glad to know the Stoical doctrine in this matter.—There is no reason then that any one should accuse them of temerity: they are rather cautious, than rash. Perhaps you expect to hear, that *it is cowardly to yield to affliction; we must strive hard to go through with the task imposed upon us; and perform the duty enjoined; he is neither strenuous, nor brave, who shuns labour, but he whose mind gathers strength from the difficulties that surround him.* These things indeed will be said, and rightly too, if perseverance can find its reward; and nothing is required to be said or done, but what becomes a good man; otherwise, he will never wear himself out in any fruitless or dishonourable toil; neither will he busy himself in any thing that deserves not the name of business. He will not act as you suppose, so as, being involved in the extravagant views of ambition, to suffer himself to be hurried away with the tide; no; being convinced of his dangerous situation: how uncertain and slippery his state is; he will withdraw his foot, and without turning his back, make a gradual retreat.

It is an easy matter, *Lucilius*, to escape toil and trouble, when you once despise the profits proposed thereby: these are what detain us in slavery. *What then, you will say, shall I cast off these precious hopes? shall I leave the crop in the field? shall I live deserted? no lacqueys behind my coach? no levée in my hall?* These indeed are the things which men unwillingly forego; and, however they detest trouble, are fond of the perquisites thereof. They complain of ambition as they would of a mistress; and if you search into their true affection, they do not hate it, but only quarrel with it now and then. Examine those who are frequently deploring their condition, and lamenting their disappointment of those things they cannot live without; and you will find their continuing in a state, of which they so grievously complain, is merely voluntary. Indeed, my *Lucilius*, few are slaves, but who are fond of slavery; which if you really detest, and *bonâ fide* desire to be free; and for this purpose you ask time to consider (*c*); that without perpetual anxiety you may obtain your liberty; know, that the whole tribe of Stoics are ready to serve you: every *Zeno*, every *Chrysippus* will advise you, what is moderate, just and true: but if you draw back, and stay to consider what you may carry with you, and with what stock of money you may charge your retirement, you will never extricate yourself while you live. A man cannot swim with a load about him. Emerge to a better sort of life, the gods being propitious to you: but think them not propitious to those, whom they load with splendid misery; and yet are to be excused in this respect, forasmuch as those things that rack and torture these happy mortals, were given at their own request.

I had folded up my letter and sealed it, but must open it again, in order to send you the usual present of some excellent sentence, worthy your notice. And lo! one occurs; whether more true or eloquent I cannot say. If you enquire after the author, it is *Epicurus*; for I am still for setting off my budget with another's property. *Nemo non ita exit e vitâ, tanquam modo intraverit, Every one goes out of life, as if he was just come into it.* Take whom you will, old or young, or of middle age, you will find him, equally, afraid of death, and ignorant of life. Nothing is left finished; as our proper business is still deferred to ano-

ther day. But nothing pleases me more in this sentence, than that it chargeth old men with infancy. But let me consider; *No one*, says *Epicurus*, goes out of life, but as he came into it: this, with his leave, is not true. We die worse than we were born. Nor is this the fault of Nature; she may justly complain of us, and say, *What is the meaning of this? I brought you into life, void of vain desire, of idle fears, of superstition, of perfidiousness, and the like pests of society. As you came into the world, so go out of it.* Happy the man who has found true wisdom; who dies as free from anxiety, as when he was born! But, alas! we now tremble at the apprehension of every danger; we have no courage, no colour left; we shed unprofitable tears: yet what can be more absurd and scandalous, than to be troubled on the very brink of security? But the reason is plain; though destitute of every good in life, we still desire life, and its enjoyments, such as they are. But it is gone; for no part of it stays long with us; it is in a perpetual flow (*d*); it is no sooner transmitted to us, but it vanisheth; yet no one regards how well he lives, but how long: when every one has it in his power to live well, but no one to live long.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Gladiatorem in arenâ capere consilium.—Quod plerumque iis accidere consuevit qui in ipso negotio consilium capere coguntur. *Cæs. de Bell. Gal.*—Dicimus et e re nata consilium capere.—*Erasm. Adag. 1. 6. 41.*

(b) *Seneca* often breaks in upon us with this *Heroical Stoicism*; (as in *Ep. xix.* Subduc cervicem jugo tritam: semel illam incidi, quàm semper premi, satius est) but generally with such hesitation, as to seem rather to speak from his profession, than his conscience.

(c) Advocationem petis, i. e. moram. *Lips.*—Vetus poeta,

Cur differs, mea lux, rogata semper,

Cur longam petis advocationem.

Vid. *Sen. ad Merciam, c. 10.*

(d) *Epp. 1, 24, 29.*

E P I S T L E XXIII.

The Wise Man only enjoys true Pleasure.

YOU expect, perhaps, that I shall give you an account, how agreeably we have spent the winter; which hath been short and mild; and how uncomfortable, and more than ordinarily cold, the spring; and the like trifles, sought after by those, who admire nothing more than tattle. No, *Lucilius*; what I propose to treat of, will, I doubt not, be of service, both to you and myself. And what shall that be, but to recommend to you *Goodness* and *Virtue*! Do you ask wherein to lay the foundation? *Take no pleasure in vanities*. And do I call this the foundation? It is the pinnacle. He hath reached the summit of perfection, who knows wherein true joy consists; and who hath not placed his happiness in any foreign power. That man must be always in anxiety and doubt, who fondly depends upon hope (*a*), though what he desires be at hand, is easily attainable, and though he be seldom disappointed in his views. Learn this therefore, my *Lucilius*, before all things, wherein to rejoice (*b*). You may think, perhaps, that I intend to abridge you of many pleasures, when I fling out all fortuitous things, and advise you not to indulge even Hope itself, the sweetest of all delights: quite the contrary, I assure you. I would have you always enjoy pleasure: but I would have it originate at home: it will find a place there, if it be dependent on yourself alone. Other enjoyments affect not the mind; they only smooth the brow, and are merely superficial (*c*); unless perhaps you think a man enjoys pleasure, because he laughs. The mind ought to be earnest and confident, and in a special manner raised above the world. Believe me, true joy is a serious thing, (*d*) Do you think any one with a merry countenance, or, as your coxcombs phrase it, with a *laughing eye* (*e*), can despise death? can open his door to poverty? can restrain pleasure, as it were, with a bridle? or meditate patience, under pain and affliction? He that can do all this,

enjoys a great pleasure, though it be a severe one. And such is the pleasure I would put you in possession of. It will never leave you, when you have found the way to attain it (*f*). The lighter and baser metal lies at the top of the mine; *that* is of most value, the vein of which runs deep, and sufficiently pays the increased labour of the miner. Such things as delight the vulgar, carry with them a light and perfunctory satisfaction; and whatever joy is adventitious, wants a foundation: whereas the joy I am speaking of, and whereunto I would fain bring you, is truly solid, and will manifest itself *within*.

Pursue, my *Lucilius*, the only thing that can make you happy (*g*); throw down, and trample upon those specious baubles, which have only an extrinsic splendor, and depend upon a promise. Regard the true good; and rejoice in your own. Do you ask what I mean by *your own*? Yourself; at least, the better part of you. If your body claims some regard, and indeed nothing can be done without it, think it rather what is necessary, than any thing great. The pleasures it suggests are vain, and of that duration, often to be repented of, and unless used with great moderation they turn to the contrary: yes, I say, pleasure is apt to run headlong, and fall into mischief, unless restrained in due measure; and it is very difficult to keep due measure in what you firmly think to be good. There is no safety, but in the desire of what is *truly* good. Do you ask what that is, and whence it ariseth? I will tell you: *From a good conscience, from honest thoughts and just actions*, from a contempt of fortuitous things, and from a constant tenour of life in one and the same pleasing track (*g*). For how can they, who skip from one design to another, and not voluntarily, perhaps, but are forced thereto by mere accident, enjoy any thing that is sure and lasting, being thus in continual suspense and ever wavering? There are some few, it is to be hoped, who order themselves, and their relatives, with deliberation, and judgment: the rest, like things floating on a river, go not of themselves, but are carried along; of which things some are carried in a smoother stream, or stopped in an eddy, and others are hurried down by the torrent into the main sea. We must therefore fix upon some good design and persevere therein.

But it is time to pay my usual debt; and a sentence from your own *Epicurus* shall discharge this Epistle. *Molestum est semper vitam inchoare: It is a tedious thing to be always beginning to live:* or, perhaps, it may be better expressed in this manner; *Malè vivunt, qui semper vivere incipiunt; They lead a wretched life who are always beginning to live.* But why? you will say, for this wants explanation. Why, because such a life must necessarily be always imperfect. *That man can never be prepared for death who is just beginning to live.* This then is what must engage our endeavour: to live to the satisfaction of ourselves and of the world. But no one can have done this, who has scarce begun to live. Think not there are few such; it is the common practice of almost all mankind. Some indeed begin to live, just at their latter-end; and if you think this strange, I shall add what will more surprise you; many cease to live, before they begin.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Hope is necessarily attended with fear: but the security and confidence of a Stoic know no fear.

(b) *Cicero* (IV. *Tusc.*) from *Laertius* takes notice of the Stoical distinction, between (*gaudium et lætitiâ*) joy and pleasure. *Cum ratione animus movetur, placidè atque constanter, gaudium dici: cum autem inaniter et effusè exultat, Lætitiâ, (πῦς ἡδονῆς Laert.)* quam ita definiunt (*Stoici*), sine ratione animi elationem, (ἀλογος ἡδονή. *Laert.*) *There is a placid and calm motion consistent with reason, called joy, and there is likewise a vain wanton exultation, or transport, which they define to be an elation of the mind without reason.*

Augustinus in *Is.* 57. *Non est gaudere impiis, dicit Dominus; tanquam impii potius lætari possint, quàm gaudere.* *Lips.* *Manud.* III. 5. See *Epp.* 27, 52, 59, 72, 98.

Let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation; And let thy saints rejoice in goodness. 2 *Chron.* 6. 41. *The statutes of the Lord are right and rejoice the heart.* *Pf.* 19, 8. 119, 111. *Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of a good conscience, &c.* 2 *Cor.* 1. 12. *As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.* 6. 10. *Rejoice evermore.* 1 *Thess.* 5. 16. *Yet believing, ye rejoice, with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.* 1 *Pet.* 1. 8.

(c) *The triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment.* *Job.* 20. 5.

(d) It is that internal peace and harmony, which flows from a greatness of soul mixed with mansuetude; *Pax et concordia animi, et magnitudo cum mansuetudine.* *Sen.* *de beat. vit.* c. 3. *Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.* *Pf.* 2. 11.

(e) *Hilariculo*, MSS. As affectedly spoken, by the Fribbles of the age, for *bilari oculo*. See *Ep.* 53.

(f) *Your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you;* *John,* 16. 22. *The fruit of the Spirit, is love, joy, peace.* *Gal.* 5. 22.

(g) *But one thing is needful.* *Luke,* 10. 42. See *Ep.* 53.

(h) *Our rejoicing is this; the testimony of a good conscience; that in simplicity, and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have our conversation in the world.* 2 *Cor.* 1. 12.

EPISTLE XXIV.

On the Fear of Evils to come.

YOU write, *Lucilius*, that you are greatly embarrassed, concerning the event of a *process*, with which you are threaten'd by an implacable enemy; and you expect, I suppose, that I should persuade you to think better, and to acquiesce in the pleasing hope: for what necessity is there to anticipate evil, and to presuppose *that*, which it will be time enough to suffer when it happens; and so lose the enjoyment of the present, through fear of what is to come? Without doubt it is ridiculous to make yourself miserable at present; because this may be your lot some day or other. But I shall lead you *another way* (*a*) to rest in security.

In order to get rid of (or at least to alleviate) your present anxiety, I would advise you to suppose, whatever you are afraid will happen, really to happen: and whatever the misfortune may be; weigh it well with yourself; and tax your fear: from whence you will find, that such misfortune will not either be very great or of long duration (*b*). And to strengthen you the more, you may soon collect many examples of persons in the like distress. Every age abounds with them. On whatever accidents you reflect, either domestic or foreign, you will meet with instances, where a good disposition, great proficiency in learning, and the strongest efforts of nature, have not been wanting. And after all, should you chance to be condemned in this suit, can any thing harder be expected, than banishment, or a prison? Or has the body any thing worse to fear, than to be hanged or burned? Now suppose any one of these to be your lot; and you may summon to your aid those, who have despised them all; men, who will give you no great trouble in looking out for them; you need only make choice of them for your purpose. *Rutilius* (*c*) so took his condemnation, as to think nothing irksome to him, but the being condemned wrongfully. *Metellus* (*d*) suffered banishment with a courageous, but *Rutilius* even with a willing mind; the
former

former assured the commonwealth of his return to serve them; the latter, when *Sylla* ordered him to return, refused it, at a time when no one dared to deny *Sylla* any thing. *Socrates* read lectures in prison, and when there were those who promised him an escape, he refused to accept it, and still continued there, to take off from men, by his example, the fear of the two greatest evils, banishment and death (*e*). *Mutius* thrust his hand into the fire (*f*): 'tis a severe thing to be burned; but how much more severe to inflict it upon one's self! You see here a man of no letters, nor instructed with any philosophical principles against pain and death, but only supported by a military courage, exacting punishment of himself, for having miscarried in a bold attempt. He stood calmly looking on his right hand, while it melted away in the flame, nor withdrew it, though burnt to the naked bone, 'till his enemy ordered the fire to be taken away. He might have done something of more happy consequence in the field, but nothing braver. You see also how much readier valour is to suffer and despise torture, than cruelly to impose it. *Porfenna* more easily pardoned *Mutius* for his intention to kill him, than *Mutius* would pardon himself for not having killed him. *But these examples, you say, are known to every school-boy, and, no doubt but, in speaking of the contempt of death, you will bring in Cato.* And why not? Indeed I cannot pass by so striking an example, as that he exhibited, when, on his last night, he was reading *Plato*, with his sword lying by him. These were the two instruments he cast his eye upon in his extremity; the one to teach him to be willing to die, the other to put it in execution. Having settled therefore his affairs, as well as they could be settled in that his distressed condition, he thought this only remained to be done; that no man might either have the power to kill, or the opportunity of making *Cato* obliged to him for his safety: and then taking up his drawn sword, which to that day he had kept pure from murder, *Fortune*, says he, *weak has been thy power in opposing my endeavours; hitherto you have done nothing; I fought not for my own liberty, but the liberty of my country: nor have I acted with such stubborn perseverance to live free myself, but to live among a free people; but now, since all is lost, and the affairs of mankind are desperate, Cato is determined to retire out of your reach in safety.* Whereupon he gave himself a mortal wound: but it was
dressed

dress'd and bound up by the physicians ; when having lost much blood, and being weaker in body, but not in spirit, enraged not only at *Cæsar*, but at himself too ; he tore open his wound with his naked hands, and did not dismiss, but throw out his noble soul, indignant, and ever scornful of superior power (*g*).

I bring not these examples by way of exercising the fancy, but to arm you against whatever may seem most terrible. It may possibly however have a better effect, was I to shew you, that not only great men have despised death, but even some, who in all other respects seem to have wanted spirit, yet in this have equalled the bravest : like that *Scipio*, (the son-in-law of *Cneius Pompeius*) who, being carried by a contrary wind into *Africa*, when he found his ship was taken by the enemy, fell upon his sword ; and to those who enquired after the General ; *the General*, says he, *is well*. Which speech, in my opinion, makes him as great as any of his ancestors, and permits not the glory, so fatal to the *Scipios* in *Africa*, to be interrupted. It was great to conquer *Carthage*, but greater still to overcome death. *The General*, says he, *is well*. Could a General, and *Cato's* General, die more nobly ? (rather more cowardly).

I need not appeal to the histories of former times for more instances of those, who have shewed a contempt of death : even in these our own, so much complained of for effeminacy, and luxury, you will find several of every age, condition, and degree. Believe me, *Lucilius*, death is not so terrible, but that it may sometimes be deemed a desirable blessing. Without any great anxiety therefore you may hear the threats of your adversary : and though the consciousness of your innocence may give you some assurance ; yet as a cause may be over-ruled, hope for justice, but at the same time be prepared against all that injustice can do.

More especially be mindful to throw aside the terrors and confusion of report ; and look upon things simply as they are ; so shall you find, there is nothing dreadful in them, but the fear itself. What you see among boys, happens to us who are still but older boys (*b*). They are afraid

afraid of even those they love, their companions, and playfellows, when they come upon them masked and disguised. Not only from men, but from things the mask must be taken off; and the naked countenance restored.

Why do you tell me of swords and fire, and a crowd of executioners muttering around you? Take away this pomp, this frightful mask, and you will terrify none but fools. Death is all: and what is death? My slave, and even a maid servant have despised it. Or, why again do you make such a horrible parade of scourges, and iron whips; and a several engine adapted to the torture of a several joint; and a thousand other instruments for the excruciating every part of the body? Lay aside these terrifying objects; silence the groans, the bitter exclamations, and outcries, extorted by the rack. The pain is but little more than what some one despises in a severe fit of the gout; and another endures in the cholic by mere indigestion; or the tender young woman goes through with in childbirth. It is light, if I can bear it; and if it be more than I can bear, there is an end of it. Revolve these things in your mind, which you have often heard, and often mentioned: whether you have heard, or spoke to the purpose, let the effect determine; for nothing can be more scandalous than what is objected to us. *We speak, indeed, but do not act, like Philosophers.*

And what think you? Is this the first time you fancied yourself in danger of death, or banishment, or pain? You are mistaken; these are what you have been subject to, ever since you was born. Whatever may happen, we must think will happen. You have hitherto taken my advice; I therefore now exhort you not to suffer your mind to sink under this disquiet, lest it should grow dull, and lose its vigour, when it is most wanted, and ought to exert itself. Carry these reflections from a private cause to a more general one. Say, this body is frail and mortal; not only liable to pain from injuries and tyrannical power, but to have its very pleasures turned into torments: feasting create surfeits; drunkenness brings on a weakness and trembling of the nerves; lustfulness a distortion of the hands, feet and joints. Say likewise, must I be

poor? I shall find companions enough. Must I be banished? I will look upon where I am sent to, as my native place. Must I be bound? what then? am I now free? Nature hath enchained me with this heavy load of flesh (*i*). Must I die? I shall be no more sick, or bound; I shall feel the stroke of death no more. I am not so silly as to dwell here upon the idle chant of *Epicurus*; and tell you that vain are all our fears of punishment below; that there is no *Ixion* rolling round upon a wheel; no *Sisyphus* forcing with main strength a huge stone up a hill; nor that the bowels of *Tityus* are daily fed upon, yet growing still afresh. No one is such a child as to fear *Cerberus*, dark holes, or goblins as we see them pictur'd with naked bones! Death either quite consumes us, or sets us free (*k*). If the latter; what a better state may we not expect, when disencumbered from this load of flesh? if the former, there is an end of all; we are equally deprived of good and evil. But permit me here to remind you of a verse of your own, having first premised, that you must not think it wrote for others, but for yourself also: it is vile to speak one thing, and think another; how much more vile to think one thing and write another! I remember you one day speaking to this point, and observing, that we die not at once, but are gradually approaching thereto, we *die daily* (*l*); for every day some part of life is taken from us: even while we are growing, life decreaseth: we first lose infancy, then childhood, then youth; even all that is past to yesterday inclusive, is lost for ever; nay, this very day we now live, we divide with death: as it is not the last drop of water, or grain of sand, that exhausts the hour-glass, but all those that continually flowed before; so in the last hour of life, it is not that alone which creates death, but which alone finishes it. We then arrive there, but have been long on our journey. I remember when you was commenting upon this subject with your usual eloquence, always indeed great, but never more striking, than when you adapt words to the like solemn truths, you was pleased to say,

Mors non una venit, sed quæ rapit, ultima mors est (*m*).

I had rather therefore, *Lucilius*, you should read yourself, than my Epistle; from whence it will be manifest, that *the death we fear is really the last, but not the only one.*

But

But I know what you now expect, some noble or spirited saying; or some useful precept by way of support, or ornament of this Epistle. Well then; I will give you something that relates to the matter in hand. *Epicurus* chides not those less, who court death, than those who fear it, (*u*) and says, *it is ridiculous to have recourse to death, because life is irksome; when we ourselves have made life so irksome, as to make death desirable.* And in another place he says, *what can be so absurd, as to wish for death, when you have made life burthensome, only through fear of death!* To these you may add that also which is of the same import: *so great is the folly or rather madness of mortals, that some for fear of dying rush on death (o).* Whichsoever of these sentences you reflect upon, you will strengthen your mind with patience, in the sufferance either of life or death: for indeed we are to be exhorted, and confirmed in both these points, so as not to be too much in love with life, nor too much to loath it. Nay, even when reason persuades us (*p*), it would be happier for us to die; we must not be rash (*q*), and hurry precipitately on a supposed relief. A truly brave and wise man ought not cowardly to fly from life, but to make a decent exit. And above all things he must not indulge that sickly passion, which hath seized on many, of lusting after death. For know, *Lucilius*, there is a certain indiscreet inclination to death, as well as to other things; which oftentimes prevails on men of a noble and truly generous soul, as well as on the indolent and desponding. The former despise life, and the latter are overborne with it. A satiety of still seeing and doing the same things, hath strangely affected some, not through any hatred, but a mere disdain of life; into which they unhappily fell, and not indeed without some impulse from philosophy itself (*r*); as we are apt to cry, *Quousque eadem? What, always the same thing?* I wake, I sleep, I am full, I am hungry; I am cold, and now warm; there is no complete end of any thing; but all things return, and are connected in a circle: they fly, and they pursue: the day presses upon the night, and the night upon the day (*s*): the Summer ends in Autumn, and Autumn is succeeded by Winter; which itself soon gives way to the Spring; and thus they pass away but to come again: I see nothing new; I can do nothing new. Hence, I say, some are sick of life; and there are many, who do not think life irksome, but superfluous.

ANNOTATIONS &c.

(a) See Epp. 13, 74.—*another way, i. e. on the contrary, omnem fortunæ licentiam in oculis habere, tanquam quicquid potest facere, factura sit. Quicquid expectatum est diu, levius accidit. To suppose that fortune will do all that lies in her power to oppress you. Whatever has been long expected, falls the lighter.* Ep. 78. Lips. Manud. II. Diss. 1.

(b) According to what follows. *Levis est si ferre possum; brevis est si ferre non possum.* From Æschylus.

Θάρσει, πόνος γὰρ ἀπὸρ ἔκ χειρὸς ἔσται.

Take courage; pain is short when most severe.

(c) *P. Rutilius Rufus*, of an illustrious family at *Rome*; Consul with *Mallius*, U. C. 648. He was a learned historian, and to his integrity *Cicero* bears witness. Being banished by *Sylla* the Dictator, he went to *Smyrna*, where he was made a citizen; and, being recalled, refused to return, saying, *He had rather his country should be ashamed of his banishment, than have any cause to grieve at his return.* Epp. 67. 79. Sen. de Provid. c. 3. Ad Marc. c. 22. Tac. Ann. IV. 43. Val. Max. 6. 4. 4. Ov. de Ponto. l. 3. 63.

Et grave magnanimi robur mirare Rutili,

Non usi reductis conditione dati.

Admire the brave Rutilius, whose disdain

Refus'd the favour to return again.

(d) *Metellus*, the surname of the family of the *Cæcili*, from whom were descended many illustrious persons. The *Metellus* here mentioned was called *Numidicus*, from having conquered *Jugurtha*, King of *Numidia*; he was Censor and Consul U. C. 648. but was banished for refusing to swear against the laws of *Apulcius Saturninus*, the Tribune. He was restored at the earnest entreaty of his son, who was therefore honoured with the name of *Pius*.

(e) And smiling asked his friends who proposed his escape, *whether they knew any region out of Attica, οὐ προσέτατον θάνατον, inaccessible to death.* Xenoph. Apol.

“*Mutius*, (says *Plutarch*), was a person endowed with every virtue, but most eminent in war. He resolved to kill *Porcenna*, the most powerful Prince in *Italy*, but not knowing him among his nobles, he slew one of them, who looked most like a King. He was taken in the fact, and a pan of fire having been set before the King, who intended a sacrifice, *Mutius* thrust his right hand into the flame, and while it was burning, beheld *Porcenna* with a steady and undaunted countenance: *Porcenna* admiring the man, dismissed him; and returned him his sword, which he received with his left hand, (from whence he was called *Scævola*, i. e. left-handed) and out of gratitude assured him, there were 300 Romans lurking in his camp, all as resolute as himself; and that being destined by lot, to make the first attempt, he was not concerned at having miscarried, since he found *Porcenna* to be so good a man, as to deserve rather to be a friend to the Romans, than an enemy; and accordingly he was accepted as such.” Plut. Life of *Poplicola*. Sen. Ep. 66.

(g) This *Cato* (says Lord *Bolingbroke*) so much sung by *Lucan* in every page, and so much better sung by *Virgil* in half a line, strikes me with no great respect, when I see him painted in all the glorious colours which eloquence furnishes, when I call to mind that image of him that *Tully* gives in one of his letters to *Atticus*, in submitting to be made a tool to his party, &c. See Ep. 71. (N. g.)

And even *Plutarch* says of him, “that in such outrageous virtue, Humour often gets the upper hand, and insinuates itself under the mask of equity and reason.” (See his Life.)

And

And as to this last action of his life, so often repeated, and so highly commended in this Epistle, I can scarce refrain from saying with old *Syphax* (in Mr. Addison's *Cato*)

" 'Twas pride, rank pride, and baughtiness of soul.

" *I think the Romans call it Stoicism.*"

(b) *Older boys.*] See Epp. 4. (N. b) 115. De Const. Sapient. c. 120. *Diogenes* the Cynic being asked, in what part of Greece he had seen good men? Men, says he, no where; but I saw some boys at Lacedæmon.

Men are but children of a larger size.—*All for Love.*

(i) O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death! al. from this body of death! al. from the death of this body! Rom. 7. 24. See the foregoing verse.

(k) Aut nihil est sensus animis a morte relictum,
Aut mors ipsa nihil.—*Lucan.* III. 39.
Or endless apathy succeeds to death,
And sense is lost with our expiring breath;
Or if the soul some future life shall know,
To better worlds immortal shall she go:
Whate'er event the doubtful question clears,
Death must be still unworthy of our fears.—*Rowe.*

(l) *We die daily*] See Epp. 1. (d) 58 (o) 120.

The bell strikes one, we take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
I feel the solemn sound; if heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? with the years beyond the Flood.—*Young.*
Is Death at distance? No; he has been on thee,
And given sure earnest of his final blow.
Those hours, &c. Ib. See Ep. 49. (b)

Ἀλλ' ἡμῶς ἐνα φεσμεθα γυλοῖς θάνατον,— τ. λ. Plutarch. De Ei ap. Delph. c. 23. *We* ridiculously fear our death having so often died; and are continually dying. For not only, as Heraclitus said, the death of fire is the generation of air; and the death of air is the generation of water; this is more plainly visible in man: man terminates in the aged; as the youth in man; the child in the youth; the infant in the child: so yesterday died in to-day; and to-day dies in to-morrow.

My worthy and ingenious friend, the late Mr. *Donaldson*, observed upon this passage, that Death may be supposed to have a mortgage upon life: he does not enter upon the premises, on the fall of this or that grain of sand, but forecloses on the last.

(m) There are more deaths than one, but that the last,
That takes us off——

So *Muretus*; all the former copies,

Mors non ultima venit, quæ rapit, ultima mors est.

Which *Lipsius* approves and thus explains: Non quæ venit et jam præteriit, mors est, sed illa propriè quæ rapit ultima, et nos aufert. *Gronovius* likewise retains the old reading, but explains it in another manner: Falsum est, mortem, ultimam rerum venire, vel venisse, multis mortibus conficimur, et sæpe ad nos venit, antequam rapiat; sed illa mors, quæ nos rapit et aufert, mortium est ultima.—La mort a degrez et celle ne premiere, qui nous vient a ravir, mais c'est bien la derniere. *Vet. Gall.* L'homme a plus d'un trespas, mais le dernier l'importe. *Malherbe.*

Among Christians, indeed, a second death is to be feared, but only by those who come under the description in Rev. 21. 8. See c. 2. v. 11.

- (n) From whence that excellent precept in *Martial*;
 Summum ne metuas diem, nec optes.
Nor fear, nor wish, this day may be your last.
- (o) Hostem dum fugeret se Fannius ipse peremit;
 Hic rogo, non furor est ne moriari, mori? *Ib.*
Himself the coward Fannius slew,
When from his foe he fain would fly;
But greater madness can you shew,
Than thus, for fear of death, to die? M.

Stultitia est timore mortis, mori. See Ep. 7. (N. e.)

- (p) i. e. according to the doctrine of the Stoics. See Ep. 12. 13. 72. *Lips. Manud. III. 22. 23.*

(q) *We must not be rash*] I can go no further without recommending this, and what follows, to those, who (if any such there be) think there is any weight in what *Seneca* hath elsewhere advanced, in the language of *Stoicism*, on the other side of the question: (see Epp. 30. (N. b.) 69. (N. d.) To which let me add, that just reply of a certain *Rhodian* (Ep. 70.) who under the most severe oppression, was advised to starve himself: No, says he, Omnia homini dum vivit, sunt speranda; *While there is life there is hope.*

Lamartine (r) *Lamartine* introduces Nature herself, saying,
 Nam tibi præterea quod machiner inveniamque
 Quod placeat, nihil est; eadem sunt omnia semper,
 Si tibi non annis corpus jam marcet, et artus
 Confecti languent; eadem tamen omnia restant;
 Omnia si perges vivendo vincere secla. III. 958.
To please thee, I have emptied all my store,
I can invent, I can supply no more,
But run the round again, the round I ran before.—Dryden.
Yet I can find no new, no fresh delight;
The same dull joys must vex the appetite.
Altho' thou couldst prolong thy wretched breath
For numerous years; much more, if, free from death.—Creech.

- (s) Hor. Od. II. 18. 15.—Truditur dies die,
 Novæque pergunt interire lunæ.
Day presses on the heels of day;
And moons encrease to their decay.—Francis.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm; that all men are about to live.—
 All promise is poor dilatory man,—
 And that through every stage.—
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool:
 Knows it at forty; and reforms his plan;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay;
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.—*Young.*

EPISTLE XXV.

On Contentment: and Solitude.

Concerning the two friends mentioned in your last, we must proceed a different way. The vices of one (the elder) are to be corrected, of the other to be quite broken off. I shall be very free with the former; for I cannot be supposed to love the man whom I should be afraid to offend in this respect. And *what?* you will say, *do you intend to keep a pupil of 40 years old under guardianship?* Consider his age; it is now become hardy and intractable; tender minds only, are to be worked upon to any purpose (*a*). I know not what good I shall do; but I had rather fail in success than in my duty. Nor must we despair of the possibility of healing those who have been ill a long time, provided we can keep them from intemperance, and they will submit to do, and suffer many things against their wills. Nor indeed can I promise much concerning the younger, but that he still blushes, as ashamed of doing wrong (*b*). This bashfulness is by all means to be kept up: for as long as this remains, there will be room to hope for amendment. With the veteran we must go more cautiously to work, lest he fall into a desperate way: nor can there be a better time for taking him in hand, than in some interval, when he seems inclined to a good disposition. Such an interval indeed hath imposed upon some; but it cannot deceive me: I expect that those vices, which have slept for a while, but are not dead, should break forth again, with more malignity. However I shall bestow a few days on this affair, and try whether any thing can be done or not.

In the mean time, do you, *Lucilius*, continue to act strenuously as usual; and contract your budget. Scarce any of those things we happily enjoy are necessary (*c*). Let us return to the law of Nature. We shall

shall be rich enough. All that we fancy we want is gratuitous, or of little consequence. Nature asks for bread and water (*d*): no one is so poor, but he can answer this demand; and whoever confines his desires to these, may contend with *Jove* himself in happiness (*e*), as saith *Epicurus*. From whom, as usual, I shall conclude with an excellent sentence;—*Sic fac omnia tanquam spectat aliquis; Do every thing, as before a witness (f)*.

Without doubt it is of great advantage to have a constant guardian over you, whom you reverence, and think concerned in all your designs. Yet it is more magnificent so to live, of yourself, as under the inspection, and in the presence of some good man; and with this I should be satisfied that whatever you do, you do it, as before a witness; forasmuch as solitude is apt to prompt all manner of evil. When you have made so great progress as to reverence yourself, you may dismiss your tutor; but 'till then, look upon yourself as under the inspection of some one in authority: suppose a *Cato*, or *Scipio*, or *Laelius*, or any other, in whose presence the most abandoned would scruple to commit a crime; or rather confer this honour upon yourself (*g*).

When you have done this, and you begin to think worthily of yourself, I will recommend to you the advice of *Epicurus*; *Tunc præcipue in te ipse secede, cum esse cogeris in turba; Then especially retire, as it were, into yourself, when you are obliged to be in much company*. It behoves you to be unlike the many. But should it not be safe for you thus to retire; examine all around; there is no one with whom a man had not better converse than with himself. *Then especially* (says *Epicurus*) *retire into yourself, when you are obliged to be in a mixed company*; that is, if you are a good man; of a calm, and sober disposition; otherwise it would be better to go into company; where you would scarce find a more dangerous man to be with, than with yourself.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Tenera finguntur*] Hor. Ep. I. 2. 64.

Fingit equum tenerâ docilem *service* magister
Ire viam quam monstrat eques.

The jockey trains the young and tender horse;

While yet soft-mouth'd he breeds him to the course.—Creech.

And Plato says, young men, *καπιρὺς αἶνας*, are to be moulded like wax.

(b) See Ep. 11. (N. a.)

(c) "Nothing is more certain than this truth; that all our wants beyond those which a moderate income will supply are merely imaginary; and that his happiness is greater, and better assured who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his who feels them, and has wherewithal to satisfy them." *Bolingbroke*, Lett. 191.

(d) *Panem et aquam*] Lucan. IV. 377.

Discite quam parvo liceat producere vitam

Et quantum natura petat—

— Satis est, populis fluviisque ceresque.

Behold how little thrifty nature craves,

And what a cheap relief the lives of thousands saves.—

When all we want, thus easily we find;

The field and river can supply mankind.—Rowe.

Επει τι δὲ ἑρπεῖσι, πλὴν δυοῖν μόνον,
Δημῆτρος ἀκτὺς ποταμοῦ δ' ὕδρευχον. *Eurip.*

Nature demands for mortals but two things,

Bread-corn from Ceres, and sweet water-springs.

(e) Ep. 110. *Habeamus aquam, habeamus polentum; Jovi ipsi de felicitate controversiam faciamus.*—Sic *Ἐπικυρος*.

(ap. Stobæ.) Ελεῖς ἐπιμῶς εἶχεν καὶ τῷ Διὶ ὑπὲρ

Εὐδαιμονίας ἀγορίζεσθαι, μάζαν ἑαυτὸν καὶ ὕδωρ.

(f) However this injunction from *Epicurus* may be interpreted; as if "there was no villainy, which a man may not commit, if he can but persuade himself, that he shall not be detected or punished by men," the gods being out of the case: (see *Leland*, Vol. II. p. 94.) *Seneca*, I think, intends no more, than that a sense of shame, as well as fear of punishment, is a sufficient restraint, on an ingenuous mind, capable of distinguishing between good and evil, from acting contrary to moral duty. See Ep. 11. (N. f.)

(g) — Πάντων δὲ μάλιστα—μισθύνει σ' αὐτόν.

Above all things, (says Pythagoras) reverence yourself.

"The first and leading disposition to engage us on the side of virtue was, in this sage's opinion, to preserve above all things a constant reverence of our own mind; and to dread nothing so much as to offend against its native dignity." *Fitzgerald's* Lett. 19.

EPISTLE XXVI.

On a good old Age. Meditation on Death.

I HAVE heretofore told you, *Lucilius*, that I was within sight of old age. I now fear I have passed it by, and left it behind me: some other word better agrees with my years, at least the state of my body; for indeed old age is properly a name belonging to one weary of life, rather than to one broken down with years as I am. You may reckon me, if you please, decrepit, and in the last stage. But I congratulate myself with you, that, whatever my body may feel, my mind or understanding is not sensible of any decay or injury from time (*a*). Vices only are grown old, and whatever is instrumental thereto: the soul still flourisheth, and rejoiceth that she hath so little to do with the body: having partly disrobed herself, she glories in it, and makes me even doubt concerning old age. She calls this the *flower* of age; let us believe her, and let her enjoy her proper good. It is a pleasure to me to consider, and examine, what I owe of this tranquillity, this correctness of morals, to wisdom, and what to old age: and diligently to enquire, what it is I cannot do, and what I would not do; and if what I cannot, be also what I would not; I have reason to rejoice in my inability. For, what cause is there of complaint, what great inconvenience, if what must one day end, be now upon the decay? Perhaps you will say, it is the greatest inconvenience imaginable, to be infirm, to languish, or, to speak properly, to be melted down: for, we are not forcibly laid low on a sudden; we gradually waste away; every day purloins something from our strength: and what exit can be happier, than to be dissolved, as it were, by a gentle decay of nature? Not that there is any thing very grievous in a stroke, or sudden departure out of life; but because it is easy, and natural thus to steal away by degrees (*b*).

For my own part, as if I was now about to make the experiment, and the day approached, that must pass sentence on the foregoing years, I thus observe and commune with myself. “ All that I have said or
 “ done hitherto is nothing: vain and deceitful are the assurances of the
 “ mind, all involved in chicane and flattery: what advance I made in
 “ wisdom, death alone can shew: I therefore calmly compose myself
 “ against that day, when all shifts and subtleties laid aside, I must pro-
 “ nounce truly concerning myself; whether I speak and think, what
 “ is truly great and noble: whether the big and contemptuous words
 “ thrown out against fortune were mere dissimulation and artifice, to
 “ engage applause. Regard not the opinion of men (*c*); 'tis at best
 “ doubtful, and generally partial: regard not particular studies; our
 “ business relates to the whole of life; death will pronounce sentence
 “ on the man: yes, I say, disputations and learned conferences, and
 “ collections from the sayings of wise men, and eloquence of speech,
 “ all these shew not the true fortitude of mind: the most base and
 “ cowardly may yet be bold in speech. How you have acted in general,
 “ *Seneca*, will then appear when you come to die. I accept the terms.
 “ I am not afraid of judgment.” Thus I commune with myself; yet suppose me speaking likewise to you, *Lucilius*. You indeed are younger: but it matters not; years are not reckoned: it is uncertain when or where death expects you; and therefore expect *him* every where.

I was about to conclude, and indeed folding my paper; but the whole ceremony must be observed; and this Epistle have its passport. I need not tell you from whence the loan; you know whose chest I generally make free with. I hope in a little time to pay you out of my own stock; in the mean while *Epicurus* shall stand my friend: *Meditare utrum commodius sit, vel mortem transire ad nos vel nos ad eam; Consider whether it be better, that Death should come to us, or we go to him.* The sense is plain. It is an excellent thing to know what Death is, and how to die: you perhaps may think it unnecessary, to learn that, which can but once be of any use: now this is the very reason, why we ought to study it: we must always be learning that, which we never can be assured we rightly know. Think upon Death. He that commands this, bids you think upon liberty. He that hath learned to

die, hath unlearned to be a slave. Death is above every power upon earth: at least beyond it. What is a prison, or guards, or bars, to him? The passage is still free and open (*d*): but there is a strong chain, which still binds us down; the love of life (*e*): which as it is not to be thrown off at once, may yet be eased and lessened; that, when an exigency requires, nothing may detain or hinder us from being prepared, and ready to submit to that which we must one day certainly undergo.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) This I think every one will give him credit for who is conversant in his writings. According to Menander,

Εἴ τ' ἄλλ' ἀραιρεῖν ὁ πλὺς αἰὲς χρόνος
 Ἡμῶν τό τε πρῶτον ἀσφαλεστέον ποιεῖ.
*Of whate'er else depriv'd by length of time,
 Wisdom we find as firm as in its prime. M.*

(b) Subduci] Senectus leniter emittit, non repente avulsam vitam, sed minutatim subducitur. Ep. 33. (N. g.)—According to THE OLD MAN'S WISH in Dryden's Miscell. III. 178.

*May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone by a gentle decay.*

(c) But with me it is a very small thing, says St. Paul, that I should be judged of you or of man's judgment; yea, I judge not my own self. 1 Cor. 4. 3.

(d) According to the Stoical doctrine, (too) often repeated. But see Ep. 24, &c. but particularly Ep. 70.

(e) But there is a strong chain] Sc. the love of life;—Amor vite, qui non est abjiciendus.—But consider, O Christian, how much stronger is the chain that binds thee down; however painful it may be at present to endure it, viz. the will of God.

“ That it is the intention of the Deity we should remain in this state of being 'till his summons calls us away seems as evident, as that we at first entered into it by his good pleasure; for we can no more continue, than we could begin to exist without the concurrence of the same supreme interposition. Fitzsborne's Lett. 13.

E P I S T L E XXVII.

Virtue only is secure.

YOU say, *Lucilius*, that I may well take upon me to advise you; forasmuch as having corrected myself, I am now at leisure to attend the amendment of others. No, my friend, I am not so vain or unjust, as, being sick myself, to pretend to cure others (*a*); but, as lying in the same infirmary, I am talking to you of our common illness, and communicating with you such remedies, as I think will be of service. Suppose me then, to admit you into my privacy, and thus, in your presence, expostulate with myself. “Number your years, *Seneca*, and
 “ you will be ashamed to desire, and be hunting after, those things,
 “ wherein you delighted when a child (*b*). And be it your particular
 “ care on this side the grave, that your vices may all die before you.
 “ Forego those turbulent and dear-bought pleasures, that hurt, not
 “ only before, but after enjoyment; as crimes though not found out
 “ when perpetrated, still carry anxiety with them: all unlawful pleasures
 “ are attended with remorse: there is no solidity in them; nor
 “ any thing worthy of confidence; even though they hurt not, they
 “ soon pass and are gone. Look out rather for something more substantial
 “ and lasting: but alas! there is no such thing, except what
 “ the mind can find within itself: virtue only can give perpetual joy
 “ and security (*c*); whatever may seem to obstruct it, passeth over like
 “ a cloud, which for a moment darkens, but cannot hide the day. O,
 “ when shall I enjoy so great happiness! You have not indeed been
 “ idle, *Seneca*; but this is not enough; you must still exert yourself;
 “ a great deal remains to be done: consequently you must be vigilant,
 “ and spare no pains, as you expect success. This depends upon yourself;
 “ it is an affair that accepts of no delegate, nor admits of any
 “ assistance, as in other kinds of learning;” which puts me in mind of
Calvisius

Calvisius Sabinus; one, who, in our memory, was rich, having a free and gentleman-like patrimony, and understanding; but I never saw a man so ridiculously happy. He had so treacherous a memory, that he often forgot the names of *Ulysses*, *Achilles*, and *Priam*; names, which every well-educated man remembers as well as we do our first school-masters. No old Nomenclator, who is apt to impose upon his master with a false name, ever made such blunders, as when he pretended to talk of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. And yet he affected to be thought a profound scholar (*d*). He took therefore this compendious method; he bought servants at an extravagant price; one who understood *Homer*; another, who was master of *Hesiod*; and to the nine lyric poets, he assigned a several servant. You need not wonder at his great expence, for if he could not find such as were suitable at hand, he placed them out to be instructed, and duly qualified: and having thus made up his family, he was continually making entertainments, and impertinently troubling his guests with his second-hand learning; for he had always some one at his feet to prompt him every now and then with verses, which endeavouring to repeat, he would often break off in the middle of a line or word. Whereupon *Satellius Quadratus*, a smell-feast, or sharker on such fools, and who consequently was a jester, and, as it generally follows, a scoffer, advised him one day to hire some Grammarians as his scrap-gatherers, or remembrancers: when *Sabinus* told him that every servant he had stood him in an hundred pounds; “you might have bought, says he, for less money, so many cases of books,” as he took it in his head that he knew all that any of the family knew, or was contained in his house. The same *Satellius* therefore would fain have persuaded him, to enter himself in the list of wrestlers, thin, pale, and sickly as he was. And when *Sabinus* answered, “how is that possible, when I am scarce alive?” “Never mind that, says *Satellius*, do you not see what strong and brawny servants you have got?—A good understanding is not to be hired or purchased; and I really think was it put to sale, there would be but few bidders; whereas a bad one is often purchased, and paid dearly for.

But

But take what I owe you, and farewell; Divitiæ sunt, ad legem naturæ, composita paupertas; *Poverty settled by the law of nature, is wealth (e)*. This *Epicurus* often repeats: but that cannot be said too often, which is scarce ever learned. It is enough to point out remedies to some, while others require them to be frequently applied.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) *Ye will surely say unto me this Proverb, Physician, heal thyself. Luk. 4. 23.*

Ἀλλὰ γὰρ αὐτὸς ἰατρός ἐστιν.—Etenim qui multorum custodem se proficitur, cum sapientes sui primum aiunt custodem esse oportere. Cic.—Erasm. 2. 5. 38.—4. 4. 32.

(b) *When I was a child, I spake as a child, I reason'd as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things. 1 Cor. 13. 11.*

(c) See Epp. 23. (N. c.) 72. 92. Sen. de Beat. Vit. c. 3. Lips. Manud. III. Diff. 5. And in Sacred Writ, *Wisdom* speaking of herself says, *Whoso bearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fears of evil. Prov. 1. 33.*

(d) According to that in *Euripides* (Heracl. 745)

— διόμειδα γὰρ

τὸν εὐτυχῆντα παρ' ἐπιστάται σαφῶς.

— 'Tis common, to suppose,

There is no lore, but what the rich man knows.

(e) See Epp. 4. 25. (N. c.)

E P I S T L E XXVIII,

Change of Place makes no Alteration in the Mind.

YOU think it strange, *Lucilius*, and as happening to yourself alone, that after so long a journey, and the visiting so many different places, you could not throw off your chagrin and melancholy disposition. The mind must be changed for this purpose, and not the climate (a). Tho' you cross the ocean; tho' (as our *Virgil* says) terræque urbisque recedant (b). Whithersoever you fly, your vices will still follow. *Socrates*, to one complaining after the same manner, says, "*Why do you wonder that travelling does you no good, when, go where you will, you carry your-*
self"

self along with you? The same cause, that sent you out, lies still at heart. What can the novelty of foreign lands avail? what the knowledge of divers cities and countries? It is all a fruitless labour. And do you ask, why this your flight is to so little purpose? It is because, as *Socrates* said, *you cannot fly from yourself*. The mind's burthen must be left behind, or you will no where find complacency and delight. Think your condition such as *Virgil* gives his prophets. When roused and instigated, she is replete with spirit not her own;

Bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit
Excussisse Deum (*d*).

You travel here and there to shake off the inward load; which by such agitation only becomes more troublesome. As in a ship, a burthen that is fixed and immoveable, strains it the less; while such as are moveable are apt to sink the side to which they roll, by their unequal pressure. In every thing you do, you are still acting against yourself. The very motion cannot but hurt you; it is shaking a sick man. Get rid of this internal evil, and every change of place will be agreeable. Though you are driven to the utmost parts of the earth, or confined to some corner in a strange land; be what it will, you may still find entertainment. It matters not where you come, but what sort of man, you come thither. The mind is not to be devoted to any particular place. We must live in the world under this persuasion. *I am not born for one corner of it more than another; the whole is my native country.*

Was this manifest to you, you would be no longer surprized at not finding any benefit from the difference of place, when weary of one you fly to another. For the first would have pleased you, if you had thought it your own. You do not travel, but wander, and are driven about from place to place; whereas what you are in search of, *a good life*, is to be found any where. What place can be more turbulent, than the Forum? yet if you was obliged to live there, even there might you find tranquillity: not but that a man, if he was at his own disposal, would fly as far as possible from the sight, and much more from the neighbour-

neighbourhood of such a noisy place. For as a damp and foggy air affects even the most firm and healthy constitution; so there are places, if not dangerous, yet very inconvenient, to a mind well-disposed, but not fully accomplished. I dissent from those who defy a storm; and not disliking a public and busy life, are continually exerting their courage, in struggling with, and getting through, difficulties. A wise man would endure this, if it fell to his lot; but he would by no means make it his choice. He had rather live in peace, than amidst the din of war: for it is of little avail to him, to have thrown off his own vices, if he must be perpetually contending with those of other men. Thirty tyrants, you say, environed *Socrates*, yet could not break, or bend the steadiness of his mind: it matters not how many masters you have, slavery is one and the same: he, that despises *this*, let his governors be as many as they will, is still free.

But it is time to conclude, having first paid my toll: *Initium est salutis, notitia peccati, The acknowledgment of a crime is the first step to reformation.* This is an excellent saying from *Epicurus*: for he, that knows not when he trespasseth, can never desire to be reformed. You must accuse yourself, before you can mend. There are some who even glory in their sins; and do you think they will ever be solicitous for a remedy, who account their vices as so many virtues? As much as possible therefore reprove yourself; examine yourself thoroughly (*e*): first, do the office of an informer, then of a judge, and lastly of an intercessor, though a little wholesome punishment may be sometimes not amiss (*f*).

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*e*) Hor. Ep. I. 11. 27.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,
 Strenua nos exercet inertia; navibus atque
 Quadrigis petimus bene vivere; quod petis hic est;
 Est Ulbris; animus si te non deficit æquus.
*If they, who through the vent'rous ocean range,
 Not their own passions, but the climate change;
 Anxious through seas and land, to seek for rest,
 Is but laborious idleness at best:*

*In desert Ulubræ the bliss you'll find,
If you preserve a firm and equal mind.—Francis.*

Græcè suavius, τὸν τόπον, ἢ τὸν τρόπον.—Muretus.

They change the place, but not the natural disposition.

(b) Virg. 3. 72. *Cities and land are seen no more.* Ep. 72.

(c) See Ep. 104.

(d) Virg. 6. 79.

*Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
With more and far superior force he press'd.—Dryden.*

(e) See Ep. 16. (N. b) And if self-examination, with the following, may, by a fair construction, be deemed Christian principles; let *Seneca* have the honour of them, exclusive of his party; for *self-conviſion*, *self-condemnation*, and *imploing pardon of God*, are, by no means, in general, *Stoical* requisitions. There is a spiritual pride and self-sufficiency running through their whole scheme of philosophy; very incompatible with that humble frame of mind, which Christianity requires as a necessary ingredient, in the piety and virtue of such imperfect creatures, as we are in this present state.

(f) “ I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, and moral writers, keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it; they do as much as human nature admits: a real reformation is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires those extraordinary means, which become *punishments* as well as *lessons*.”—*Bolingbroke*, Lett. 46.

And indeed *Seneca* himself looks upon repentance as the greatest punishment a man can suffer. *Nec quicquam gravius afficitur quàm qui ad supplicium pœnitentiæ traditur.* See *Leland*, Pt. II. c. 9.

EPISTLE XXIX.

On popular Applause.

YOU are pleased to enquire, *Lucilius*, after our friend *Marcellinus*, and desire to know how he goes on. Know then, he very seldom comes near me: and the reason of this is, he dreads to hear the truth: not that he is in any great danger of it from me; for truth, I think, is not to be thrown away upon those who will give no attention. It is questioned therefore whether *Diogenes* and such other cynics, as were perpetually reprimanding every one they met, acted wisely and commendably

ably in so doing: for what can it avail to reprimand those, who are deaf and dumb, either naturally, or by some vicious habit? “But why, you say, need I be sparing of words? They cost nothing: I may not know perhaps whether I can do any good with the person I admonish; but this I must know, that in admonishing several, it would be strange indeed if I did not reform some one. Let the hand be liberal (a), and, no doubt, but in attempting many things, in some it will succeed.”—Indeed, *Lucilius*, I cannot think such behaviour would become a man of any note; for his authority would hereby be lessened; and his remonstrances, by being made so cheap, not have weight enough to carry a reformation. An archer must sometimes miss, as well as hit, the mark; and you cannot call it art that takes effect by chance: but wisdom is an art, which must aim at a certain end: it must look out for those whom it thinks capable of instruction; and leave others to themselves, where there are little hopes of success; however, we are not to quit them immediately, but to try every friendly remedy, to the last hour of desperation.

I have not quite given *Marcellinus* over; even yet, I think, he may be recovered; if a hand be stretched out, in time, to save him. Indeed there is some danger lest he should expose his friend; for he is a man of parts, and great wit, though depraved at present. But I shall disregard the danger, and not be afraid to tell him his faults: I suppose he will play his usual game, have recourse to his facetiousness, and provoke the eye of lamentation to laugh: he will first cut his jokes upon himself, and then take the same liberty with us; with his buffoonry he will prevent all that I have to say; he will sift out the schools, and charge the philosophers with drinking, whoring, and gluttony. Such a one, he will say, lives with an adultress; another in a tavern; and another is perpetually *dangling at court*: he will tell me of that merry philosopher, *Aristo*, who affected to dispute as he was carried along in his litter; for such was the time he chose for acting his part: it being enquired of what sect he was, *Scaurus* answered, “*I am sure he is no Peripatetic.*” And when *Julius Græcinus* (b), an excellent man, was asked, what he thought of him; “*Indeed*, said he, *I cannot tell you;*

for I know not how he behaves on foot;" as if he was talking of a charioteer. *Marcellinus*, I say, will fling in my teeth such mountebanks as these; who had much better quite disown philosophy, than pretend to sell it. I am determined however to put up with such affronts. He may make me laugh; but perhaps I shall make him weep: but if he still keeps his laughing mood, I will laugh too, as if pleased with the misfortune, that he is possessed with such a merry kind of madness. But such forced jollity seldom lasts long: observe, and you will find the same man laughing extravagantly, and within a little while as extravagantly raving (*c*). I am resolved, I say, to address him, and remonstrate to him how much greater he would be, if he appeared less in the eyes of the vulgar. If I am not so happy as to cut down every vice, I may perhaps check them in their growth. I cannot expect them to cease altogether, but they will intermit, and perhaps one day cease entirely, when they have got an habit of intermission. This then is in no wise to be disdained: as a pleasing remission of sickness is a sort of recovery.

But while I am preparing for *Marcellinus*, do you, *Lucilius*, (who can command yourself, and, who, well knowing from whence you set out, can from thence conjecture where your journey will end,) settle well your morals; raise your spirit; stand up boldly against every thing that is formidable; nor perplex yourself with numbering those whom you have any reason to fear. Would you not think a man a fool, who is afraid of a multitude in a place where but one can pass? Many have it not equally in their power to put you to death, though many at the same time may threaten it. We are so formed by nature, that one only may as easily take away thy life, as one gave it.

But, *Lucilius*, I think you ought to be ashamed of not remitting me my last *payment*; however, that I may not behave myself so meanly towards you with regard to interest-money, and throw upon you what I owe myself, be pleased to accept of this; *Nunquam volui populo placere; nam quæ ego scio, non probat populus; quæ probat populus, ego nescio; I had never any ambition to please the people; for the things*
that

that I am concerned to know, they dislike; and what they like, I know not. Do you ask who says this; as if you knew not whom I make so free with? *Epicurus*. But all, in every school, say the same thing, *Peripatetics, Academics, Cynics*. For who that delights in virtue can please the vulgar (*d*)? Popular favour is sought by vilest artifices (*e*). You must level yourself with the vulgar to please them; they will never approve what they do not own. But it is of much greater concernment, to consider how you appear to yourself, than how you appear to others; the affection of the mean and base cannot be purchased but by some mean and base action. Wherein then can philosophy (so much commended above other things, and so much to be preferred before all other sciences) be of service to you? Why it will teach you rather to be agreeable to yourself, than to the populace; to estimate judgment and opinions, not by the number of their abettors, but their genuine worth; to live without fear; and to overcome misfortunes by *patience and courage*.—But if I hear you celebrated by the mobility; if when you enter the theatre, you are received with acclamations, applause, and pantomimic gestures; if idle boys and women sing your praises through the streets, how is it possible that I should not pity you, when I know the way that leads to such extraordinary favour?

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) *Let the hand be*] *Spargenda est manus*—Alluding perhaps to fencers; whose successive strokes are called by *Quintilian*, *prima, secunda, tertia, &c. manus*.—Or to an army besieging a town, when the attack is to be made in several places.—Or to a generous mind, disposed to do all the good in its power.

(b) *Julius Græcinus*] Whom *Caligula* put to death out of mere malice to his virtue. See *Sen. de Beuse*. II. 21.

(c) *Lipf. rabire*—*Sic Varro, Quid blateras? quid rabis?*—*Pincian.* reads it *rudere*, and quotes *Perfius* (III. 9.)

— Ut *Arcadiz* pecuaria rudere credas.

He mutters first, and then begins to swear;

And brays aloud with a more clamorous note

Than an *Arcadian Ass* can stretch his throat.—*Dryden*.

(d) *Diogenes*, the *Cynic*, as the people were coming out of the Theatre endeavoured to get in; and being asked, *what he intended?* Only, says he, *to act according to the whole tenour of my life*. It being a constant maxim in philosophy, not to walk in the same track with the common people. The same

same being told, that the people laughed at him, *Perhaps*, says he, *the asses laugh at them; now I no more mind the people than they do the asses.*

(e) "Popularity, if purchased at the expence of base condescension to the vices or follies of the people, is a disgrace to the possessor: but when it is the just and natural result of a laudable and patriotic conduct, it is an acquisition which no wise man will ever condemn." Cic. Læl. p. 93.

/e I have made bold to give another turn to this sentence, and to leave to the enlightened Stoic *bis*, *Ut sine metu deorum hominumque vivas; ut aut vincas mala, aut finias.* "The Stoics, through */a* an affectation of greatness of mind, destroyed, as far as in their power, the influence of fear in mortals, by taking away the fear of the gods, of pain, sickness, disgrace and death; which tends to subvert one of the main principles of government, both human and divine.—It is evident, that this is one way by which the Author of Nature designed Mankind should be governed, viz. by fear; which gives force to the sanctions of law, and without which they would have small effect. See Leland. II. 9.

EPISTLE XXX.

On the Contempt of Death.

o I HAVE seen *Bassus Aufidius (a)*, a very excellent man, shaken, and struggling with age: but now he is too low to be ever raised. Old age presseth him down with all its weight: you know, *Lucilius*, he was always of a weak, and consumptive constitution: he has sustained it a long while, or rather patched it up, but now can hold out no longer.—As in a ship, by the help of a pump, a leak or two is easily-remedied; but when it begins to be shattered, and to gape in many places, all remedies are applied in vain: so, an old and crazy body may for a while be supported, and propped up; but when, as in an old edifice the joyces are all started, and, as soon as one crevice is closed, another breaks out, nothing can be done, but *patiently to wait its fall (b)*.

Our *Bassus* however is still chearful in mind. This is the fruit of philosophy: it makes a man brave in every habit of body; in the sight of death easy and chearful; and not faint-hearted, though in full decay.
(c) A skilful pilot still navigates the ship, though the sails be rent, and keeps

keeps on his course with such broken tackling as the storm has left him. Thus does our *Bassus*; he looks upon his end with such a steady mind and countenance, that was he to look so upon the end of another man, you would think he had lost all feeling. This, *Lucilius*, is a great virtue, and, however necessary, not soon or easily learned,—when the inevitable hour is come, to depart without murmur or regret. Other kinds of death admit of hope to the last: a disease may be got over; a fire be extinguished; a falling house hath thrown, on one side, those, whom it was likely to have crushed in pieces: the sea hath cast some safe ashore, at the instant it was like to swallow them up: the soldier has withdrawn the sword from the neck of those he was about to kill: but they, whom extreme age is conveying to death, have no resource; no intercession can be of service here. And though it be a longer sort of death, there is none more mild and gentle. Our *Bassus* seems to attend, and, as it were, inter, himself (*d*); nay, to live as if he had survived himself, and without concern made a report of his own departure. For he talks much of death, and this continually; in order to persuade us, that whatever inconvenience or fear, there may be in this matter, it is the fault of the person dying, not of death; and that there is no more trouble in it, than after it, [*to a good man.*] It is as absurd for a man to fear what he cannot be sensible of, as to fear what will never happen: for can a man think, that he shall be ever sensible of that, which deprives him of all sensation, [*supposing that Death did so?*] Therefore, says he, Death is so far beyond every evil, that it is beyond all fear of evil. I know these things are often said, and cannot be said too often; but neither when I have read them, had they so good an effect upon me; nor when I have heard them from those who, when they spoke of them, were in no danger themselves of the things which they told us we ought not to fear.

But *Bassus* had authority, when he spake of approaching death. For I will freely tell you my mind: a man is generally more brave at the very point of death, than when it is at some distance from him: for Death, just at hand, hath given courage enough even to the unlearned, not to think of escaping what is inevitable. So the gladiator who was afraid
of

of death during the combat, yields his neck to his victorious adversary, and even guides the point of his sword to the most mortal place. But the death which is not so near but that it gives us leisure to see it advancing towards us, requires a more composed firmness of mind; which is very rare, nor can be attained but by a wise man. I most attentively therefore heard *Bassus* passing sentence upon death, and, as upon a nearer inspection, giving an account of it. No doubt was one to rise from the dead and inform you upon his own experience, that there was no evil in death, he would find more credit, and have greater weight with you; yet what terror is to be apprehended at the approach of death, they can well inform you who have stood near it; who have seen it coming, and gave it welcome.

Among these you may reckon *Bassus*; who would by no means deceive us; and he says that *a man is as great a fool who fears Death, as he that fears old age; for as old age follows manhood, Death follows old age.* He should not desire to live, who is afraid to die. Life is given us on these conditions; it is the path that necessarily leads to Death: how ridiculous therefore to fear it! Things doubtful are to be feared; things certain are to be expected. Equal and alike invincible is the necessity of death to all: who then can complain of not being exempt? The first part of equity, is equality. But it is idle to pretend to plead the cause of Nature, who would not have our condition to differ from her own: whatever she hath framed, she breaks, and in time dissolves; and whatever she hath broken and dissolved, she frames anew. Now if any one is so happy as to be gently taken off by old age; not suddenly torn from life; but having stolen away (*g*) gradually by an easy decay: surely he hath great reason to thank all the gods; that, being full of days, he now retires to rest, so necessary to man, so grateful to one that is weary and fatigued.

You see some wishing for death, and indeed with more earnestness than others wish for life. I know not which to think will inspire us with a nobler mind; they who wish for and demand death, or they who cheerfully and contentedly wait its coming: the former sometimes happens from

from sudden indignation or a fit of passion; but the latter is a tranquillity founded on reason and sound judgment (*b*): it is common to receive death angrily; no one receives him cheerfully but such as have been a long while prepared for his coming.

I confess therefore I made frequent visits to my dear old friend; to know whether I should find him still the same, or whether the vigour of his mind decayed with the strength of his body: but I found it rather encreased (*i*), like the joy of a racer, when, in the seventh and last round, he drew near the prize. He said indeed that conforming himself to the precepts of *Epicurus*, he from the first had no great apprehensions of pain at the last moment; or, if it was so, his comfort was, it could be but short; as no pain can last long that is exquisite: and still a greater comfort, that if in the separation of soul and body, there must be torture, he had no reason to fear any other pain after that: yet that he did not doubt but that the soul of an old man was just sitting, as it were, upon his lips, and had no need of being forced from him by a painful violence: the fire that meets with fuel, must be extinguished by water, and sometimes not without the fall of the house: but where fuel is wanting, it goes out of itself. I am attentive, *Lucilius*, to these things, not as if they are new to me, but as what I must soon make proof of myself. What then? Have I not seen many forcibly breaking the thread of life? Indeed I have: but I esteem them more, who welcome death, not out of any hatred, or indignation to life; and who rather receive him as a visiter, than force him to them.

Bassus moreover said, that it was entirely from ourselves that we were tortured with the apprehension of death's being near: for to whom is he not near, being ready to strike in all places, and at every moment? But let us consider, says he, even then, when there is an apparent cause of death, some cause may be nearer, which we do not dread. An enemy has threatened some one with death, and behold a sudden indigestion prevents the sword. If we were to distinguish the causes of our fear, we should find that some are real, and others only imaginary. We fear not Death, but on'y the thoughts of Death: for we are not further

from it at one time than another; so that if Death is to be feared, he is always to be feared: for, what hour is exempt from death?—But I am afraid you should hate so long an Epistle worse than death; and therefore shall conclude with this caution; *The best way, never to fear Death, is to be often thinking of it (k).*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Bassus*, an eminent historian in the time of *Augustus* and *Tiberius*.

(b) *Circumspiciendum est, quomodo exeat.* The Stoic again, according to custom. See the last Note in the foregoing Epistle. And I cannot but think that *Seneca* himself hath sufficiently contradicted that favourite tenet in this Epistle; as when he commends the skilful pilot for endeavouring to work his ship, and keep on his course, though the vessel is almost a wreck: and in what follows with regard to *Hope*, and the extraordinary escapes from danger and death. Vid. *infr.* (N. h. i.) Ep. 24.

(c) “Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evils by *philosophy*.—We may, nay (if we will follow *Nature*, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates) we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. The decay of *passion* strengthens philosophy.”—*Bolingbroke*, Lett. 47.

(d) *Sc. componere*] Thus Horace (Sat. I. 9. 27.)

Haud quisquam; omnes composui.—

Not one (remains)—I saw them all by turns

Securely settled in their urns.—Francis.

(e) The belief of a particular providence indeed is founded on such probable reasons as justly to demand our assent: and to presume, in this our imperfect state, to point out any particular instances of an immediate divine interposition, would be meer weakness and folly. (See *Fitzosborne's* Lett. 48.) Yet the passage before us in *Seneca* was exemplified in so extraordinary a manner, some years ago, in my neighbourhood, that to some at least the hand of providence could not but be manifestly visible. I mean in the preservation of two young gentlemen, (the sons of Sir *Richard Mill*, Bart.) and others of the same school at *Kensington*; when, in a high wind, *November 1, 1740*, part of the house fell, and the Rev. Mr. *Dorman*, the worthy master, (æt. 42) and his amiable and industrious consort (æt. 38) were both killed: and of the two young gentlemen beforementioned, one, who was, in turn, attending on Mr. *Dorman*, was thrown out of the room, as by report, rolled up in the carpet; and the other, who was standing by Mrs. *Dorman*, was thrown down into the cellar, and dug out of the ruins, both unhurt. And the rest of the young gentlemen, near sixty in number, it being *Saturday*, were happily in the yard at play; who, with the rest of the family within, received no injury. See the excellent Preface to Mr. *Dorman's* posthumous Sermons.

(f) *Was one to rise from the dead*] Whatever effect this might have had upon *Lucilius*; of the Jew, and unbelieving Christian we are told by divine authority, *that if they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither would they believe, though one rose from the dead.* Luke 16. 31.

(g) *Minutatim subductum.* See Ep. 26. (N. b) *Alexis*, the comic poet, when he was decrepit and could scarce crawl along, being asked, *τι ποιεῖς; Ὅπως δὲ ποιεῖς;* or, *what are you doing?* answered, *κατὰ χάριν ἀποθνῄσκω,* *I am dying leisurely.* (Stob. Serm. 115.)

(b) *Founded in reason and sound judgment*] Here speaks *Seneca* indeed and not the Stoic: as also in what follows; *Animus non magnâ vi distraheretur; The soul is not to be forced from the body by painful violence.* Sophocles.

Σμικρὰ παλαῖ σωματ' εὐταζει ῥοσφ.
The aged with small impulse rest in peace.

(i) "When the body instead of acquiring new vigour, and tasting new pleasures, begins to decline, and is sated with pleasures, or growing incapable of taking them, the mind may continue still to improve and indulge itself in new enjoyments. Every advance in knowledge opens a new scene of delight; and the joy that we feel in the actual possession of one, will be heightened by that which we expect to find in another: so that before we can exhaust this fund of successive pleasures, Death will come to end our pleasure and pains at once. In his studiis laboribusque viventi, non intelligitur quando obrepit senectus ita sensim sine sensu ætas senescit, nec subito frangitur sed diuturnitate extinguitur. [*In fine, he who fills up every hour of his life in such kind of labours and pursuits as these I mentioned, will insensibly slide into old age without perceiving its arrival; and his powers, without being suddenly and prematurely extinguished, will gradually wear away by the gentle, and natural effect of accumulated years.* Melmoth.]—Bolingbroke on Retirement.—See Ep. 26.

(k) I cannot but subjoin to this Epistle that excellent imitation of *Martial's* Epigram, De M. Antonio, (x. 24.) by Mr. Pope.

*At length, my friend, (while Time with still career
 Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
 Sees his past days, safe out of Fortune's pow'r,
 Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour:
 Reviews his life, and, in the strict survey,
 Finds not one moment he could wish away,
 Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.
 Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
 And from the goal again renews his race.
 For he lives twice, who can at once employ,
 The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.*

Be pleased to add to the foregoing Note the conclusion of Ep. 61. from *Seneca* himself, *Mortem plenus expecto. Having had the full enjoyment of life, I wait for Death.* Supr. (N. b.)

EPISTLE XXXI.

Labour necessary for the Attainment of Virtue, the only Good.

YOU are now my own, *Lucilius*, since you begin to be what you promised. Follow that impulse of mind, which despising and trampling under foot all popular good, will lead you to the fountain-head. I do not desire to have you greater or better, than what you really endeavour

to be. The foundation you have laid is large; only finish what you have begun: let the building completely answer the design. After all, you will shew yourself a wise man if you stop your ears; I do not mean with wax, but with something closer than what *Ulysses* is said to have stopped the ears of his companions*. The voice he was afraid of was soft and soothing, not a public one: but this that you have to fear, comes not from one rock alone, but resounds from every part of the globe. Pleasure spreads not her snares peculiarly in one place; there is not a city, but is to be suspected: but especially, where they shew most fondness, be most upon your guard: however good their intention, if you would be happy, it will be requisite, to pray to the gods, that none of those things that are generally prayed for, may be your portion: the things, which these pretended friends desire may be heaped upon you, cannot be called *good*: there is but one *good*, the cause and foundation of an happy life, and that is, *a sure confidence in virtue (a)*. Now this cannot be attained, except labour be despised; and ranked with those things that are neither good nor evil. For it is impossible the same thing should be good and bad; sometimes to be light and sufferable, or sometimes to be dreaded. Labour therefore is not a *good*. What then is good? the contempt of labour, (i. e. not to be concerned, when it is required.) Therefore have I blamed all such as labour, and are industrious, to no good purpose: but as to those, who strive at what is just and good, the more pains they take, and the less they suffer themselves to be overcome, and stop for breath, I admire and encourage them, saying, *Rise ye so much higher, and then take respite; but gain the top of this hill, if you can, in one breath.* Labour still whets a generous mind. There is no necessity therefore, that you should select from the old formal prayer of your parents, what you would have, or wish for: and much less, having achieved great things, that you should be continually importuning the gods: make yourself happy, which you certainly will do, if you have a right apprehension that all such things are good as appertain to virtue; and all vile and base wherein vice is concerned. As nothing is splendid without a mixture of light, and nothing black, but with a mixture of shade and darkness; or, as nothing, without the help of fire, is warm; and without air nothing cold; so, the conjunction

tion of virtue and vice makes things either good or bad, scandalous or honourable.

What then is good? The knowledge of things. And what is evil? ignorance (*c*). The prudent observer of times will reject some things, and will choose others; but if he has a truly great and noble soul, he neither fears what he rejects, nor too fondly admires what he has chosen. I beg of you, not to give out, or be discouraged in your pursuits; it is not enough, not to refuse labour, you must demand it. What labour, you will ask then, is vain and frivolous? That which is laid out in trifles; not that it is bad in itself, any more than what is spent upon things of fairer account; 'tis only the sufferance of the same mind, that exhorts to arduous and difficult undertakings, saying, *Why do you stop? It is not the part of man, to fear the sweat of his brow.*

Add to this, that perfect virtue consists in an equality and honour of life, always consistent with itself; and well-skilled in the knowledge of things both human and divine (*d*). This is the *summum bonum*, which if obtained you are no longer a suppliant, but *a companion of the gods* (*e*). And how, you say, is it to be obtained? Not by passing over the *Alps*, or the *Grainus* (*f*), or through the deserts of *Candavia*; or by the *Syrtes*, or *Scylla* and *Charibdis*; all which you have done for the slight recompence of a petty government. The way is safe and pleasant which Nature hath pointed out to you: she hath given you those things which, if you decently retain, you will rise a god. Now it is not money that can thus exalt you; for God has not money: nor is it the outward robe, for God is not clothed: nor fame, nor ostentation, or notoriety among mankind; no one knows God (*g*): many entertain strange and preposterous opinions of him, and are overlooked (*h*). Nor is it that you have a crowd of servants, ready to carry you in a litter, in town or country: God, the most high and powerful, himself upholdeth all things (*i*). Nor is it beauty or strength that can make you happy: all these things are subject to decay. We must therefore look out for something, which is not to be impaired by length of time; something which fears no let or hindrance,
and

and than which nothing better can be desired. And what is that? A soul, that is truly just, and good, and great. For what else can you call this, *but a Deity within (k)*? And which a freed-man, or a slave, may be master of, as well as a Roman knight. For what is a Roman knight? what a freed-man or a slave? names, that have sprung from ambition, or oppression. From any obscure corner of the world you may rise to heaven. Rise then,

— Et te quoque dignum finge Deo. (Virg. 8. 365.)

— *And shew yourself full worthy the divine abode.*

A god, not made of gold, or silver; nor of such materials indeed can the likeness of God be made (*l*). Remember that such, as have heretofore been propitious to Rome, *had their images made of clay (m)*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

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* Hom. Od. p. 39. Σφρῖνας μὲν πρῶτον ἀριξέαι, κ. τ. λ.

Next where the *Sirens* dwell you plow the seas;
Their song is death, and makes destruction please.—
Fly swift the dangerous coast; let every ear
Be stopp'd against the song; 'tis death to hear.—
Then ev'ry ear I stopp'd against the strain,
And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.—*Pope.*

This celebrated story of the *Syrens*, (said to have been invented by the *Phœnicians*,) seems best accounted for, if, with the Annotator, we suppose the whole merely allegorical; or a fable containing an excellent moral; applicable not only to idleness and dissipation, (according to *Horace*, *Vitanda est improba Siren desidia*—) but to all pleasures in general, *which by being too eagerly pursued, betray the uncautious into ruin; while wise men, like Ulysses, making use of their reason, stop their ears against their insinuations.*—The Annotator likewise observes a great similitude between this passage in *Homer* and the words of (his cotemporary) *Solomon*, in the Proverbs, c. vii. 6.—27. c. ix. 13. 18. a most beautiful description of an harlot, and her silly devotees.—*I beheld among the simple ones, &c.*

(a) “The school of *Zeno* placed this *sovereign good* in naked virtue, and wound the principle up to an extreme beyond the pitch of nature and truth. (See N. c.) A spirit of opposition to another doctrine, which grew into great vogue while *Zeno* flourished, might occasion this excess. *Epicurus* placed the sovereign good in pleasure. His terms were wilfully or accidentally mistaken. His scholars might help to pervert his doctrine, but rivalry enflamed the dispute; for in truth there is not so much difference between *Stoicism*, reduced to reasonable intelligent terms, and genuine orthodox *Epicurism*, as is imagined. The *felicis animi immota tranquillitas* (*the steady tranquillity of an happy mind*) and the *voluptas* (*pleasure*) of the latter are near akin. And I much doubt whether the firmest hero of the *Stoics* would have borne a fit of the stone, on the principles of *Zeno* with

greater

greater magnanimity and patience than *Epicurus* did, on those of his own philosophy. However *Aristotle* took a middle way, and placed *Happiness* in the joint advantages of mind, of body and of fortune." See *Bolingbroke* on Exile, *inf.* Ep. 41.

(b) Air, (in the opinion of the Stoics) the coldest of all bodies. Vid. *Plat.* περὶ τοῦ πρώτου Ψυχῆς. *Lips.* Physol. ii. 15.

(c) The doctrine of Socrates. See Ep. 81. 118.

(d) *Consistent with itself*] See Ep. 20. (N. b.) 35.

So *Marcus Antoninus* Emp. advises,—“to do every thing, even the most minute, as mindful of the connection there is between divine and human things; for (says he) you will neither rightly discharge any duty to man, without a due regard to divine things; nor, on the other hand, any duty to God, without a regard to human things. L. 3. c. 16.

(e) *Socius Deorum*] The common boast of the Stoics; which originates from supposing *Virtue* to be the same as in God. Ep. 87. Quæres quæ res sapientem efficit? Quæ Deum. Do you ask what constitutes a wise man? The same that constitutes a God. There is a bolder rant in Ep. 73. *Sextius*, &c. was wont to say that Jupiter could not do more than a wise and good man. *Lipsius* indeed very justly condemns this, but softens the sentiment before us, by supposing *Seneca* to speak not absolutely, but comparatively, as in Ep. 59; Sapiens cum Diis ex pari vivit. And elsewhere, Diis socii sumus et membra, (de Prov. c. 1.) sapiens vicinus proximusque Diis; excepta mortalitate, similis Deo; this is not only admissible, but commendable, when it goes no further than *Homer's* θεὸς ἄνθρωπος, θεοεικελός, ἰσοθεός, (godlike) or, Ep. 73. nulla sine Deo mens bona, 'Tis the Divinity within that forms the wise man. Thus St. John, 1 Ep. 4. 16. Hereby we know that we dwell in God, and God in us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him. See Epp. 41. 73. *Lel.* i. 295.

(f) Alluding to the passage of *Hannibal*, and *Hercules*.

(g) *Nemo novit Deum*] Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to Perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than Hades, what canst thou know? Job 11. 7. What man is he that can know the counsel of the Lord? Or who can think what the will of the Lord is? for, the thoughts of mortal man are miserable, and our devices are but uncertain. *Wisd.* 9, 14. No man knoweth the things of man, save the spirit that is in him; even so knoweth no man the things of God, but the spirit of God. 1 Cor. 2. 11.

(h) *Multi de Deo malè existimant, et impune*] And the times of this ignorance God winked at, &c. *Act.* 17. 30.

(i) *Upholding all things by the word of his power.* Heb. 1. 3.

Omnia fers; oneri tamen haud obnoxius ullies. *Vida.* H. 1.

Eternal rest is thine, and soft repose,

That bearing all things, yet no pressure knows.

Omnia sustentas, procuras omnia, alisque

Dum præsens ades; ipsa tua est præsentia vita,

Omnibus ipsa salus—Ib.

Thy presence keeps, directs, preserves the whole;

Kind guardian of the world, its life and soul.—M.

(k) *Deum in humano corpore hospitantem*] A remarkable expression, which seems to border upon that of *St. John* (i. 4.) And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, &c. though it implies little more than what is expressed in the foregoing Note (e). To which let me add from Ep. 74, *Miraris hominem ad Deos ire? Deus ad homines venit, imò, quod propius est, in homines venit.* Ep. 41. Bonus vir sine Deo (interno, *Lips.*) nemo est. *Vid. Loc.*

(l) “*Numa*,

(1) "*Numa* (A. M. 3237. U. C. 40.) forbad the *Romans* to represent God in the form of man or beast; nor was there any graven image admitted among them formerly. The first 160 years they built temples and chapels, but made no statue or image; thinking it great impiety to represent the most excellent of beings by things so base and unworthy; as there was no access to the Deity but *by the mind*, raised and elevated by divine contemplation." *Plutarch's Life of Numa*.

Forasmuch as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think the Godhead is like unto gold or silver, or stone graven by art and man's device; &c. Act. 17. 29.—*To whom then will you liken me, or shall I be equal?* says the Holy One; *Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things; &c.* *Isaiah*, xl. 18. 28.

(1) *Fictiles fuisse*] See Epp. 95. 98. cv.—Or perhaps the words will bear another sense; *the Gods, to whom we are so much obliged, were but men, made of clay like ourselves.*

EPISTLE XXXII.

On Retirement, and Perseverance in Virtue.

I AM always enquiring after you, *Lucilius*, and asking every one that comes from your way, how you do, and where, and with whom you converse. You cannot deceive me; I am with you. Live then as if I was a constant inspector of your actions. Do you ask, what pleases me most concerning you? Why, that I hear nothing of you; and that most of those I enquire of, can give me no information. This, I say, is what is right and salutary: to converse as little as possible with men of a different sentiment. 'Tis true I have so good an opinion of you, that I am persuaded you cannot be warped, or drawn from your purpose, though a crowd of solicitors stood around you. What then do I fear? not that they can work any change in you, but lest they should hinder you in your progress.

Now nothing can be more prejudicial, than to be dilatory; especially as life is so short, and made much shorter by inconstancy. Still ever beginning with some new employ or other, we cut it out as it were into small parcels, and so make waste of it. Hasten therefore, my dearest

dearest *Lucilius*, and think how you would accelerate your speed, was an enemy pursuing you; as when a troop of horse are coming and pressing upon such as fly: for this is really the case: you are pressed upon, make haste, and escape. Convey yourself into safety; and now and then consider with yourself, how excellent a thing it is to finish life before death; and then to wait secure, and self-dependent, in the possession of an happy life; which cannot be happier be it ever so long (*a*). O, when will you see the day, when you shall know that time does not belong to you; when in a pleasing tranquillity, and the full enjoyment of self-complacency you are regardless of to-morrow (*b*)!

Would you know what it is that makes men so desirous of length of days, and solicitous after futurity? No one is a friend to himself (*c*). Your parents wished other things for you than what I do; for I recommend the contempt of all those things, which they prayed you might enjoy in plenty. Their desires were to rob many, to enrich you; as what was transferred unto you, was to be taken from others. I only wish you to be master of yourself: that your mind long agitated with vain imaginations, may resist them, and be steady: that it may satisfy itself, and understanding what is the *true good* (which being understood is easily attainable) it may not want any assistance from Time (*d*). In short, the man has got the better of all wants,—is dismissed and absolutely free,—who lives when he hath finished life (*e*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Self-dependent*] I read this passage with *Gronovius*,—*inniti sibi in possessione beatæ vitæ*—As in the preceding Epistle, *Beatæ vitæ causa est—Sibi fidere*. And Ep. 92. *Tenet summa, et ne ulli quidem, nisi sibi innixus*.—Though, by the way, this Stoical paradox is by no means a Christian doctrine; and what *Solomon* condemned, long before the name of a Stoic was in being. *He that trusteth to (himself, or) his own heart, is a fool*. Prov. 28. 26. But perhaps the *vita beata* may likewise be referred to another state after this; especially if we read it, as some do, *sed* (instead of *fi*) *longior*.

(*b*) *Take therefore no thought for the morrow, &c.* Matth. 6. 34. Do your duty, as in the foregoing verse, and leave the rest to Providence.

(*c*) *Nemo sibi contingit. No one is himself, or for himself*.—*Erasmus* (*Adag.*) interprets it, *Neminem sibi nasci, No one is born for himself*, which interpretation *Lipsius* justly disapproves; and understands it, of not being distracted by various pursuits, or the direction of other people; much

the same with what follows; *Opto tibi tui facultatem, I wish you to be master of yourself.* C'est qu'il ne se trouve personne, qui *se veule aider.* Vet. Gall.—*Malberbe, Il ne point d'homme, qui fait a soi.*

(d) *From time to time*] Since according to the Stoics, *Happiness is always one and the same.* See Ep. 92.

(e)

O that blest son of foresight! Lord of Fate!
That awful independent on to-morrow!
Whose work is done: who triumphs in the past,
Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile;
Nor wound him, like the Parthian, as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot!—*Young.*

EPISTLE XXXIII.

On Reading and Study. Sentimental Stoicism.

YOU desire, *Lucilius*, that in these, as in my former Epistles, I should transcribe some particular sentence from our masters (the *Stoics*, as well as from the *Epicureans*). Give me leave to tell you, they busied not themselves with flowery ornaments. Their whole context is equally strong and nervous: it would betray an inequality, were some parts to shine more conspicuous than other: one tree is not admired particularly where the whole grove shoots up to an equal height.—With such wise sayings as you require, both the Poets and Historians abound; therefore I would not have you think they are only to be found in *Epicurus*: they are public enough, especially among us *Stoics*: but they are taken more particular notice of in *him*, as *they* are rarely interspersed, and 'tis unexpected for *him* to exhibit any thing that is bold and strong; who is the professed master of softness and delicacy: for such is the opinion most men entertain of him; though to me I own he seems quite the contrary, even brave, notwithstanding his long sleeves (a). Fortitude and industry and a warlike disposition are as well

well found among the *Persians* as among the *Romans*, and other short-skirted (*b*) nations. There is no reason therefore to require from us select repetitions of choice things: you will find among our writers the choicest things in a continued strain: but we make no parade of such things: nor do we deceive the buyer, as if nothing was to be found in the shop, but what is exhibited in the shew-glaſs: he is permitted to chuse what pattern he pleases. And what if we desired to distinguish some particular sentences; to whom should we assign them? * To *Zeno*, or *Cleanthes*, or *Cbryſippus*, or *Panætius*, or *Posſidonius*? No; we are under no such restriction; every one claims his own privilege; is King of himself; whereas among the *Epicureans*, whatsoever *Hermachus* says, or *Metrodorus*, it is still referred to one; whatever doctrine is advanced in *that* school, it is under the conduct and auspices of one, (*Epicurus*.) With us, there is so great plenty of things, and all of the same tenor, that, if we would, we could not, extract any thing in particular;—*Pauperis est numerare pecus*, (*Ov. Met.* 13, 824.) *He is a poor man who can count his flock*.—Wherever you turn your eye, something occurs, that would appear eminent, were it not read among its peers.

Wherefore think not, *Lucilius*, that you can taste summarily, and by scraps, the writings of our greatest men: the whole must be read, and thoroughly digested. It is one finished piece; and by the due proportion of the whole, according to the plan of the projector, the work is so connected that you cannot spare a part, without detriment: not that I dispute your considering the several parts one after another, so that you take in the whole man. As it is not a fine arm, or a fine leg that speaks a beautiful woman, but the graceful symmetry of the whole, that takes off your admiration of any singular part. However, if you require it, I will not deal so niggardly with you as I pretend, but will wait upon you with a full hand. There are plenty of beauties, scattered up and down; but we must take them, I say, all together, and not pretend to pick and chuse: for they do not drop one after another, but flow connected in a perpetual stream: and I doubt not but they will be of great service to those, who are yet ignorant, and admitted only to

the *Exoteric* doctrine. For things circumscribed, and, like verses, confined to measure, are more easily fixed upon the mind; and therefore we give boys certain sentences to learn, and what the Greeks call *χρησται* (*c*); because their tender minds can better comprehend them; and are not yet capable of further proficiency.

But it is scandalous for a man to catch at fine sayings, and to depend upon his memory for a few of the best note. He ought now to stand upon his own bottom; and to say such things as of himself: not as having heard them from others. It is scandalous, I say, for an old man, or one bordering upon age, not to be wise beyond the reach of his notebook. *This is what Zeno said; or this is what Cleanthes:* but what do you say yourself? How long must you be under tutorage? Exert yourself, and exhibit something worthy of notice, and from your own stock. I can have no great opinion of the generosity and greatness of soul in those, who are for ever skulking under the protection of another, and whose ambition reaches no further than to read or interpret; without daring to publish, as an Author, what they have been learning all their lives. They have exercised indeed their memories in the writings of others; but memory is one thing, and knowledge another: to remember, is to retain a thing entrusted with the memory; but to know, is to exhibit something of one's own; and not to depend upon example; and be continually referring to a master; as thus *saiib* Zeno, or thus *saiib* *Cleanthes*: let there be some difference made between *you* and a book. How long must you be learning? Prescribe something yourself: what avails it for me to hear, what I may read, perhaps better expressed elsewhere? But we are told a living voice can do much! It may be so; but not *that*, which utters only what another hath said, and so performs the part of a Notary (*d*).

Add now, what belongs to those who are still mere pupils: first, they follow those who have gone before them, in that, wherein every one hath dissented from his predecessor: 2dly, they follow them in that, which is still to be sought, and will never be found, if we content ourselves with what is already attained; and lastly, he that follows another, invents nothing; nay he seeks nothing. What then? must I not follow the
the

the steps of those who have gone before me? Yes; I will walk in the old path (*e*); but if I chance to find one nearer and plainer, I shall be inclined to take it, and direct others thereto. Truth is open to all men; but as yet hath not been engrossed: much is left to future generations.

ANNOTATIONS &c.

(a) *Long sleeves*]: Licet manuleatus sit:]

Et tunicae manicas, et habent redimicula mitras. Virg. g. 616.

Your vests have sweeping sleeves; with female pride

Your turbans underneath your chins are ty'd.—Dryden.

Vid. Gell. 7. 12. Arcefilaus, interrogatus, cur ex aliis sectis ad Epicureas transirent multi, nemo ex illis ad alias? Nam, inquit, ex viris Galli fiunt (*curati*) ex Gallis viri nunquam. *Lip.*

(b) Malchinus tunicis demissis ambulat, est qui

Inguen ad obscenum subductis usque facetus. Hor. Sat. I. 2. 25.

Malchinus trails his robe along the ground,

Another humourist tucks it up around

His waist, how filthily obscene!

• *Zeno*, the founder of the sect of the Stoics.

Cleanthes, the Stoic, scholar to *Crates*, and successor to *Zeno*: by his first profession a wrestler, and forced to work by night, to keep him from hunger and scorn in the day-time.---His physicians enjoining him to fast two days, for the cure of an ulcer under his tongue, he refused to comply, taking it unkindly, that they would offer to bring him back, being two days onward on his journey; so continuing to fast two days longer, he died, æt. 80. Vid. Juv. II. 5. Pers. v. 64.

Chrysippus, scholar to *Zeno*, and successor to *Cleanthes*, having spent what his father left him, he took to the study of philosophy, and became so incomparable a logician, that it grew to a proverb, *If the gods would study logic, they would read Chrysippus.* He died, of a violent laughter with seeing an ass eat thistles, as some say, but, according to *Hermippus*, of a vertigo, æt. 73. Hor. freq.

Panætius, a *Rhodian* by birth, mentioned and imitated by *Cicero*, in his *Offices*. He was tutor to *Scipio Africanus*, and *Lælius*. Nobiles libros Panæti. Hor.

Pofidonius, the disciple of *Zeno*, and an eminent historian.

(c) *χρῖτα*] A short and facetious sentence: the word is likewise applicable to fact; as, *Crates* cum indoctum puerum vidisset, pædagogum ejus percussit; *Crates seeing a blockhead, did not punish the boy, but his master.*

(d) This, and great part of the Epistle, I own, militates against the Annotations here offered to the public. I have endeavoured to make some apology for them in my Preface, to which I refer the reader; and if he pleases he may take in the three or four last lines of this Epistle.

(e) *Walk in the old path*] Ego vero utar via veteri.---Thus saith the Lord, *Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.* Jer. 6. 16.

EPISTLE XXXIV.

It is Part of Goodness, to desire to become Good.

I THRIVE, I exult, and shaking off old age, am warm again, as often as I understand what you do, and what you write, and how much you excel yourself, (for it is some time since you left, and rose above the populace). If a well nurtur'd tree, bearing fruit, delights the husbandman; if a shepherd takes pleasure in the increase of his flock: if a foster-father looks upon the youth, his ward, as his own, what pleasure must it be to one, who hath tutored a good understanding, to see it answer his hopes when grown to maturity? I claim you to myself; you are my work (*a*); when I first saw your good disposition, I laid my hand upon you; I exhorted you; I spurred you on; nor would suffer you to loiter; but frequently pushed you forward; and do so still; but now I encourage you in your speed; and am myself encouraged by you.

And what (you say) would you have more? Truly this is doing a great deal; but it is not with the affairs of the mind as with common things, where the beginning of every work is said to be half (*b*). It is a great part of goodness to desire to become good. But do you know whom I call *good*? One that is absolutely perfect (*c*); whom no power, no necessity can force to do a bad thing: and such a one I see in you; if you endeavour, and persevere, so to behave, that all you say and do may tally and be consistent with itself; and all alike sterling. The mind of one, whose words and actions disagree, can never be right and perfect (*d*).

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) Opus es meum] *You are my work*; so St. Paul to the Corinthians; *are not you my work in the Lord?* 1 Cor. 9. 1.

(*b*) *To be half*] Operis dimidium.] So Horace, Ep. 1. 2. 40.

Dimidium facti, qui bene cœpit, habet; sapere aude

Incipe——

Who sets about, hath half his work performed:

Dare to be wise; begin——

Well begun is half done, Prov.

(*c*) See Ep. 16. N. (*a*).

(*d*) See Ep. 20. N. (*a*).

EPISTLE XXXV.

On Love and Friendship.

WHEN I so earnestly intreat you, *Lucilius*, to study philosophy, it is to serve myself: I am in quest of a friend, which I cannot expect, unless you go on to polish yourself as you have begun. I am persuaded you love me, and yet you are not what I call a friend. *What then, are love and friendship different qualities?* Certainly. He that is a friend, loves; but not every one that loves, is a friend. Therefore friendship is somewhat more than love; and always does good: whereas love is sometimes prejudicial. Go on then with your studies, were it only that you may learn to love truly; and be as expeditious as you can, lest while you intend my advantage, another should reap the benefit.

Indeed I already seem to enjoy the fruit of amity; while I fancy to myself, that we shall be of one mind; and that all the vigour which age hath taken from my years, will be restored me in yours; though I confess they fall not much short of mine: however I long effectually to enjoy this pleasure. There is a certain complacency that reacheth us from those we love, even in their absence; but it is light and transitory: the sight, the presence, the conversation of a friend, give a more sensible and lively pleasure; especially when we see not only *him* we desire to see, but such a one as we would wish him to be. Bring me therefore yourself, nothing can be a more acceptable present, (*b*) and to hasten you the more, consider that I am old, and yourself mortal. Proceed then upon my account, not regardless of your own: and above all things take care that you be consistent (*c.*)

As often as you would make trial of your proficiency, *Lucilius*, observe whether you desire the same thing to-day as yesterday; a change of the will shews the mind to be restless, and fluctuating just as the wind sits; what is fixed and steady will abide so. This is absolutely the case of one perfectly wise; and in some measure of a proficient (*d*) in the way of wisdom. *Wherein consists the difference?* The one is moved indeed, but without quitting his place, only nods a little; whereas the other is not in the least moved.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Ep. 2. Friendship derives all its strength and stability from virtue and good sense. There is not, perhaps, a quality more uncommon in the world, than that which is necessary to form a man for this refined commerce; for however *sociableness* may be esteemed a just characteristic of our species, friendliness, I am persuaded, will scarce be found to enter into the general disposition. *Fitzosborn. Lett. iv.*

(b) *Ingens munus*, Sen. de benef. c. 8. *He that gives me himself*, (if he be worth taking) gives a great benefit (magnum). And this is the present which *Æschines*, a poor disciple of *Socrates* made his master; others may have given you much, says he, but I have nothing left to give but myself. This gift, says *Socrates*, you shall never repent of, for I will take care to return it better than I found it. *L'Estrange.*

(c) See Ep. 20 (N. b.)

(d) This distinction between (*proficientem et consummatum*; *studiosum, et doctum*) the *Proficient*, and the *Adept*, in wisdom is frequent; Ep. 72. *Hoc interest inter consummatæ sapientiæ virum et alium procedentis.*—*De vit. beat. c. 24. Nostrum vitium est, quo quod dicitur de sapiente exigimus de proficiente.*—*De constant sap. c. 98. Aliud est studiosus sapientia, aliud jam adeptus sapientiam.* Vid. Ep. 92. *Lips. Manud. 11. diff. 9.*

EPISTLE XXXVI.

The Opinion of the Vulgar to be despised.—No Annihilation.

ENCOURAGE your friend, *Lucilius*, strenuously to contemn those, who pretend to chide him for seeking solitude and retirement, forsaking his dignity; and when he had it in his power still to rise, preferring to every thing else a quiet life. How well he hath managed for himself, will be visible every day. They, who now seem so much to be envied, will soon pass away; some be stricken down; others fall of course. Prosperity is often turbulent and restless; it torments itself; it racks the brain in more ways than one; it incites men to different pursuits;

pursuits ; some to ambition ; others to luxury ; it puffs up some, and renders others effeminate and totally involved in dissipation. *But may not some bear their prosperity well ?* Yes, as some do wine (*a*). There is no reason, therefore, they should persuade you he is a happy man, who is surrounded with clients ; they run to him as to a lake of water, which they, who drink, at the same time disturb.—But they say your friend is an idle trifler ? what then ? you know how perversely some speak, and mean the contrary.

And what, if they once called him, when in power, a happy man ? (*b*) was he *so* ? Nor should I any more regard their thinking him of a sour churlish disposition. *Aristo* was wont to say, that he had rather see a young man sedate and grave, than gay and agreeable to the populace. The wine (*c*) that at first was rough and hard, becomes in time good and palatable ; but that which is soft and smooth at first barrelling, will seldom bear age. Or let them call him stupid, if they please, and an enemy to his own preferment ; this solidity will turn out well in the end ; let him only persevere in the way of virtue, and drink deep in the *liberal* studies, properly so called, not such as it is enough to be sprinkled with, but those wherewith the mind ought to be thoroughly imbued. This is the proper time to learn : *what then, is there any time improper ?* No ; but though at all times it is right and decent to study, it is not right to be always under a master. It is a mean and scandalous thing to see an old man at his A. B. C. (*d*) It is for young men to learn ; and old men to make a right use of what they have learned.

It will turn out, therefore, to your advantage, to make him as great and as good as you can. These are the benefits, which are professedly to be required, and in return bestowed ; these undoubtedly of the first class, which it is as honourable to give as to receive. (*e*)

Lastly, He is not now at his own liberty ; having promised and vowed, he must go on. It is less scandalous for a man to become a bankrupt, than to deceive the hopes of a friend in his goodness. To pay a common debt, the merchant hath need of a prosperous voyage ;

and the husbandman of a fertile soil, and a good season; but all that is demanded of your friend, a good will alone can pay.

Fortune hath no jurisdiction over morals. Let him rightly order these, that the tranquil mind may arrive at perfection: as when a man is not sensible of any deprivation or addition, but continues in the same even temper let what will happen; who, if the common goods of life are heaped upon him, still soars above them; or if any, or every thing of the like kind be taken from him, he is as great as ever. Had he been born in *Parthia*, he would have handled his bow from his infancy; if in *Germany*, he would have brandished his little spear, (*f*) while yet a boy; if he had lived in the time of our ancestors, he would have learned to ride, and to close in with the foe. Thus is every one disciplined by the custom of his country. What is it then your friend must make the chief employment of his meditation? Even that which will be of service to him, against all the arrows of fortune, and the attack of every enemy; *to despise death*.

I grant there is something terrible in death, and shocking to our minds, that are formed by nature for self-love. There is no need therefore of being prepared and disciplined to that which we are voluntarily carried to by a certain natural instinct, as all men are inclined to self-preservation. No one need be instructed, if occasion was, to lie on a bed of roses; but a man must be hardened and well fortified, to retain his fidelity on the rack; to stand his ground when covered over with wounds; to watch before the trenches, and not so much as to lean upon his pike, because sleep is apt to creep upon a reclined posture. But after all, death is no evil; that which is really an evil, must have been proved such by some one (*g*).

But if you have so great a desire to prolong life; consider that none of those things that are taken from our sight, and are hid in the bosom of nature, from whence they come and go, are entirely consumed. They go off the stage, but do not perish; and death, which we so much dread and detest, puts off life for a while, but does not deprive us of it

it entirely: a day will come, which shall raise us again to light; (*b*) and which many indeed would refuse, had they not forgot all that was past (*i*). But hereafter I shall more fully explain to you, how things that seem to die and be lost, are only changed. If then we are to return, we ought to make our exit with a willing mind. Observe the circling course of things, you will see that nothing in this world is extinguished, but rises and sets alternately. The summer passeth away, but another *March* restores it again; the winter is gone, but returns again in its usual months. Night hides the sun under the earth, but day soon brings him back again: the stars in their courses go the same round, and one hemisphere is depressed while the other rises.—But I shall conclude at present with this observation, that as neither infants nor children, nor the infirm of mind, fear death; it is scandalous for reason, not to afford that confidence and security which mere ignorance animates us with.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Without being intoxicated; or according to *Lipſus*, drink it with moderation. But he thinks the place to be suspected, and that something is wanted.

(*b*) ~~Unhappy~~ man] *Lipſus* doubts, whether *Seneca* here means himself, when in prosperity, or *Comitius Sylla*.

(*c*) Frequent comparison is made, between man and wine; which, when new, ferments and is turbid: so in a young man, the spirits are apt to rise and boil, but become calm and settled by age. Thus *Alexis* the comic poet,

Ὁμοιωτάτων ἀνδρῶνος οὐκ ἔστι τῆς φύσεως. κ. τ. λ.

The comparison is likewise transferred to fruit;

When *Accius*, the poet, had read his tragedy called *Atreus*, to his friend *Pacuvius*, *Pacuvius* told him, that there were many great and sublime things in it, but that they seemed to him a little too harsh and stiff; it may be so, says, *Accius*, and *I am not sorry for it; for from hence, I hope, I shall write better hereafter; for it is with a man's genius as with fruit: that which is hard and sour at first, becomes mild and pleasant; but such as is at first soft and insipid, seldom ripens properly, but grows mealy and rotten.* Agell. 13. 2.

(*d*) To set about habits of meditation and study late in life, is like getting into a go-cart with a grey beard, and learning to walk when we have lost the use of our legs. In general the foundation of an happy old age, must be laid in youth; and in particular, he who has not cultivated his reason young, will be utterly unable to improve it old. *Maneat ingenia senibus, modo permaneat studium et industria.* Cic de Senect.—See *Bolingbroke* on Retirement and Study.

(*e*) *To give as to receive*] Like all other acts of charity, of which we are told by divine authority, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Acts. 20, 36.

(f) *Tenerum hostile, i. e. Framea, A Javelin.*

(g) *The undiscovered country, from whose Bourne no traveller returns. Hamlet.*

(h) This is not to be understood of the *παλιγγενεσία*, the *renovation or regeneration* of the *Pythagoreans*, but of the *Stoics*, somewhat like that of the *Millenians*. To the former of which *Lucretius* alludes. l. 3. v. 168.

Nec si materiam nostram collegerit ætas,

Post obitum rursus que redegerit, ut *fit* nunc est.

Atque iterum nobis fuerint data lumina vitæ

Pertineat quidquam tamen ad nos id quoque factum.

Nay grant the scattered ashes of our urn

Be join'd again, and life and sense return ;

Yet how can that concern us, when 'tis done,

Since all the memory of past life is gone ? Creech—Vid. *Lips.* Physiol. Diff. 22.

(i) *Forget all that was past*] This ridiculous opinion prevailed amongst many, even the wisest of the Heathens, from the time of *Pythagoras*, that *after a certain revolution of years, we should live in the world again, without the least remembrance of a former life.* How much more then are we Christians obliged to divine revelation, that hath delivered us from this and the like errors, with regard to futurity, that, *we shall not all sleep, or die, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump ; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed, &c.* 1 Cor. 15. 52.

EPISTLE XXXVII.

In Praise of Philosophy.

YOU have promised, *Lucilius*, to shew yourself a good man ; which is the greatest tye and obligation imaginable upon a good disposition : you are hereby as strongly bound as upon oath : and should any one tell you, this warfare is soft and easy, he would impose upon you ; but be not deceived : the words of this honourable indenture run in the same strain with those of the vilest sort (*a*) ; *Uri, Virgis, ferroque, necari : to be burned, scourged to death, or slain by the sword.* All the difference is that the wretches, who hire themselves for gladiators, and eat and drink what they must repay with their blood, suffer these things perforce ; but from you it is required, that you suffer willingly and freely : it is lawful for them, to lay down their arms, and beg for mercy of the people

people (*b*): but it is not for you to submit, and beg your life: you must stand your ground, and die unconquer'd. Besides, what avails it to gain a few days or years? We are born without any particular time of discharge. *How then, you will say, shall I get off?* You cannot indeed avoid necessities; but you may overcome them. There is a way to do this; and the only way is philosophy. Apply yourself to this, if you would be well, if you would be secure, if you would be happy; in a word, what is the greatest of all, if you would be free.—It must be so.—Folly is mean, abject, sordid, servile; subject to many, and the most cruel, passions: and from these lordly masters, which sometimes govern by turns, and sometimes all together, nothing can deliver you but wisdom, which is the only true liberty. There is but one path (*c*) that leads to this, and that a straight one; you cannot wander from it; only march boldly on.

If you would subject all things to you, subject yourself to reason: you will govern many, if reason governs you: you will learn from her, what to attempt, and the manner how; you need not fear a surprize: whereas it is difficult to find a man, who can give a rational account for what he wills; he is not led thereto by any previous deliberation, but driven by a certain impulse, or whim: we as often attack Fortune, as Fortune us; but it is scandalous not to go of ourselves; but to be continually hurried along, and, on a sudden, being surprized in the middle of a storm, to stand amazed, and ask, *How came I hither?*

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) *Of the vilest sort*] viz. The oath of the Gladiators. The form of which we have in a fragment of *Petronius Arbitr*, In verba Eumolpi juravimus, *Uri vinciri, verberari, ferroque necari*; et quicquid aliud Eumolpus iussisset, tanquam legitimi Gladiatorum, domino corpora animosque religiosissime addicimus. *We engaged in an oath to be bound, scourged, burned, or killed by the sword, or whatever else Eumolpus ordained; and thus like free-born Gladiators selling our liberty, we religiously devote both soul and body to our new master.*

Quid refert, uri vergis ferroque necari? Hor. Sat. II. 7. 56.

What difference is there, whether you engage,

Be cut and slash'd, and kill'd upon the stage?—Creech.

Or, &c.—See Epp. 7. 71. *Lips.* Saturn. II. c. 5.

(*b*) Of the Gladiators the party that was worsted (*submisit arma*) laid down his arms, and acknowledged himself conquered: yet this would not save his life, unless the people pleased, and therefore he made his application to them for pity. Vid. *Lips.* Saturn. II. 22. 23.

(*c*) viz. *Wisdom*, or the guidance of right reason.

EPISTLE XXXVIII.

On Epistolary Correspondence.

YOU justly desire, *Lucilius*, to keep up this epistolary correspondence. The instruction is generally of service, which is gradually instilled into the mind. Prepared harangues, poured forth among the people, make indeed more noise, but they want familiarity. Philosophy is good counsel; and counsel is not given with clamour. Sometimes indeed the former preachments, if I may call them so, are necessary; where he that hesitates, hath need to be driven; but where this is not the case, *viz.* to enkindle in a man a desire only to learn; but that he may learn to some purpose; words in a lower tone will suffice: they enter more easily, but they take good hold: nor is there need of many words, but only such as promise efficacy. They are to be scattered, like seed, which, however small, having found a proper soil, unfolds its powers, and from a small grain (*a*) expands itself marvellously all around. The same doth speech; you see not the effects at first; but it dilates in its gradual working: few things are said, but if the mind gives them good reception, they gather strength, and shoot out to perfection: the condition of good precepts, I say, is the same with that of seeds; they have a great effect, though in a narrow compass, let the mind be prepared to receive, and harbour them properly: the mind itself will likewise generate more; and give back with increase what it hath received.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Which from a small grain, &c.*] *Seminis modo; quod quamvis sit exiguum, cum occupavit idoneum locum, vires suas explicat; &c.* *The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard-seed, which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree.* *Matth. 13. 31.* Where likewise in the parable of the Sower, it is written, *He that received seed into the good ground, is he that heareth the Word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit; and bringeth forth, some an hundred-fold, some sixty, some thirty.* See *Ep. 73. (N. h.)*

E P I S T L E XXXIX.

On the Contempt of Superfluities.

THE commentaries you desire carefully digested and reduced to a narrower form, I will in truth send you, *Lucilius*; but consider, whether the common form of address would not be of more advantage to you than what we now vulgarly call (breviarium) a *breviary*: but formerly when we spoke *Latin* (summarium) a *summary*: the former is more necessary for a learner; the latter for one who already knows something: *that* teacheth, and this exhorteth; but I will furnish you with both: tho' I think there is no necessity for my quoting any one by way of authority; for he that acts by his proctor (*a*), or gives security, argues himself unknown. However I will write on the subject you desire, but it shall be in my own way. Among many, perhaps you will find those whose writings may seem not so well drawn up, and digested as they ought to be: but look into the list of philosophers; this will oblige you to rouse yourself; and, when you see how many have laboured for *you*, make you with yourself one of the party: for a generous mind hath always this good quality, to be easily incited to do what is just and honourable.

• A man of a truly noble soul delights not in any thing that is base and mean; nothing but what has the appearance at least of something great, can attract him and call him forth to action.

As the flame rises on high in straight lines, nor sinks, any more than it can rest, while there is fuel to maintain it; so the mind is ever in motion, and the more in earnest it is, so much the more lively and active: but happy is the man who applies this impulse, to things that are lovely and of good report: he will soon set himself out of the power and reach of fortune: he will moderate prosperity, lessen adversity, and despise those things that are generally most admired: as it is the part of a great mind to condemn grandeur; and rather to wish for a genteel competency than store of wealth; for that is useful and lasting (*b*); but
this,

this, in being superfluous, is often prejudicial : as the corn is laid, when the ears are overcharged by too rich a soil, the branches are broke down by their load of fruit ; and too great fertility seldom comes to perfection : thus it happens to the mind, when broke by immoderate prosperity, men employ it in not only injuring others, but themselves.

What enemy was ever so outrageous against any man, as their very pleasures are against some ; whose weakness and mad lustings you may pardon upon this very account ; that they themselves greatly suffer from their own doings.

Nor undeservedly does this vile passion torment them. The desire can never be satisfied, that transcends the bounds of nature : Nature hath her limits ; but vain and libidinous desires scorn a boundary. Necessary things are measured by utility ; but where will you put a stop to superfluities ? Besides such men plunge themselves in pleasures, which, becoming habitual to them, they cannot disengage themselves from : and in this, they are most miserable, that they are come to such a pass as to make even superfluities necessary. They are slaves therefore to their pleasures, they do not enjoy them : and they are in love with their own distresses, which is sure the greatest of all : for then indeed is their wretchedness complete, when base and vile things not only amuse, but please them ; and there is no room left to hope for a cure, when what were the most detestable vices, are become (habitual, or) the manners of the age.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Notorem. Cic. Cognito rem. Zen. γνωστῆρα. One to whom application is made, concerning the condition or quality of another person. Sen. in Lud. de morte Claudii—Si quis a me notorem petisset, te fui nominaturus, If any one had asked me to recommend to him a proctor, or advocate, I should have named you.*

(b) *Useful and lasting*] Illa enim utilia vitaliaque sunt.

— Amicum

Mancipium domino, et frugi quid sit satis, hoc est

Ut vitale putes—Hor. Sat. II. 7. 3.

Thy faithful, thrifty, servant, sir,

Who fancies that sufficient store,

Which Nature's wants supplies, and asks no more.

EPISTLE XL;

On Elocution *.

I AM obliged to you, *Lucilius*, for your frequent Epistles: it is the only way I have to know you, when at such distance: I never receive one from you, but I suppose you present. If the pictures of our absent friends are agreeable to us, by calling them to our minds, and alleviating the discomfort of absence, however false and illusory the consolation; how much more agreeable are the letters, that convey a lively representation of those, for whom we have an affection? For the most pleasing part of an interview with a friend is effected by his hand-writing; we see and acknowledge him.

You say, you have heard that *Serapion* the philosopher, when he came to *Sicily*, and, as usual, harangued the people, was wont to roll out his words with great impetuosity, pressing and crowding them together; as more things rose to his imagination, than one mouth could suffice to utter distinctly. I can by no means approve of this in a philosopher: whose pronunciation should be as regular and well-composed as his life: no oration can be decently exhibited that is hurried and gabbled over. Therefore in *Homer* a speech delivered with vehemence, and coming over us like the fall of snow, is attributed to the orator (*Ulysses*): (*a*) while such as flows more mildly, and sweeter than honey, comes from the old man (*Nestor*). (*b*) Think therefore that a rapid and verbose way of speaking, rather becomes a mountebank (*c*), than one who is treating of any great and serious subject; and whose business it is to give instruction. Nor would I have the delivery too slow any more than too swift: to give it out drop by drop is as disagreeable, as pouring it out all at once: we must not keep the ear upon the stretch, nor oppress it with tediousness. A barrenness of thought and imbecility of speech takes off the attention of an audience, by reason of the disgust

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that arises from unnecessary pauses, and a sleepy sort of language: tho' I must own that what is waited for, is more easily impressed upon the mind, than what flies by promiscuously: and lastly, men are said to *deliver* precepts to their pupils: but that cannot be said to have been *delivered*, which hath escaped unnoticed.

We may add to the foregoing, that a discourse, designed to convey truth, ought to be plain and simple, not too much laboured. A popular harangue seldom aims at truth; it is calculated to move the passions of the vulgar, and to please, with its rapidity, the unthinking ear; it gives no time for recollection: it is gone. And how can that be supposed to direct others, which is under no direction itself? Besides a discourse, intended for the cure of a sick mind, ought to sink deep into us: no remedy can have any effect unless it be well digested. There is nothing therefore more vain and idle than an hasty and careless delivery; it is nothing more than mere sound. My fears are to be assuaged, my passions are to be curbed; my doubts are to be cleared; luxury restrained; and avarice reprov'd: and how can any of these things be done in a violent hurry? Can a physician cure his patient by passing by him? or can a din of words rushing on us, without any select meaning, give us any more pleasure than it does profit? As it is sufficient once to have seen and known a thing which you did not think possible; so to have heard *once* the men, who thus exercise their lungs, is full enough. For what can any one learn, what can he follow; or how judge of the mind of those, whose oration is confused, and always upon the gallop, so as not easily to be stopped? As when we are running down a hill, we cannot halt, just where we please; but the body is carried along by its own impulsive weight; so, such volubility of speech cannot command itself; and is especially indecent in philosophy; which ought calmly to lay down its well-chosen words, and not fling them out at random, but proceed gravely step by step. *What then? must it never exert itself, and raise its voice?* Yes certainly, provided that grace and dignity are still preserved; which too great earnestness and violence are sure to destroy: let it have strength and energy, but in a moderate degree; let it flow in a perpetual stream, but not rush down like a torrent. I would scarce
allow

allow a public orator such a velocity of speech, and much less a philosopher, as not to be able to recover himself, and keep within bounds. For how can a judge keep pace with him, and especially the rude and unskilful, when ostentation, or an affected passion has worked him up beyond his strength? He ought to speak no faster, nor throw in any thing, but what the ear can patiently imbibe.

You would therefore, *Lucilius*, do right, if you would not mind those who regard not what is said, or in what manner, but how much: and if, when necessity requires it, you had rather speak like *Publius Vinicius*, concerning whom, when it was required, how he declaimed, *Afellius* answered, *Slow enough*: for *Geminus Varus* said of him, *He could not conceive how such a one could be called eloquent, who could not join three words together*. Yet why should you not still prefer the manner of *Vinicius*; though some such fellow should interrupt you, as said to him, parcelling out his words, as if he was dictating, not declaiming, *Prithee, speak, or not*. For I am far from thinking the method of *Quintus Haterius*, a celebrated orator in his time, to be what a man in his senses would chuse. He never paused, he never hesitated, but ended in the same strain as he began. Different nations however are of a different taste: and though among the Greeks this manner of speaking might be fashionable enough, yet it is our custom when we write to stop every word (*d*). And even *Cicero*, who brought the Roman eloquence to perfection, kept but a gentle pace (*e*). The Roman dialect is somewhat vain-glorious; it sets a value upon itself, and would be valued by others. *Fabian*, a most excellent man, in life and literature, and, what comes after these, in eloquence, disputed rather dexterously than earnestly; you might call it ease, rather than volubility. This then is what I recommend in a wise man, though I do not insist upon it; that his speech should run on without any let or impediment; yet I had rather the pronunciation should be distinct than fluent. But what makes me the more urgent in this affair, is, that it is a trade you cannot enter upon, without losing, in some measure, your credit: you must brazen your face, and bawl so, as scarce to hear yourself speak; and such a rapid course of speech will be apt to fling out many things, which you would

by no means approve of: I say therefore you cannot well enter upon it, without losing, at least, a part of your wonted modesty. Besides it will require daily application, and take you off from the study of more essential things, for that of mere words: which if you were a master of, and extremely fluent, yet are they still to be tempered with care and discretion. For as a grave and modest gait becomes a wise man, so does a smooth and compact discourse, without an air of intrepid boldness. The sum of all is, I command you, speak, rather slow and distinctly.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* *Muretus* prefaces his notes on this excellent Epistle, with a reflection concerning the pseudo-philosopher *Serapion*, as here set forth by *Seneca*.—"Many, says he, and very notable examples have I found of the *Serapion* kind among the preachers, and interpreters of the most sacred writings: whose discourses, instead of being so spruce and curled, (like themselves,) ought to be full of gravity, authority, majesty, sanctity: but the whole has been so besprinkled with the flower of poppy and sesame; and wound up in so sweet and honied a ball of words; that the people have ran to them, as to hear some jester or comedian, rather than a master of morals, and a corrector of vice. They set themselves in some mimic attitude, and then twice or thrice stroaking the face downwards, they stretch out their hands to the vulgar, (under which I comprehend both great and small) who are gaping after something wonderfully great and divine: this done, they let loose the tongue, in a perpetual flow of words, without much respect to either stop or cadence; heaping together a vast number of similes, and pretty antitheses; and having said a thing properly enough *once*, they know not when to have done with it; but repeat it over and over again, with various turns, in a most puerile manner: all the while tossing their arms about, as if they were dancing; and adapting their gesticulations to something they fancy very arch, tho' ridiculously absurd; allowing not the least respite to themselves or their audience; among whom the ignorant and unskilful are rapt with admiration; while the wiser sort nauseate and are shocked at the unmeaning stuff."—"I should advise therefore, says *Muretus*, all such modern *Serapions* to read this Epistle, and consider whether they do not border upon the foibles that are here so smartly reprehended by *Seneca*."——He also refers them to what *Musonius* says on this point in *Gellius*.—Noct. Att.

And I cannot help recommending the same to the many young *Serapions* in our great metropolis; who affect fine and florid discourses on the social and moral virtues, (as they are called) in preference to, and even exclusive of, the sound doctrines and exalted precepts of Christianity. But more especially let me recommend it to those, who unmindful of decency, as well as duty, either drawl, and dream over, the *Common Prayers*, or gabble them over swifter than ever lawyer did his brief. I have heard of one not long ago, who vaunted that "he would give any parson in town to the Second Lesson, and read prayers with him." He was one day chid for this fancied excellency by one of some authority (whom he had given pain to, during the whole service) in the following odd manner of expression, though it wants not its meaning; "Sir, you have a good voice and would read very well, but that you always read the word GOD with a little g." This is so well known, that perhaps it may point

point out the gentleman; if it does, let him take shame to himself, and others warning by it.

✂ This note was wrote some years ago when I first thought of translating these Epistles; and I fear it is not *now* out of date.

I have lately met with something so apropos to the foregoing, by way of contrast, in a sermon by the Rev. Mr. *Lamot*, that the transcribing it, I think, will need no apology, even to those who had read it before.---“ By a good preacher, (says Mr. *Lamot*) I do not mean a man of noise and gesture; who preaches up himself and not his subject, and goes to the pulpit as many go to the church to be seen of men. The action of the Theatre, and the bombast of the Romanees, are unworthy of the pulpit, and disgrace its solemnity. But by a *good preacher*, I understand, a man, who from his original good sense, improved by a good education, enters deep into the spirit of the sacred text, speaks what he feels, and feels what is just, who in his lectures is clear and copious; in his sermons, accurate and persuasive; in both more attentive to sense than to sound, to dignity of sentiment, than loftiness of style; who manages his discourses with such propriety, that in each there is as much simplicity as will render it instructive to the vulgar, and as much sublimity as will render it acceptable to the refined.”

(a) — *εἴτα νιφθάλισιν εὐκρότα χαμῆρσιν.* Il. γ. 222.

But when *Ulysses* rose in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground:
As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd hand,
But when he speaks, *what elocution flows!*
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows;
The copious accents fall with easy art;
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart. *Pope.*

(b) *Τὸ καὶ ἐπὶ γλαύσσῃς μάλιστα γλυκύνειν αὐδῶ.* Il. α. 249.

—Slow from his seat arose the *Phylian* sage,---
Experienced *Nestor* in persuasion skill'd;
Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd. Id.

(c) *Circulanti.* Ep. 88. Appion, qui tota circulator est Græciâ.

(d) *As, QUAMQUAM. TE. MARCE. FILI.*

(e) *Gradarius fuit.*] So, *Lucilius* speaking of a horse, Ipse equus non formosus, gradarius, optimus vector. *The horse indeed was not very handsome, but an excellent pacer, and carried one exceeding well.*

E P I S T L E XLI.

There is a certain Divinity in good Men.

A man is not to be esteemed for any external and foreign Good.

NOTHING, *Lucilius*, can be more commendable and beneficial; if, as you write me word, you persevere in the pursuit of wisdom. It is what
would

would be ridiculous to wish for, when it is in your power to attain it (*a*). There is no need to lift up your hands to Heaven, or to pray the *Ædile* to admit you to the ear of an image, that so your prayers may be heard the better. God is near thee; he is with thee (*b*). Yes, *Lucilius*, I say, a holy spirit resides within us, the observer of good and evil (*c*), and our constant guardian. And as we treat him, he treats us (*d*). At least no good man is without a God. Could any one ever rise above the power of fortune without his assistance? It is he that inspires us with thoughts, upright, just and pure. We do not indeed pretend to say *what God*; but that a God dwells in the breast of every good man, is certain (*e*).

When you enter some grove (*f*), peopled with ancient trees, such as are higher than ordinary, and whose boughs are so closely interwoven that you cannot see the sky; the stately loftiness of the wood, the privacy of the place, and the awful gloom, cannot but strike you, as with the presence of a deity; or, when we see some cave at the foot of a mountain, jutting over it with a ragged load of stone; not made with hands, but hollowed a great depth by natural causes; it fills the mind with a religious fear: we venerate the fountain-heads of great rivers: the sudden eruption of a vast body of water, from the secret places of the earth, obtains an altar: we adore likewise the springs of warm baths; and either the opaque quality, or immense depth, hath made some lakes sacred (*g*). And if you see a man, unterrified with danger, untainted with lustful desires, happy in adversity, calm and composed amidst a storm, looking down as from an eminence, upon man: and on a level with the Gods; (*h*) seems he not a subject of veneration? Will you not own, that you observe something in him, too great and noble to bear any similitude to the little body of the man, that it inhabiteth? Yes; a divine power descendeth hither from above: a soul of such excellence and moderation, as to look down with a noble scorn on earthly things, and to laugh at those trifles we are apt to wish for or fear, cannot but be enkindled by the deity within; so great a quality cannot subsist but by the help of God: he is there in *part*, though still remaining above in the Heavens. As the rays of the sun reach, and
with

with their influence pierce the earth, and yet are still above, in the body from whence they proceed; so, a *mind*, great and holy, and thus humbled, to give us a more adequate knowledge of divine things, dwells indeed with us, but still adheres to its original; it depends upon that; thither tend all its views and pious endeavours, vastly superior to, however concerned in, human affairs.

And what is this, I say, but a *mind* that depends upon its own excellence, and shines by its own native splendour? For, what can be more absurd, than to extoll in man, what is not properly his own? What greater folly, than to admire in man, what can and must be transferred to another? The golden trappings makes not the horse a whit the better. It is one thing to see a Lion under obedience, and tamely suffering himself to be stroked and dressed by his keeper; and another thing, to see him wild in the desert, and of untamed spirit: how much to be admired is this, while fierce and impetuous as nature formed him, and deck'd with terror, in which chiefly consists his beauty; than the other, weak and faint, and spangled with plates of gold to make a shew? No one ought to glory in what is not his own. We praise the vine, whose branches are so loaded with fruit, as to bend the very props to the ground, with their burthen. And would you prefer to this a vine, with golden leaves, and golden fruit? Fertility is the proper virtue of a vine: in man likewise that alone is commendable, which is from himself. He has a beautiful family, suppose; a noble house, large farms, and money at interest: what then? None of these things are in him, but about him. Commend *that* in him, which cannot be taken away from, nor made a present to, him.

Do you ask what that is? The *mind*, and reason perfected therein. For man is a rational animal; he has therefore compleated his own proper good, if accomplished according to the end for which he was born. And what is it that reason requires of him? The easiest thing in the world; only to live up to the dignity of his nature (*i*). But I own, the common madness of the world makes this difficult: we push one another on to vice: and what hopes can there be of being restored to sanity, while the people continue to drive us on, and there is no friend to stop us in our career?

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *When it is in your own power to attain it.*] So in Ep. 31. *Unum bonum est. Sibi fidere.*—*Fac te ipse felicem.* This may be looked upon as a very proper sentiment, *goodness depends upon a man's own will and endeavours*; considering man merely as a free-agent. But it rather seems a stoical boast, which stands refuted by what follows in this excellent epistle.—For such was the absurd and impious opinion of the Stoics. They had heard, that by the consent of all nations, the Gods were called *the givers of all good things*, but they would not allow any thing to be *good*, but *virtue, a sound mind, perfect reason*, and the like; and these, they fondly imagined, were attainable by man, without any favour of the Gods.

According to that of *Horace*, Ep. 1. 18. ult.

Sit mihi quod nunc est, etiam minus; ut mihi vivam
 Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt di.
 Sit mihi librorum, et proviſæ frugis in annum,
 Copia, ne fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ;
 Hæc satis est orare Jovem: qui donat et aufert,
 Det vitam, det opes; æquum mi animum ipse parabo.
*Let me enjoy but what I have, or less,
 'Twill not abridge me of my happiness;
 So that I've store of books, sweet mental cheer,
 And in my purse provision for the year,
 Lest I dependent on the future hour,
 Subject myself to Fortune's wayward pow'r;
 While thus for life and moderate wealth I pray,
 If mighty Jove, who gives and takes away,
 Will bear my pray'r; I, in myself will find
 The blessing of a firm and tranquil mind.*

Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare; semita certè
 Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ. Juv. x. ad fin.
*The path to peace is virtue, what I show,
 Thyself may freely on thyself bestow.* Dryden.

To be consistent with themselves therefore the Stoics were obliged to affirm that the Gods gave them nothing that was truly good. It is our happiness to know better, from Truth itself, that, *every good gift is from above, and cometh down from Heaven.* Jam. 1. 17. 2 Cor. 3. 5. See Ep. 52. (N. b) *It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.* Phil. 2. 13.—Nay, Seneca himself, so great is the force of truth, here acknowledgeth, that *God inspireth us with good counsels, and the most exalted thoughts*, and that *no man can properly be said to be master of his own fortune*; and accordingly advises his friend to pray for *bonam mentem*, and a good state, *first of the soul*, and then of the body, Ep. 10. Vid. Lips. Physiol. Leland. II. c. 9.

(b) *Prope est a te Deus, tecum est intus est.*] How truly christian is this, and what follows to the end of the paragraph! particularly *bonus vir sine Deo nemo est.* As it is said of *Abraham*, *God is with thee in all thou doest*, Gen. 21, 22. And of *Samuel*, *God is with thee.* 1 Sam. 10. 7. The Lord, saith St. Paul, *is not far from every one of us; for in him we live, move, and have our being.* As certain of your own poets have said (*Aratus*, τὸ γὰρ καὶ ἡ εὐνοῖα ἐσμέν) we are his offspring. Acts

17, 27. *I have said ye are God's, and the children of the most High.* Pl. 86. 6. *Partakers of the divine nature,* ii Pet. 1. 4. Sen. *de Prov.* c. 1. *Vir bonus est Dei proximus.* Ep. 92. *Quid est autem cur non existimas in eo divini aliquid existere, qui Dei pars est?* Cic. *Tusc.* II. *Humanus animus decerptus ex mente divina.*---Hor. *Sat.* II. 2. 79. *Divinæ particula auræ.*

Quis posset cælum, nisi cœli munera posset

Et reperire Deum nisi qui pars ipse Deorum est. Manilius.

Who can know Heav'n, but by the gift of Heav'n;

Or find out God, but who of God is part?---

Vid. Ep. 31. (N. d.) Lipf. *Physiol.* III. Diff. 8.

(c) *Sacer intra nos spiritus sedet,---observator et custos.*] *Nebuchadnezzar* speaking of *Daniel*, says, *In whom is the spirit of the holy Gods.* Dan. 4. 8. And thus the Evangelist to all good Christians; *God shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not, neither knoweth, but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.* John 14, 17. The Apostle frequently to the same purpose, *His spirit dwelleth in you.* Rom. 8. 14.---*Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?* 1 Cor. 3, 16. 6, 15. *That good thing which was committed unto thee, keep,* by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us. 2 Tim. 1. 14. *God is a discernor of the thoughts, and intents of the heart, neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight.* Heb. 4, 12. *I know their works and their thoughts,* saith the Lord. Is. 66, 18.

(d) *If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the Temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.* 1 Cor. 3, 17. as in the foregoing verse, quoted above. *Hereby know we, that we dwell in God, and God in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.* 1 John 4, 3. And, *as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.* Rom. 8, 14. *Wherefore, grieve not the holy Spirit, whereby ye are sealed to the day of redemption.* Ephes. 4, 30.

(e) *Quis Deus incertum est] habitat Deus.* Virg. 8. 352.

--- here makes abode

What God,---not known, but sure it is a God. See Ep. 73. (N. g.)

(f. g.) *Lucos, atque in iis silentia ipsa adoramus.* Plin. 12. 1. *We venerate the groves and their awful silence.* He mentions likewise the river *Clitumnus*, and the lake *Adimon*, *nulla in hoc navis, sacer enim est; in which no ship is allowed to sail, for it is sacred, &c.* Vid. Lipf. ad Tac. *Ann.* 14.

(b) The constant boast of the Stoics. See above, and Ep. 31. (N. d.)

(i.) *Sic est faciendum ut contra universam naturam nihil condemnamus, et eâ tamen conservatâ propriam sequamur.* Cic. *Off.* 1. *We ought to manage so as never to counteract the general system of nature; but having taken care of that, we are to follow the sway of our constitution.* *Quæ ea est?* in nobis ratio. *Quid autem est ratio?* (Sen. Ep. 66.) *Naturæ imitatio. Quid est summum bonum?* *Ex naturæ voluntate se gerere.* Vid. Loc. (N. a.) Lipf. *Manud.* II. Diff. 17.

EPISTLE XLII.

There is scarce to be found a good Man.

YOU are persuaded, you say, *Lucilius*, that such a one is a good man: believe me, a good man is not soon accomplished, nor so easily known. Whom do you think I here call *a good man*? One but of the second class; for, of the first, you will scarce find such a phoenix in a thousand years (*a*). No wonder; great things appear but in distant ages. Mean and ordinary things are the common produce of Fortune; but it is their scarceness that recommends all excellencies. The man you point out, is very far from being what he professes; and if he really knew what a *good man* was, he would by no means think himself one at present; and perhaps despair of ever arriving to that honour. *He has a bad opinion*, you say, *of all bad men*. What then? even bad men have the same. Nor is there a greater punishment of wickedness, than that it displeaseth itself, and all that are concerned with it. You also alledge, that *he abhors those who insolently abuse the authority and power they are entrusted with*; yes, and would do the same thing had he the same power.

The vices of many lie concealed in their imbecility (*b*): they would dare as great things, did their strength suffice, as they, whom a more prosperous fortune hath exposed to view: they only want the proper instruments for displaying their iniquity: so, even venomous serpents may be safely handled, while benumbed with cold; not that they now want venom; but it is frozen up, and consequently inactive. Cruelty, and ambition, and luxury, in divers persons, want nothing more than the favour of Fortune to make them attempt as bad offices as the basest men: give them their full scope, and you will easily perceive their inclination. You remember, when you told me, that you had now got such a one in your power, and could treat him as you pleased; my answer was, that he was light and volatile, and that you had not hold of his
foot

foot but of his wing: I was mistaken; you had hold indeed of a quill, but it was slipped out, and he fled.(c) You know what pranks he played afterwards, and what mischiefs he intended for you, that were more likely to fall upon his own pate. He did not see, that he was himself rushing upon the dangers, which he designed for others: he did not consider, how burthenfome those very things would prove, which he wished to enjoy, although they were not superfluous.

This then is principally to be observed concerning those things which we affect and labour after with great industry; either that there is no advantage in them, or more disadvantage. Some things are altogether superfluous; and some but of little value. We do not foresee this, and think we have those things for little or nothing, which we pay most dearly for: from hence appears our stupidity, we look upon those things only as bought, for which we pay down our money; and fancy we receive those *gratis*, for which we pay no less than our very selves: what we should be unwilling to buy, were we to give our house for it, or a pleasant and fruitful farm, we are ready to purchase, with anxiety, with danger, with the loss of liberty and time: so that nothing seems of so little value to man, as man himself. In all our designs therefore and affairs, we should act as when we apply to a merchant's factor for wares, we must consider the price that is set upon what we intend to purchase; we oftentimes pay a high price for what we think costs nothing: I could mention many things which having been agreed for and received, have extorted from us our liberty; things, which if we were not in the possession of, we should still be masters of ourselves.

Weigh these things therefore with yourself; not only when the question relates to gain, but also when it relates to loss: *may such a thing be lost?* Certainly, as it was merely casual; and you will live as well without it now, as before: *Have you had it long in possession?* you may the more easily spare it, being satiated: *have you had it but a little while?* you lose it, almost before you had time to relish it: *have you less money?* you have the less trouble: *have you less favour?* you will be less envied: look into those things, which drive us almost to madness; and which

we cannot part from but with a flood of tears : you will find, that it is not any real loss, that gives you all this uneasiness, but only the opinion of loss : no one really feels that they are gone, but only thinks so : he that truly possesseth himself, hath lost nothing ; but how few enjoy so goodly a possession ?

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

- (a) *Plutarch* (de Pugn. Stoic.) justly observes, that there is not, nor ever was a man, who had reached to what the Stoics call *perfect wisdom* ; they talk indeed of such a one, but he is only to be found in idea : as *Cicero* has painted a perfect orator, though no such had ever existed. See Ep. 16. (N. a.)

(b) The late Mr. *Donaldson*, a friend and neighbour observed to me, that he did not think it improbable that Mr. *Gray* had this passage in his eye when he wrote those excellent lines in his *Elegy on a Country Church-yard*.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of Empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul, &c.

(c) *Te non pedem ejus tenere, sed pennam, mentitus sum ; plumâ tenebatur. Malherbe* has given this metaphor another turn, that *instead of taking hold of his foot, you only took hold of his sleeve, which he slipped from and fled.* The person here intended is supposed to be the adversary mentioned in Ep. 24.

EPISTLE XLIII.

On Report ; and Conscience.

YOU wonder, *Lucilius*, how I came to be so particularly informed of your affairs ; who could possibly tell me your thoughts, which you had disclosed to no one ? He who knows almost every thing, *Rumour*.
What

What then, you say, am I of such consequence as to be the subject of rumour? It may be so; but there is no reason why you should judge of yourself from what is said of you here (at Rome) but what is said of you where you dwell. Whatever is eminent in a neighbourhood is of consequence, where it is eminent: but greatness has no certain measure; comparison either raises or depresseth it. A vessel that seems large in a river, looks very little in the wide ocean. The rudder is large in one ship, and small in another: though you think not so highly of yourself, you are really a great man in the province where you dwell: how you live, how you sup, how you sleep, is enquired after, is known.

You must live therefore with the more care, and circumspection; and esteem yourself a happy man, when you can thus live, as it were, in public; when the roof and the walls indeed cover you, but do not hide you: whereas there are many who think themselves happily enclosed therein, not that they may live more safely, but that they may sin more secretly. I will tell you how to judge of the morals of men: you will scarce find any one who dares to live with open doors: it is self-consciousness, not pride, that sets the porter there: we live, as if we were in fear of being caught, or seen, unawares: but what avails it to hide ourselves, and escape the eyes and ears of men? a good conscience calls }
a crowd around it, undismayed; a bad one even in solitude is anxious }
and uneasy (a). If what you do be just and honourable, let all the world know it; if it be vile and scandalous, what signifies that no one knows it, when you know it yourself? Wretched art thou, O man, who despisest this witness (b)!

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) It is finely said by *Tertullian*, *Nullum maleficium sine formidine est, quia nec sine conscientia sui. There is no evil doing but what is attended with dread, because there is none but what is attended by conscience.*

(b) *Polybius*.—Οὐδεὶς ἕταρ μαρτυρῶν κ. τ. λ. *There is no evidence so formidable, no judge so severe, as conscience that sits upon the mind of every evil doer.*

Conscientia mille testes.—

Juv. 13. 192.—*Cur tamen hos tu*

Evassisse putes, quos diri conscia facti

Mens habet attonitos, et surdo verberare cædit,

Occultum

Occultum quatiante animo tortore flagellum.
 Pœnæ autem vehemens, ac multo sævior illis,
 Quas et Cæditius gravis invenit aut Rhadamanthus,
 Nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.
*But why must those be thought to 'scape, that feel
 Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel
 Which conscience shakes, when she with rage controuls,
 And spreads amazing terrors through their souls?
 Not sharp Revenge, nor Hell itself can find
 A fiercer torment than a guilty mind;
 Which day and night will dreadfully accuse;
 Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renew.—Cretch.*

EPISTLE XLIV.

Virtue and Philosophy confer Nobility.

DO you still make yourself so little, *Lucilius*, as to complain, that Nature first used you hardly, and then Fortune? I am astonished at such language; when it is in your own power, not only to raise yourself above the vulgar, but to ascend the highest step of human felicity. This good, if any, we owe to philosophy, that it pays no peculiar regard to genealogy. If we look back into the origin of mankind, we shall find that all are alike descended from the gods (*a*). You are a Roman knight, and your own industry hath advanced you to this honour: this however is an honour few can boast: the Court or Senate admits not every one; and even the Camp, that calls men to toil and danger, is very nice in its choice of officers (*b*): but Virtue opens her doors to all: in this respect all are alike noble. Philosophy makes no distinction of persons, but finds sufficient splendour for all. *Socrates* was no patrician; *Cleantes* worked at the well, and earned his living by watering gardens; philosophy did not find *Plato* noble (*c*), but made him so. Why should you despair of being equal to these great men? They were all your ancestors, if you behave worthy of them: and you *will* so behave, if you can persuade yourself that no one excels you in nobility:

and why not; since so many have gone before us, that every one's origin is lost, beyond the reach of memory? *Plato saith, there is no King but who* (in all probability) *is descended from a slave, and no slave but who may be descended from a King* (*d*). Such is the confusion of things in process of time; and so various the perpetual exercise of Fortune. .

Who then is noble? He who hath a natural disposition to virtue. This is the chief thing to be considered; otherwise there is no one, but who may carry his claim back to the first principles of things (*God and matter.*) From the birth of the world to the present day, an alternate series of good and evil, hath rendered us either splendid or vile. The hall decorated with statues, black with age and smoke, makes not the nobleman: no one hath lived for our glory; nor have we any claim upon what was done before we were born: it is the *mind* that ennobleth a man (*e*); which as well from a cottage, as a palace, exalts him above the power of Fortune.

Suppose then you were not a Roman knight, but a plebeian, the son of a freed-man; you may yet attain the honour of being the only free man among many of the best-born. Do you ask by what means? By distinguishing good and evil, not according to vulgar estimation; you must consider, not from whence they spring, but whither they tend; not what they are in themselves, but in their consequences. Whatever can make life truly happy, is absolutely good in its own right, because it cannot be warped into evil. *From whence then comes error?* In that, while all men wish for a happy life, they mistake the means for the thing itself; and, while they fancy themselves in pursuit of it, they are flying from it: for, when the sum of happiness consists in solid tranquillity, and an unembarrassed confidence therein, they are ever collecting causes of disquiet, and not only carry burthens, but drag them painfully along, through the rugged and deceitful path of life: so that they still withdraw themselves from the good effect proposed; the more pains they take, the more business they have upon their hands: instead of advancing they are retrograde; and as it happens in a labyrinth, their very speed puzzles and confounds them.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

a/ (a) Τὸ γὰρ γένος εἰσμεν. See Ep. 31.

(b) As to the Roman levies; every tribe being called out by lot, was ordered to divide into their proper centuries; out of each century were soldiers cited by name, with respect had to their state and class; for this purpose there were tables ready at hand, in which, the name, age, and wealth, of every person was exactly described, &c. See Kennet. *Lips. Milit.* l. 1.

(c) This is contradicted by *Laertius*, as *Aristo* was said to have been his father, and *Perictione* the daughter of *Glaucus* his mother: which spake his nobility on both sides; as his father was descended, through *Codrus*, from *Neptune* himself, and his mother's family from the wisest of men, *Solon*. And *Apulius* remarks that when *Plato* was a boy, he wore gold rings in his ears, the token of nobility.—Be that as it will, it was philosophy and learning that truly ennobled and rendered him famous.

(d) If *Plato* has any where said this, he likewise says, *Kings descended from Kings may be traced up to Jupiter*. Though the former may certainly be true in the circle and course of things.

(e) According to *Euripides*,

—Τὸς γὰρ ἀνδρείους φουσιν
καὶ τὸς δικαίους, τῶν κενῶν δοξασμάτων
κ' ἂν ὅτι δούλων ευχαιστερές λεγῶ.
*The just and well-dispos'd put in their claim,
Tho' born of slaves, for some high-honour'd name.*

EPISTLE XLV.

*Of Books. The Mind is to be employed on Things and not on Words.
The happy Man.*

YOU complain, *Lucilius*, that, where you at present reside you want books: it matters not, how many you have, but how good they are. Reading, with some point in view, profits a man; but variety only amuseth *. He that hath fixed upon the end of his journey, must pursue one path, and not wander out of his way: this would not be called a journey, but rambling. You had rather, you say, I should give you books than counsel. Such as I have I am ready to send you, and even my whole stock; nay, I would, if possible, transport myself to you;
and

and indeed did I not expect that you soon will have fulfilled your commission, old as I am, I should have undertaken the voyage: nor would *Charybdis*, *Scylla*, or any fabulous stories relating to this sea, have deterred me from it. I would have swam over it, instead of being carried; to have enjoyed your presence, and learned what progress you have made in the accomplishments of the mind. But as for your desiring me to send you my books, I think myself not a whit the more ingenious, than I should think myself handsome, because you desired my picture. I know you make this request more out of complaisance than judgment; but if it be from judgment, I must tell you, your complaisance hath imposed upon you. However, such as they are, I will send them; and entreat you to read them, as the writings of one, who is still seeking after Truth; not presuming to have found it; and seeking it with earnestness and resolution: for I have not given myself up to any particular master; I have not enlisted myself solemnly in any sect: I trust indeed much to the judgment of great men, but at the same time despise not my own. They have still left us many things for future investigation; and perhaps might have supplied us with many things necessary, had they not attached themselves to things vain and superfluous: they lost much time in cavilling about words, and in captious disputations, which serve only to exercise and amuse vain minds. They start knotty questions, and then solve them, by the help of a few words of doubtful meaning: and have we leisure for all this? do we yet know how to live, or how to die? Thither should our utmost care and discretion be directed, in order to be provided against being deceived by things, as by words: what avails it to perplex yourself and me, with the distinction of words of like sound, when no one can be deceived by them but in subtle disputations?

Things themselves deceive us: let us learn to distinguish them: we embrace evil for good; we wish for things contrary to what we wished for before; our vows impugn our vows; and our purposes thwart and oppose one another: how nearly does flattery resemble friendship? It not only imitates friendship, but seems to overcome and excel it (*a*); it is sucked in with favourable ears; descends into the heart; and is then most grateful, when most pernicious: teach me to distinguish this like-

ness: a fawning enemy sometimes attacks me in the name of a friend; vice imposes upon us under the mask of virtue; temerity lies concealed, under the title of valour; indolence is taken for moderation; and the coward for a cautious man. Now, error in this respect is very dangerous; set therefore a particular mark on these things: but was you to ask a man if he has got horns, no one would be so foolish as to rub his brow for conviction; nor so dull and stupid as not to know, he has not got that which, by the most subtle inferences you would persuade him he has. These then deceive without any detriment; like the cups and balls of jugglers (*b*), in which the very fallacy delights us; make me to understand how the feat is done, and all the pleasure of it is lost: I may say the same of all idle questions, properly called *Sophistry*; which to be ignorant of is by no means prejudicial; nor is there any profit or delight in knowing them.

Throw aside the ambiguity of words, and teach us this important truth; that he is not the happy man, whom the vulgar esteem so, on account of his great wealth, but he whose mind is all goodness; upright, and noble, trampling upon what the world holds in admiration; who sees no one, with whom he would change condition; who reckons a man happy, only in that he preserves the dignity of man; who takes Nature for his guide; conducts himself by her laws; and lives up to her prescriptions; whose truly good possessions are such, as no external power can take away; who turns evil into good; sure and steady in point of judgment, without prejudice, without fear; whom no external force can disturb, though perchance it move him; whom, when Fortune hath pointed at him her sharpest arrow, and with her whole strength, she only rakes, but cannot wound him; and *that* but seldom; for her other weapons, with which she assails mankind, rebound from him like the hailstones, which falling on our houses, without any inconvenience to the inhabitants, make a little rattling, and are dissolved (*c*).

Here then exert yourself, for why should you detain me with such stuff as you yourself call *pseudomenon* (i. e. *fallacious reasoning*;) and of which so many idle books are composed? Behold, the whole of life
deceives

deceives me; reprove this; if you are so acute, reduce this to truth. We judge those things necessary the greatest part of which are merely superfluous; and even those things, which are not superfluous, have not sufficient weight in them to make a man rich and happy: nay, though a thing be necessary, it is not immediately to be pronounced good: we prostitute this title if we give it to bread, or other viands, without which no one can support life: what is good, is necessary; but not every thing that is necessary is good; because some things are abject and mean, which however are absolutely necessary.

There is no one, I think, so ill informed of the importance of *good*, as to apply this term to the necessities of the day: why then will you not rather transfer your care, to shew to all men, that with great loss of time they are ever seeking superfluities; and that many spend their whole life in quest of the means to live. Consider the whole world; reconnoitre individuals; who is there, whose life is not taken up with providing for to-morrow? Do you ask what harm there is in this? An infinite deal: for such men do not live, but are about to live: they defer every thing from day to day; however circumspect we are, life will still outrun us (*d*): but now, while we are so dilatory, it passeth away as if it did not belong to us; it ends indeed at its last day, but is lost every day.

But that I may not exceed the bounds of an epistle, and fill the reader's hand with a load of paper, I shall defer to another opportunity this dispute with the Logicians; who generally spin their reasonings somewhat too fine; and are studious to exhibit little else than *this* and *that* (*e*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* See Ep. II. † Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri. Hor. Ep. I. l. 14.

(a) Thus Horace (A. P. 431.)

Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt

Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo.

As hirelings, paid for the funeral tear,

Out-weep the sorrows of a friend sincere.

(b) This rub on the logicians comparing their trifling argumentation to the tricks of jugglers, was from *Arcefilaus*, who said, τὰς διαλεκτικὰς εἰκέναι τοῖς ὑποπαιζέαις οἷοντες χαριώτερος παραλογίζεσθαι.

(c) This is a most admirable character or description of a good man; but how greatly it may be heightened under the Christian scheme, we may see exemplified in that incomparable fiction, entitled *Sir Charles Grandison*. Fiction did I say? Be it so. It seems to me so replete with sentimental truths, and elegant diction, that I know no book, next to those of a religious tenour, that I would sooner recommend for perusal to a young man, and especially one of a superior rank.—According to my first plan I had inscribed the following Epistle to Mr. *Richardson*; and desired his acceptance of my application of it to his the said history, as coming from one of his many just admirers.

(d) *Life will still outrun us*] — Life speeds away,

From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still;

The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:

Too subtle is the moment to be seen

Yet soon man's hour is up and we are gone.

'Tis prone's our heart to whisper what we wish;

'Tis later with the wife than he's aware;

The wisest man goes slower than the sun;

And all mankind mistake their time of day,

Ev'n age itself.—*Young.*

(e) *This and that*] Hoc solum curantibus, non et hoc. Alluding to the usual forms of their syllogisms; a thing must be either this or that; it cannot be this; therefore it must be that; or, it cannot be this and that; it is this, therefore not that. This puts me in mind of two lines, which a modern wit hath set by way of moral to a burlesque tragedy.

From such examples as of *this* and *that*,

We all are taught to know—I know not what. *Covent-Garden Tragedy.*

EPISTLE XLVI.

Concerning a Book which Lucilius presented him with of his own Writing.

I HAVE received, *Lucilius*, the book you promised me; I opened it, intending just to have a taste of it, and to read it at my leisure: but I

was so delighted with it, that I could not help reading on: and my opinion of its being well wrote, will be manifest from hence; that I thought it short, though it be too voluminous to be either of your writing or mine (*a*); and seems at first sight to be the works of *Livy*, or *Epicurus* (*b*); but so entertaining and alluring was all that I read, I was resolved without delay to finish it. And though it was late in the evening, hunger pinched me, and the clouds threatened a shower (*c*), yet I read the whole: nor was I only amused but quite charmed: what judgment! what strong sense! what forceful energy! Was there any pause given, or did it rise by starts? No: it was not any peculiar stroke, but the whole tenour of it, that pleased me, as a masterly and divine composition: yet, however strong, it did not want grace and sweetness in its proper place. You are indeed great and sublime: this is what I would have you maintain and persevere in: the subject matter is also of consequence; eligible, and copious; so as to please the fancy, and exercise the genius.

I shall write more concerning this book, when I have again perused it: my judgment is not yet settled; it is as if I had only heard and not read it: permit me therefore to re-examine it: you have no reason to fear that I shall flatter you with an untruth. How happy are you, in giving no room for any one to say a false thing of you, even at such a distance; except that where no cause is given, we sometimes flatter for custom's sake.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Cum esset nec mei nec tui temporis. So *Lipsius*, *Salmasius*, and others. But *Gronovius*, *Gruter*. et al. read it, *Corporis*. The antient way of writing was in long rolls, which when too large for the hands, were put under the chin, to be enrolled by degrees; or when too voluminous for this, they were laid upon a desk, and such as was gone through with, was pushed forward and hung down from it. According therefore to the latter reading, the book here mentioned is supposed such as neither of them could conveniently read without the like assistance.

(*b*) *Epicurus* is said to have wrote more books than any one among all the philosophers, not excepting *Cicero*.

(*c*) Though it was almost supper time, and he was afraid a shower would prevent his taking his usual walk before it.

EPISTLE XLVII.

On the Treatment of Servants.

IT by no means displeases me, *Lucilius*, to hear from those you converse with ; that you live in some sort of familiarity with your servants : this becomes your prudence, your erudition (*a*). *Are they slaves ?* No ; they are men ; they are comrades ; they are humble friends : *Are they slaves ?* Nay, rather fellow-servants ; if you reflect on the equal power of Fortune over both you and them. I therefore laugh at those, who think it scandalous, for a gentleman, to permit, at times his servant to sit down with him at supper : why should he not ? but that proud custom hath ordained, that the master should sup in state ; surrounded at least by a dozen servants ; with greediness he loads his distended paunch, now refused to do its proper office (of digestion.) So that it costs him more pains to evacuate than to gormandize ; while the poor servants are not allowed to open their lips, so much as to speak : the scourge restrains every murmur ; nor are mere accidents excused, such as a cough, a sneezing, an hiccup ; silence interrupted by a word is sure to be punished severely : so that they must stand, perhaps the whole night, without taking a bit of any thing, or speaking a word. Whence it often happens, that such as are not allowed to speak before their masters, will speak disrespectfully of them behind their backs (*b*) : whereas they who have been allowed not only to speak before their masters, but sometimes with them ; whose mouths were not always sewed up, have been ready to incur the most imminent danger, even to the sacrificing their lives, for their master's safety ; they have talked at an entertainment ; the rack cannot extort a word from them. Besides, from the forementioned arrogance, arises the proverbial saying, *Totidem esse hostes, quot servos : As many servants, so many enemies* (*c*) ; not that they are naturally enemies, but we make them such.

I pass by the more cruel and inhuman actions, wherein we treat servants, not as men, but as beasts of burthen (*d*); and need only mention, that while we are indulging our appetites, one is employed to wipe up our spawlings; another, down upon his knees, gathers up the scraps and broken bottles; another carves up some choice birds, and, dissecting them with a dexterous hand, lays the breasts and rumps in delicate order (*e*); wretched is the man, who lives to no other purpose, than to cut up with dexterity a fat fowl; unless he is more wretched who teaches this art out of mere voluptuousness, than he who learns it to get his bread; another serves as skinker, and *** is subject to the vilest and most scandalous offices! Another who is allowed the freedom of playing the buffoon, (*f*) and censuring the guests, goes on in his wretched state of life, expecting every day, that his ability to flatter, to drink, and prattle, will induce some one to invite him again to-morrow; add to these the caterers, who have an exquisite knowledge of their master's taste; what relish best provokes his appetite; what will most please his eye; what dainty will suit his stomach; what he loaths from satiety; and what such a day he will eat greedily; and yet their master disdains to sup with them, thinking it a diminution of his grandeur to admit a servant to the same table. The Gods are most just, who to repay their wonted arrogance, have sometimes given *them* masters, even from those whom they so much despised. Before the door of *Calistus*, (*g*), have I seen his former Lord waiting; and even the man, who once fixed a label on his breast, and set him to sale among his rejected slaves, excluded, while others were admitted: the servant, who was put in the first rank of abject slaves, whom to make vendible the cryer was obliged to exert his voice (*h*), hath now returned the compliment (*i*); in his turn rejected his master, and thought him not worthy to enter his house. His master sold *Calistus*, but how many things since hath *Calistus* sold his master?

Were you to consider, that he, whom you call your slave, is sprung from the same origin, enjoys the same climate, breaths the same air, and is subject to the same condition of life and death, you might as well think it possible for you to see *him* a gentleman, as he to see *you* a slave.

slave. In the fall of *Varus* (*k*), how many born of the most splendid parentage, and not unjustly expecting, for their exploits in war, a senatorial degree (*l*), hath fortune cast down? She hath made of one a shepherd, of another a cottager. And can you now despise the man, whose fortune is such, into which, while you despise it, 'you may chance to fall?

I will not enter into so large a field of discourse, as to dispute on the use of servants, whom we are apt to treat with contumely, pride and cruelty: but this is the sum of what I would prescribe; *live so with an inferior, as you would have a superior live with you* (*m*). As often as you think on the power you have over a servant, reflect on the power your master has over you. But you say you *have no master*: be it so; the world goes well at present (*n*); it may not do so always; you may, one day, be a servant yourself. Do you know at what time *Hecuba* became a slave? as also *Cræsus*; and the mother of *Darius* (*o*); and *Plato*, and *Diogenes* (*p*)? Live therefore courteously with your servant; vouchsafe him conference; admit him to counsel, and even to your table. I know the whole band of fops will cry out upon me, alledging, that nothing can be more mean, nothing more scandalous: and yet I have caught some of these kissing the hand of another's servant.

See you not by what means our ancestors withdrew all manner of envy from masters, and contumely from servants? They called a master, *pater familias*, *the father of a family*; and servants, *Familiares*, (as the word is still used in our *Mimes*) their *familiares* (*q*). They instituted certain festivals, when the servants not only sat at table with their masters, but were allowed to bear honourable rule in the House, and enact laws; in short they looked upon a family as a little commonwealth. What then, shall I admit all servants to my table? Yes, as well as all your children: you are mistaken if you think I would reject even those of the meaner sort; suppose, the groom, or the cow-keeper; I esteem them not according to their vocation, but their manners: the manners are a man's own; his vocation, such as it is, is the gift of Fortune; let some sit down with you, because they are worthy,

and

and others that they may become so; what remains in them of low and servile conversation, may be thrown off by conversing with their betters.

There is no reason, my *Lucilius*, that you should seek a friend only in the *Forum*, or at Court; if you search diligently, you may possibly find a truer friend at home: good materials are often lost for want of a workman; for once make the experiment: as he is a fool, who, when buying a horse, inspects or examines nothing more than the bridle and saddle, he is as great a fool who esteems a man from his dress, or his condition in life, which is also a sort of dress. *Is he a slave?* His mind may yet be free: *is he a slave?* Why should this prejudice you against him? Shew me the man who is not a slave (*r*). One is a slave to lust; another to covetousness; another to ambition; and all to fear. I can shew you a man of consular dignity, a slave to an old woman; a very rich man a slave to his handmaid; and many a young nobleman, who are the very bond-slaves of players. No slavery is more infamous than that which is voluntary: there is no reason, therefore, that some over-nice persons should deter you from shewing yourself affable and good-humour'd to your servants; instead of carrying yourself proudly as their superior: let them rather honour you than fear you (*s*).

Some one now will say that I am inviting every slave to assume the cap (*of Liberty*), and degrading every master from his proper station, because I have said, rather let them respect, than fear you; what, says he, must they only reverence him, as his clients, and such as attend his levee? He that will say this, forgets, that what satisfies God, may well satisfy a master: God is revered and loved: love cannot accord with fear. I think therefore you act justly in not requiring your servants to fear you; and in chastizing them with words only; it is for brutes to be corrected by the scourge; not every thing that offends, hurts us: daintiness compells us to outrage; so that the least thing that thwarts our inclination can put us in a passion; we take upon us to act like Kings (*t*); who not considering their own strength, and the weakness of others, are causelessly enraged as if they re-

an injury ; when the greatness of their state hath rendered them quite secure against any such danger : this they know, but by an unjust complaint, they pretend to have received an injury, in order to commit one themselves. I am unwilling to detain you any longer ; for I think you have no need of exhortation. Good morals, among other advantages, have this quality ; they enjoy self-complacency, and are always steady ; but a wicked disposition is ever light and changeable ; no matter whether the change be for the better, a change is enough.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Erudition, with the Stoicks is the same as wisdom. Vid. *Lips. Manud. II. dist. 1.*

(b) Like him in the old comedy. (*Aristoph. Ran. 737*)

— μαλα γ' ἐποπτεύει δίκῃ,
Ὅταν καταρᾶσθαι λάθῃα τῷ δισπότη.

— *Nothing gives me greater pleasure
Than privily to abuse and curse my master.*

(c) From *Cato*.—But surely they must be either very bad servants, or bad masters.—See this proverbial sentence, and other passages of this epistle fully treated of in *Macrob. Saturn I. c. 11.* It is notorious, that the Lacedæmonians not only, in their general conduct treated their slaves with great harshness and insolence, but even massacred them, on several occasions, in cold blood, and without provocation ; lest from growing too numerous or powerful, they might endanger the State.

But as M. de Montesquieu very properly observes, their danger was owing to this inhuman treatment ; whereas among the *Athenians*, who treated their slaves with great gentleness, there is no instance of their proving troublesome or dangerous to the public. *Leland Vol. II. p. 45, l. 4.*

(d) There is a pertinent reflection in Lord *Orvery's* observations (on *Plin. Ep. l. 3. 14.*) “ What
“ can be baser, what more inhuman, than to oppress servants and slaves, miserable by their situa-
“ tion, and only to be made less so, by that proper indulgence, which is due to the meanest of our
“ fellow-creatures, and which will always be allowed them by those, who spring from the seeds of
“ virtue, and who scorn to wear honours, they have not deserved ? When we behold a barbarous
“ master and an ill-natured Lord, it is no unjust presumption, notwithstanding his load of titles,
“ to conclude, that by some accident or another he certainly sprouts from the refuse of the people,
“ and the dregs of mankind.

(e) These dextrous carvers were called *Chironomontes*, *Juv. V. 121.*

— Et Chironomonta volanti
Cultello, donec peragat dictata magistri.
*Meanwhile thy indignation yet to raise,
The carver, dancing round each dish, surveys
With flying knife ; and as his art directs,
With proper gesture, every fowl dissects.* Bowles.

Sen. de beat. Vit. c. 17. Carpi, Carptores ; Petron. Scindendi opsonii Magistri.—Vid. Sidon. Apoll. l. 4. Ep. 7. Ib. 2. 12. Quantâ arte scindantur aves in frustra non enormia.

(f) Such a one was Calliodorus, to whom *Martial*,—

Festivè credis te, Calliodore, jocari,
Et solum multo permaduisse sale;
Omnibus arrides, distèria dicis in omnes,
Sic te convivam posse placere putas,
At si ego non bellè, sed verò, dixero, quiddam,
Nemo propinabit, Calliodòre, tibi.

*You think it smart, my friend, to cut your jests,
And with your gibes bespatter all the guests;
At all you laugh, censure, abuse, and tease;
And think by such accomplishments to please;
But were I only to speak truth of you,
You'd find no House to be invited to. M.*

(g) *Calistus* was the freed-man of *Claudius*, yet this is said not of *Claudius*, but of some former master. *Infra domino quam multa*] Sc. by the favour of *Claudius*. *al leg. domini*; i. e. of his master's; viz. *Claudius*.

(b) As *Apulcius* says jocosely of himself, *Tunc præco disruptis faucibus et rancâ voce faucius*, in meas fortunas ridiculos construebat jocos; *The cryer then strained his jaws, and tore his throat, till he was quite hoarse, in setting me off with his ridiculous jests.*

(i) *Apologavit*.] A word in use among the vulgar, but from a Greek original. *Ἀπολογία*. Our *to apologize*, from the same. /e

(k) *Variana clade*. So, *Lipsius*. *Al. Marianâ clade*. But I think the former preferable; as it happened in the time of *Augustus*, and the effects were still visible. *Quintilius Varus*, with three legions, was overthrown, and slain, by *Arminius*.

(l) Having served three years, as a military Tribune, according to the institution of *Augustus*. *Vid. Lipf. Milit. II. c. 20.*

(m) *Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them*; for, this is the law and the prophets. *Matth. 7, 12. Masters give unto your servants, that which is equal and just*; knowing that ye also have a master in Heaven. *Col. 4. 1.*

(n) *Bona ætas*.] Or, *you are young*, as, *mula ætas*, signifies *old age*.

(o) *Hecuba*, the wife of *Priam*, the last King of *Troy*. *Cræsus*, the last King of *Lydia* taken prisoner by *Cyrus*. The mother of *Darius*, taken prisoner by *Alexander*.

(p) *Plato*, having given some offence to *Dionysius* in *Sicily*, he ordered him to be sold; and accordingly he was carried to *Ægina*, and there sold for twenty pounds, to *Anniceris*, the *Cyrenaic*; who very readily gave him his liberty, and restored him to his friends at *Athens*.

When *Diogenes* was to be sold for a slave, he cry'd, *Who will buy a master?* And to him that bought him, *you must dispose yourself to obey me*, (said he) *as great men do their physicians.*

(q) *Familiares*. See *Ep. 77. Sidon. Apol. 1. 4. Ep. 8.*

(r) *Hor. Sat. I. 4. 25.*—*Quemvis media erue turba*

*Aut ab avaritia, aut miserâ ambitione laborat
Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus.*—

*Take me a man, at venture from the croud,
And he's ambitious covetous, or proud;*

One burns to madness for a wedded dame.—*Francis.*

Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. 1 John. 8. 92. *Know ye not that to whom ye sold yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey.* Rom. 6. 16.

(s) *There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment: he that feareth is not made perfect in love.* 1. John, 4. 18.

(t) *Sen. (de ira. l. ii. c. 31.) Regis quisque intra se habet animam, ut licentiam sibi dari in alterum velit, in se nolit.*---We have too many instances of this tyranny even in our own history; such were Rich. II. Edw. IV. Henry VIII. upon particular occasions.

EPISTLE XLVIII.

On social Virtue, and the Trifling of Sophistry.

THE Epistle which you favoured me with, *Lucilius*, on your journey, almost as long as the journey itself, I shall answer at another opportunity. I must retire awhile, and consider what counsel it will be proper to give you: for as you, when you applied to me, took time to consider of it; have I not a right to claim the same indulgence; when the question is of such a nature (*a*), as to require more time to solve, than to propose it; especially as one thing may be expedient for you, and another for me? I am speaking again as an *Epicurean* (*b*): for indeed what is expedient for me, is also expedient for you; or I am not your friend, if what concerns you, is not of like concern to me.

Friendship makes a mutual interchange of things necessary, be it either in prosperity or adversity: true friends have all things in common (*c*): nor can any one live happily who lives to himself alone, and considers nothing further than his own advantage: you must live for others if you would live honourably for yourself. This social virtue is to be diligently and religiously observed, which blends us all one with another, and points out one common right to mankind; but has most efficacy in cultivating the interior society of friendship: for he will certainly have all things in common with a friend, who knows that he hath many things in common with man, as his fellow-creature. Therefore, *Lucilius*, best of men, I had rather these subtle disputants would direct

me, in distinguishing what I owe my friend, and what to mankind in general; than pretend to shew me how many ways a man may be said to be a *friend*; and to what different senses the word *man* may be applied.

Lo! wisdom and folly take different paths: on which do I attend? or which do you recommend to me? Wisdom looks upon man as a common friend: Folly regards not a friend in man. The former (the *Stoic*) designs a friend for himself; the latter (the *Epicurean*) himself for a friend: (i. e. *referring all things to himself alone.*)

You are apt, *Lucilius*, to wrest the meaning of words; and amuse yourself in the arrangement of syllables: indeed, unless I contrive the most artful questions, and by a false conclusion built upon true premises, affirm a lye, I can scarce separate what is to be followed, from what is to be eschewed: I am really ashamed, that, old as we are, we should thus trifle in serious affairs—

Mouse is a syllable,

But a mouse gnaws cheese;

Therefore, a syllable gnaws cheese.

Suppose now I was not master enough of logic to find out the fallacy of this syllogism, how dangerous would be my ignorance? what inconvenience would arise therefrom? Surely, I ought to be afraid, lest I should catch syllables in my mousetrap; or, were I not to take more care, lest a book should eat my cheese. But perhaps the following syllogism is more acute and better formed:

Mouse is a syllable;

But a syllable does not gnaw cheese:

Therefore a mouse does not gnaw cheese.

What childish trifling! Is this the effect of all our gravity! Does our beard grow for this? Does all our labour and study tend to teach such wretched stuff, with a grim and melancholy visage?

Would you know what true philosophy promiseth all mankind? I will tell you, *good counsel*. We see one man struggling in the jaws of death; another rack'd by poverty; another is tortured by riches, either his own or his neighbour's: one man dreads bad fortune, another is dissatisfied with good; one thinks himself hardly used by man, another
by

by the gods : seeing all this, why do you offer me such silly trifles as the abovementioned ? Here is no room for jesting ; you are called upon to succour the distressed ; you are under an obligation to lend all possible assistance to the shipwreck'd, to the prisoner, to the sick, to the poor and needy, and to the unhappy under sentence of death. Whither do you turn away ? what are you doing ? The man you sport with is in great fear and trouble ; rather assist him ; bestow your eloquence in favour of those, who from real pains are ready to perish ; see how on every side they all stretch out their hands to you, and implore your assistance, with regard to the life that is past, and is still decaying ; in you is all their hope and strength ; they beseech you to deliver them from this storm of trouble and vexation, and shew the clear light of truth to such as are distracted with error (*d*). Distinguish to them what *Nature* hath made necessary from what is vain and superfluous ; what easy laws she hath imposed upon mankind ; how pleasant life may be made ; how free and easy to such as follow her laws ; and how severe and intricate to those, who rather trust to opinion than nature. But, pray, what do these subtle disputants with all their art ? Do they drive out the lustful passions ? Do they even restrain them ? I could wish that these disputes only did no good : they really do hurt : I will make this manifest to you when you please ; and that good natural parts are cramped and weakened by such quirks and subtleties. I am ashamed to say, what useless weapons they put into the hands of those who are warring against fortune ; and how poorly they equip them. This (the way you are in) is the only way to obtain the chief good ; in the other the exceptions to philosophy are intricate and vile, such as engage the young students that attend the Prætor (*e*). For, what else do ye, when you draw into error him, whom ye interrogate, but cause him to appear nonsuited ? But as the Prætor restores the one to his right, so does Philosophy the other. Why do ye depart from your large promises ? and having spoke big words, that ye would cause that the glittering of gold should no more dazzle my eyes than that of a sword ;—that with great constancy I should despise and trample upon all that either men wish or fear ;—do ye descend to the A, B, C, of grammarians ? Is this the way to heaven ? For this is what philosophy promiseth, that it will make me equal to the powers above. To this was I invited : for this purpose

I came:

I came: perform your promise. As much as possible, therefore, *Lucilius*, withdraw yourself from these exceptions and prescriptions of sophists. Plain and simple arguments best become and set forth truth. Even had we more time in life, it must be sparingly laid out, that we might have enough for necessities: but now what madness is it to learn trifles, when life is so very short (*f*)?

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) There seems to have been a consultation between *Seneca* and *Lucilius* concerning the latter's remaining in the province, when *Seneca* wished for his return to *Rome*.

(*b*) According to the Epicurean principle of measuring friendship by profit and advantage. See *Epp.* 3. 20. and the following Note.

(*c*) Aristotle being asked, Quid esset Amicus? *What was a friend?* answered, μία Ψυχή δυο σωματων ἐνοικήσα, *One soul inhabiting two bodies.* Amicum qui intuetur, tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur sui, &c. *Cic. Læl. c. 7.* "Whoever is in possession of a true friend, sees the exact counterpart of his own soul. In consequence of this moral resemblance between them, they are so intimately *one*, that no advantage can attend either, which does not equally communicate itself to both." And "surely, nothing can be more delightful than to live in a constant interchange and vicissitude of reciprocal good offices." "Not that a good man's benevolence is by any means confined to a single object: he extends it to every individual. For true virtue incapable of partial, and contracted exceptions to the exercise of her benign spirit, enlarges the soul with sentiments of universal philanthropy." *Melmoth.*—And such, from indisputable authority, were the primitive Christians; *The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul, neither said any of them, that ought of the things he possessed was his own; but they had all things in common. Acts 4. 32.*

And here I cannot but acknowledge, (as every Christian reader will acknowledge) an obligation to the translator of *Cicero's Lælius*, for his admirable remark (*N. 68.*) on this subject, concluding as follows; "Upon the whole then, it appears, that the divine Founder of the Christian Religion, as well by his own example, as by the spirit of his moral doctrine, has not only encouraged, but *consecrated* FRIENDSHIP.

(*d*) This is what the philosophers promise, and perform according to *Lucretius*, V. 12.

—Deus ipse fuit, Deus—

Qui princeps vitæ rationem invenit eam, quæ
Nunc appellatur sapientia; quique per artem
Fluctibus e tantis vitam tantisque tenebris,
In tam tranquillo, et tam claustrâ luce locarunt.

He was a God, who first inform'd our souls

And led us by philosophy and rules,

From cares and fears, and melancholy night,

To joy and peace; and shew'd us splendid light.—*Creech.*

But we learn from the most authentic records, that the wisest and best of the ancient philosophers, when they undertook to settle the great foundations of religion, were at a loss, and so strangely puzzled, that the most knowing among them renounced all knowledge; and so far were they from being able to point out the way to happiness, that scarce any two of them could agree in what that happiness consisted: wherefore, I should not think it much amiss, if a Christian looked upon these lines of *Lucretius* as prophetic, and applied them, with a grateful heart, to the Christian scheme.

(*e*) The

(e) The Prætorship was the second office for dignity in *Rome*. Their principal business was to administer justice to the citizens, and strangers; and to make edicts as a supplement to the civil law.

(f) Our want of time and the shortness of human life are some of the principal commonplace complaints, which we prefer against the established order of things. The man of business despises the man of pleasure, for squandering his time away; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business for the same thing, yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who mispends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry and authorises the impiety. *Theophrastus* thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world, when he had just learned to live in it: his master *Aristotle* found fault with Nature, for treating man, in this respect, worse than several other animals: both very unphilosophically! And I love *Seneca* the better for his quarrel with *Aristotle* on this head." *Bolingbroke* on Retirement.

EPISTLE XLIX.

On the Brevity of Life. Useful Things only to be studied.

I OWN, my *Lucilius*, that he is supine and negligent, who is no otherwise put in mind of a distant friend, than by an advertisement from such a place: but so it happens that places, which have been familiar to us, often call forth the affection repositied in our bosom; and not suffering the remembrance of a friend to be quite extinguished, rouse it from its dormant state; as the grief of those who have lost a friend or relation, though lulled for a while, is renewed at the sight of an old servant, or of the clothes, or place of residence of the deceased. You cannot imagine what an affection for you, at our present distance, *Campania*, and particularly *Naples*, hath raised in me at the sight of your beloved (villa) *Pompeii*: your whole self stands, as it were, before my eye, especially at the time of my taking leave of you; I see you restraining the tear just starting from your eye; and labouring in vain to stifle those affections, which, from being suppressed, discover themselves the more: even *now* methinks I must part from you.

For

For what may not this *now* be applied to, upon reflection? It was but just *now* when I was sitting at the feet of *Sotio* (*a*) the philosopher; just *now* I began to plead at the bar; just *now* I was desirous to leave off; and but just *now* the task was too much for me. O the infinite velocity of time, which is more apparent, when we look back upon what is past: for it deceives us, when we are intent upon the present. So swift is the course of its precipitate flight, we have not leisure to consider it (*b*). Shall I give you a reason for this? All that is past of time, is in one place: it is at once beheld, and gone at once. Hence all things fall into the vast abyss: otherwise there could not be such long intervals in a thing, so entirely short in itself: we live, comparatively, but a moment; nay less than a moment; but this, little as it is, Nature hath divided into the specious appearance of a longer space: of one part she hath formed what we call *infancy*; of another, *childhood*; of another, *youth*; of another, *manhood*, still inclining to old age; and of another, *old age* itself. How many degrees hath she comprehended in a narrow compass! It was but just *now*, when I began a friendship and correspondence with you; and yet this *now* hath proved a great part of life; whose brevity we must one day become sensible of.

I was not used to think the flight of time so swift; which now seems to me incredible (*c*); either because I am got as it were upon the last line of it (*d*); or because I have of late began to reflect and compute my loss of it; and consequently am more vexed, that any one should spend the greater part of it in vanities and trifles, when the whole, though attended to with the most diligent care and circumspection, sufficeth not for doing, what is necessary to be done.

Cicero affirms, that were his days to be doubled, he should not find time enough to read the Lyric Poets; I say the same of the Logicians: the more demure and wretched triflers! The former professedly wanton away their time; but these fondly imagine they are doing something of importance: not but that they are sometimes to be looked into; but nothing more than with a transient view; a salute, as it were, at the door; to the intent only that we may not be imposed upon; and fancy more good couched under them than is apparent. But why should you

perplex yourself and me with a question, which it is more prudent to despise than to solve? It is for one who is idle, and can make a mistake without much detriment, to enquire into these minute things. As when the alarm is given, and the soldier is commanded to march; necessity obliges him to quit the fardels he had collected in the time of peace; and with proper accoutrements to take the field: I have no leisure to sift the meaning of doubtful words, or to try my skill in unriddling them.

Aspice qui coeunt populi, quæ mœnia clausis

Ferrum acuant portis.—(Virg. 8, 385.)

[*Behold what nations join, and shut their gates*

'Gainst me and mine!']

The horrid din of war resounding on every side must be attended to with great presence of mind; I should justly be thought a madman if, when even the women and old men were piling up stones to fortify the wall; when the young men within were expecting or demanding an order to sally out; when hostile weapons shook the gates, and the ground under foot trembled, by being dug and undermined; I should then sit idle and at ease propounding questions of this sort:

What you have not lost, you have got,

But you have not lost horns,

Therefore you have horns.

Or inventing others constructed in the form of this acute dotage. Nor should I seem less mad, *was* I *now* to bestow my time upon such trash; for I am even *now* besieged: in the former case I was threatened only with danger from without; and was defended from the enemy by strong walls; but my present danger is from within, even the danger of death; I am not at leisure therefore to trifle; I have a great work in hand. What shall I do?

Death pursues me; life is fleeting; instruct me with regard to these points; teach me something, that I may not fly from death, nor life from me (*e*): exhort me, against these difficulties, to put on æquanimity; strengthen me with constancy, against these inevitable evils; make me content with the time I have to live; teach me that the good of life, consists not in the duration, but in the right use of it. That

it

it is possible, nay, that it often happens, for a man, who hath been long in the world, to have lived but a little time. Remind me, as I am going to sleep, that it may be I shall wake no more; or rather, when I awake that I shall sleep no more. Tell me when I go out, that possibly I may not return; and, when I return, it may be I shall go out no more. You are mistaken, if you think that upon the wide and dangerous seas only, there is the smallest line or interval between life and death; it is the same in all places; Death indeed does not shew himself every where so near, yet every where he is as near. Take away this darkness from me (*f*), and you will the more easily discover to me these things, for which I am prepared.

Nature hath endowed us with sufficient docility: and though as yet our reason may be imperfect, it is what may be perfected. Let us confer together concerning justice, piety, frugality, and particularly chastity; both that which teaches me from violating the body of another, and that which instructs me in the due care of my own. If you would not lead me into any by-path, I shall sooner attain to the wish'd-for end of my journey. For as the Tragedian saith, *The speech of truth is ever plain and simple* (*g*). It should not therefore be rendered intricate or obscure; nor can any thing be more disagreeable than such wily and subtle craftiness, to a generous mind that hath great things in view.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) Euseb. Chron. (*extremis Augusti annis*) Sotio philosophus Alexandrinus, præceptor Senecæ, clarus habetur. *At the end of the reign of Augustus flourished Sotio, the philosopher of Alexandria, tutor to Seneca.*—See Ep. 24.

(*b*) Those hours which lately smil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd,
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
The rest are on the wing—how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire:

A moment, and the world's blown up to thee,
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.—*Young.*
(*c*) Time in advance behind him hangs his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age.
Behold him when past by, what then is seen,
But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds!
And all mankind in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.—*Id.*

(d) Quia admoveri lineas sentio.—

Linea was a trench drawn round the *Arena* to mark the course for those who entered the lists.

Admoveri lineas, is the same with decrepitos et extrema tangentes, Ep. 26. *Upon the last stage of life.*

Or metaphorically for the last line on the chess-board, as Hor. Ep. I. 16, ult.—Mors ultima linea rerum est.

Death is that goal the poet here intends,

The utmost course, where human nature bends.

This does not mean that Death is an end of all things, but of all our misfortunes. Rerum for rerum malarum, as in Virgil, fessi rerum,—sunt lacrymæ rerum,—trepidæ rerum.

— Επ' ἄκραν ἤκομεν γραμμὴν κακῶν. Eur. Antig.

Reduced to the last extremity.

Μέ μοι, τὸ πρῶτον ὦν' ἴαν ἀράμην καλῶς,

Νικᾶν δόκεται τὴν δίκην, πρὶν ἂν πελαί

Γραμμῆς ἵκηται καὶ τέλος καμύβη σιν. Id. Elest. 954.

Let no one dream of victory,

Howe'er successful his first round,

'Till he hath reach'd the goal, and end of life.

(e) i. e. live in indolence, and doing nothing to the purpose of being.

(f) Has tenebras discute.—

Through this opaque of nature and of soul,

This double night, transmit one pitying ray,

To brighten and to cheer.—Young.

(g) Απλῆς ὁ μῦθος τῆς ἀληθείας ἔστιν. Eur. Phœn. 472.

EPISTLE L.

Tender Minds are the more easily wrought upon, but it is not impossible to get the better of an inveterate Habit.

AFTER some months, *Lucilius*, I have received the letter you sent me: I therefore thought it of little avail to enquire of the person who brought it, any news relating to you: for he must have had a good memory to have recollected every thing. And yet I hope you live so, as in whatever place you are, I may be informed of what you are doing: but what else can you be doing, than studying every day, to make yourself a better man? casting off some error or other; and particularly learning that your vices are your own, and not to be imputed to circumstances;

stances; for some we ascribe to times and places; but wherever we go, they are such as still follow us.

The simpleton, *Harpaste*, that attends my wife, hath continued an hereditary burthen in my family; for I own I am much disgusted at such prodigies. If I would divert myself with a fool, I have not far to look for one; I laugh at myself. This silly girl went blind on a sudden; and what I tell you, is very strange, but true: she does not seem to know, that she is blind: she often asks her governess to walk out; for she says, the house is so dark she cannot see (*a*). Now tho' we are apt to laugh at her, we all lie under the same predicament: no one will own himself covetous; no one, lustful: yet the blind desire a guide; but we still wander on without a guide, and say, "*I am really not ambitious, but no one can live otherwise at Rome. I am not expensive, but it is impossible to be penurious while we live in the city: it is not my fault that I am passionate; for I have not yet fixed upon a certain rule of life: it is the failing of youth.*" Why do we thus deceive ourselves? The evil that infects us comes not from without; it is internal, it resides in the very breast: and therefore it is the more difficult to be restored to health, because we know not, or pretend not to know, that we are sick.

Were we to undertake a cure, how long would it be before that of so many pains and diseases could be effected? But we do not so much as seek a physician; who certainly would have much less trouble was he to be called in, upon the first symptoms. Young and tender minds are soon prevailed upon to attend to those, who seriously point out to them the right path: no one is brought back with difficulty to the standard of Nature, but such as have quite deserted her: but the misfortune is, we are ashamed to learn wisdom; we seem to think it disgraceful to look out for a master in this respect; and yet we can never hope so great a good will flow in upon us merely by chance: some pains must be taken; and to say the truth, no great pains are required, if, as I before observed, we only begin to correct and reform the mind before it is too harden'd in depravity; nor, be it harden'd as it will, should I quite despair.

despair. There is nothing but what perseverance, assiduity, and diligent care may overcome (*b*). The hardest oak, however bent, may be made streight; heat will unbend the crooked beam; and things, however designed by Nature for other purposes, are applied to such services as our use requires. How much easier will the mind take any form you please? it is flexible, and more pliant than either air or water; for what is the mind, but a certain indwelling spirit? And a spirit is the more easily worked upon than matter, as it is more fine and subtile.

There is no reason then, my *Lucilius*, that you should entertain the less hopes of any one, because the malignity of evil hath laid hold of him, and had him long in possession: no one learns virtue before he hath unlearned vice: in this respect we are all pre-engaged (*d*): but we ought to apply ourselves more strenuously to amendment; because the possession of good is everlasting. No one that hath once learned virtue, can forget it (*e*): for, the contrary evils are of foreign growth, and therefore may easily be extirpated and expelled. Such things as are in their proper place, abide there constantly: Virtue is according to Nature (*f*); Vice is ever her foe, and ever prejudicial. But as virtues once truly received into the breast, cannot again depart; and consequently the conservation of them is easy; so the first entrance upon them is arduous; because it is the common part of a weak and sick mind, to dread what it has not yet experienced. Therefore the mind must be compelled to make a first essay; and then the medicine will not prove disagreeable, when it gives delight at the time it effects a cure: the pleasure of the remedies is seldom tasted before health is procured; but philosophy is at the same time both salutary and pleasant.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Muretus* (*in his Note*) makes mention of a friend of his under the like delusion, though a sensible and learned man: he was grown deaf with age, being near fourscore; but would not acknowledge his infirmity: he fancied every one spoke in a lower tone than they used to do formerly; and whispered, that he might not hear them.

(*b*) This is a principal maxim of the Stoics, that, *virtue is to be acquired by erudition*: *Nemo enim per se satis valet, ut emergat, &c.* Ep. 52. *No one is sufficient of himself to emerge, &c.* Vid. *Lipf. Manud. II. Diff. X.*

(*c*) Thus

(c) Thus *Horace*, Ep. I. 1. 38.

Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, amator,

Nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit

Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

Is fame thy passion? wisdom's pow'rful charm,

If thrice read over shall its force disarm;

The slave to envy, anger, wine or love,

The wretch of sloth, its excellence shall prove.—Francis.

(d) *The imagination of man's heart is evil continually.* Gen. 8. 21. *Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, &c.* Matth. 15. 19. *Cease to do evil, learn to do well, &c.* If. 1. 16. 1 Pet. 3. 11.

(e) *Virtue, says Socrates, like truth, admits not either addition, or diminution.* Ep. 72. *See also* Epp. 74. 75. *Lipsf. Manud. III. Diss. 3.*

(f) *See Epp. 92. 95.*

EPISTLE LI.

Such Places are to be avoided as effeminate the Mind.

EVERY one must do as they can, my *Lucilius*: it is your lot to be near *Ætna*, that celebrated mountain of *Sicily*; which I am surprized that *Messala* and *Valgius* should take to be the only one of the kind, for so they both write; whereas *vulcanos* are to be seen, not only in high places (where indeed they are more frequent, as it is the nature of fire to ascend) but also in the low: for our part, we must be content with *Baia* (a); though, I own, I was induced to leave the place the day after I came thither: a place, not the more to be desired because nature hath endowed it with certain qualities, which the voluptuous take delight in, and the luxurious have made their theme of praise.

And what then? Is any place to be cried down at pleasure? No; but as one dress is more becoming to a wise and good man than another; nor has he an aversion to any particular colour, but that he thinks some one less decent for a man who professes frugality; so there may be a country, which a wise man, or one in pursuit of wisdom, may disapprove of,

of, as tending to the corruption of good morals: thinking therefore on a place of retirement, he would never fix upon *Canopus* (*b*), (though as dissolute a place as it is, it hinders no one from being sober and temperate) nor on *Baia*, now become the very hostrie of vice: where luxury takes her full swing; and the people, as if by permission, grow more and more dissolute: whereas would we live happy, we should resort to a place, that is not only productive of health for the body, but conducive also to sound morals. As I would not live among the executioners; so neither would I live in a tavern or a cook's-shop. Is there any necessity for seeing men drunk and reeling about the streets; or hearing the riotings of sailors; and the lakes resounding with loose songs, and concerts of musick; with many the like entertainments; which luxury, as if altogether lawless, not only offends in, but makes public profession of. It is our business to fly as far as possible from all allurements to vice: the mind is to be withdrawn from the soft blandishments of pleasures, and inured to hardships. One winter-quarters pulled down the strength of *Hannibal*; and the delights of *Campania* quite enervated that great man, who was impenetrable to the cold and deep snows of the *Alps*: he conquered in arms, but was conquered by luxury and vice. Our condition likewise is a warfare (*d*), and such a one wherein no rest, no leisure-time is allowed. Pleasures in the first place are to be subdued; which (as you see) have drawn in the most savage tempers. If any one should propose to task himself, let him know, that nothing is to be done of a soft and delicate cast.

What have I to do with warm baths or hot houses, where the reeky air exhausts the juices of the body (*e*)? If I must sweat, let it be by exercise. Were we to do as *Hannibal* did; and, during the interruption in the course of affairs, or in the time of a truce, give up ourselves to the pampering the body; no one would unjustly reprehend such an indulgence, dangerous to a conqueror, much more to him who hopes to conquer. We are not allowed so much liberty as those who followed the *Carthaginian* standard: more danger remains for us, if we yield; and even more work, if we persevere in duty. Fortune wages perpetual war against me; I have no mind to yield; I take not her yoke upon me; nay,

say, what requires still greater courage and virtue; when imposed upon me, I throw it off; the mind is not to be thus shattered with delicacies. If I yield to pleasure, I must submit to pain, to trouble, to poverty: ambition would claim the same right over me; and also anger: I shall be distracted with a sad variety of passions, nay, torn in pieces. Liberty is proposed to me; this is the prize to be contended for: do you ask, what is liberty (*f*)? it is to be a slave to nothing; not even to necessity, or accidents; to bring fortune to reason; from the day that I was sensible of my superior power, she could do nothing; and shall I suffer her to triumph over me, *while my mind is still free* (*g*)?

To a man reflecting on these things no places are proper but such as are serious and sacred: too much pleasantness effeminates the mind, and no doubt but some climates more than others corrupt the internal vigour of the soul. Any road is tolerable to our pack-horses, whose hoofs are hardened and grown callous, by travelling in rough and craggy ways; while such as are fed in soft and marshy pastures are soon fretted and worn out. The hardships of a country life (as in the *HIGHLANDS*) generally make better soldiers (*b*) than the idle and tender breeding of the city. The hands that are transferred from the plough to the pike refuse no labour: the spruce and well-oiled boxer gives out at the first onset: it is the more severe discipline of the place that strengthens the disposition, and renders it fit for great enterprizes. *Scipio* (*i*) thought *Linternum* a more proper place for his voluntary banishment than *Baiæ*: his fall was not to be so pleasantly accommodated. And those great men whom fortune had raised to the highest honours, and conferred on them the treasures of *Rome*, *Caius Marius*, *Cneius Pompeius*, and *Cæsar*, (*k*) built themselves indeed country-seats, in the *Baian* territory, but they placed them on tops of hills: this seemed more soldier-like, to live, as it were, in a watch-tower, that commanded the country far and wide. Behold what situations they chose; in what places they raised their buildings; and what manner of edifices they preferred! you would not call them villas but fortresses. Do you think *Cato* would have chose some pleasant shore for his dwelling-place, that he might count the harlots as they sailed by, and see variety of pinnaces painted with

divers colours; or a lake strewed over with flowers; or to have heard the nocturnal revels of jovial songsters? Had he not rather, do you think, remain within the trenches (*l*), than spend a night amidst such merriment (*m*)? Who that is a man, had not rather be awakened with the sound of the trumpet calling to arms, than with a midnight serenade!

We have quarrelled long enough with *Baiæ*; but never can enough with our vices; which I beseech you, my *Lucilius*, to persecute everlastingly: throw away from you every thing that tears the heart; and if you cannot otherwise get rid of it, spare not the heart itself (*n*). But especially dislodge pleasures; and have as great spite against them as against the thieves, whom the Ægyptians call *Philetas* (*o*), who hug that they may trip up, and embrace, in order to strangle us.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Baiæ*, a city of *Campania*, near the sea, situated between *Puteoli* and *Misenum*, famous for its warm baths: from whence it is supposed all other baths of the like kind are called *Baiæ*.

Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluet amœnis.—Hor. Ep. I. l. 83.

Ut mille laudem, Flacce, versibus Baias;

Laudabo dignè non satis tamen Baias:

Baias superbæ blanda dona naturæ. Mart. xl. 81.

The muse, however copious in the praise

Of Baiæ's healing springs, can never raise

The theme above its merit, from where flow

The kindest gifts that nature can bestow.—M.

(b) *Canopus*, a city in *Ægypt*, 12 miles from *Alexandria*. It was built by *Menelaus* in memory of his pilot *Canopus* who died there; and wherein he left all his men who were unfit for service.—*Where the shores*, says *Strabo*, incessantly resound, night and day, with the noise of pipes and feasting, in all manner of luxury and intemperance, among both men and women, on shipboard: so that *Canopen luxuria* was become a proverb. *Erasm.* Adag. p. 1346.

Prodigia et mores urbis damnante Canopo.—*Juv.* VI. 84.

———— Luxuriâ quantum ipse notari

Barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo. *Id.* XV. 45.

(c) *Livy* 23, 18. Itaque quos nulla mali vicerat vis, perdidere nimia bona ac voluptates immo-dicæ; et eo impensius quo avidius ex insolentiâ in eas se immerferant, &c.

And thus, they, whom no hardships, no forces in the field had conquered, were destroyed by luxury and voluptuousness, to which fatal evils the more they were strangers, the more eagerly they plunged themselves into them.

(d) Στρατὶς τίς ἐστιν ὁ βίος ἡλικίας καὶ αὐτὴ μακρὰ καὶ, ποικίλη. *Life is a warfare long and various.* *Epiet.* III. 24. *The weapons of our warfare*, says *St. Paul*, *are not carnal, but mighty towards God, to the pulling down of strong holds, &c.* 2 Cor. 10. 4. *And of himself, I have fought a good fight, &c.* 2 Tim. 4, 7. See also Ep. 6. 14. 17.

(e) In

(e) In sudoribus---corpora exhausturus.] Ep. 108. Decoquere corpus atque exinanire sudoribus,---inutile simul delicatumque credimus. *Supposing it to be a nice and useless custom to scath the body, and weaken the solids by extravagant sweating.*

(f) Epict IV. 21. Sen. Ep. 75.

(g) Ego illam feram, cum in manu mors fit.] I am again, you see, obliged to give another turn to the sentence, in order to avoid the horrid stoicism, so often advanced in these Epistles, and yet so often refuted by Seneca himself.

(h) Hor. Od. I. 12. Fabritium que

Hunc, et incompitis Curium capillis,

Utilem bello tulit, et Camillam

Sæva paupertas et avitus apto

Cum lare fundus.

Form'd by the hands of penury severe,

In dwellings, suited to their small domains,

Fabritius, Curius, and Camillus rose

To deeds of martial glory. Francis.

(i) I must beg leave here to transcribe, at least an abstract of the character of this great man (often mentioned in these Epistles), as most elegantly drawn up by Mr. Melmoth in his *Cato* (or *Cicero* on old age) N. 27. "The military talents of the first *Scipio Africanus*, although in no respect excelled by any of the most famous captains, in *Roman* or *Greecian* annals, were by no means superior to the more amiable virtues of his heart." And to crown all, this illustrious *Roman* was impressed with a strong sense of religious duties, and a firm belief of a superintending providence.---But "the important services he had rendered his country, in conjunction with those eminent private virtues which he had upon every public occasion displayed, seem to have given him such an ascendancy in the state, as to have raised, in some of the most distinguished patriots of that age, a strong jealousy of his credit and power."---And accordingly "they commenced a prosecution against him."---But *Scipio*, "instead of vindicating his character from the charges of his impeachment, treated the accusation with disdain; and refusing to comply with the summons for his appearance, withdrew to his villa at *Linturnum*,---by a sort of voluntary exile;---where he spent the remainder of his days, amusing himself in the cultivation of his farms, and without discovering the least regret at being excluded from a scene, in which he had figured with so much honour to himself, and advantage to his country." See Epist. 86.

(k) Viam miseni propter et villam Cæsaris, quæ subjectos sinus editissima prospectat. Tac. Ann. 14. 9. The wretched *Agrippina*, mother to *Nero*, from the benevolence of her domestics, received a slight and vulgar grave, upon the road to *Cape Misenum*, adjoining to a villa of *Cæsar's* the *Dictator*; which from its elevated station overlooks the coasts and bays below.

(l) Among the various readings here I have followed *Gronovius*; in actâ. Baias, actas, convivia, commissiones. Cic. pro Cato.---Et in actâ cum suis accubisset. *Cornel. Nep.*

(m) Quàm unam noctem inter talia duxisse] al. Quod (vallum) in una nocte manu suâ ipse duxisset. So, the old English, which in one night's space he had digged and caused to be inclosed.

(n) If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee, &c. Matth. 5. 29. 18. 8 Mark, 9, 47. See Ep. 71, 8.

(o) Philetus] qu. *Kissers*. a Gr. φιλεῖν, osculari, amplecti.

Οὗ γὰρ γυναῖκα πεποιθεῖ, πεποιθεὶς ὁ γὰρ φιλήτησι. Hes. s. 373.

Too satirical on the fair sex to be translated!

Hesychius. ΦΙΛΗΤΗΣ, ΚΛΑΨΗΣ ΛΗΣΤΗΣ, fur, latro.

EPISTLE LII.

The Necessity of having a good Tutor. Philosophy despiseth the vain Applause of the Populace.

WHAT is it, *Lucilius*, that, as we are intentionally going one way, still drives us another? What is it detains us there, where we have no inclination to stay? What is it, that thwarts our spirit nor permits us to determine upon any one thing seriously? Our thoughts are ever wavering; we *will* nothing freely, nothing absolutely, nothing always. It is *folly*, you say; which is constant in nothing, and pleased with nothing long (*a*).

But how or when shall we get cured of this malady? No one has strength enough of himself to emerge (*b*). *Epicurus* says, that *some*, (including himself among them) have been so happy, as to find out for themselves a path, that leads to truth. And these he greatly commends; whose strength of genius hath usher'd them into the world; while others want help, and can never make any figure, unless some one goes before them, whom they follow with success: such a one, he says, was *Metrodorus*. This likewise is excellent; tho' a genius but of the second class. Now we pretend to no more than this ourselves: and we ought not to despise a man, because he has been obliged to a friend, for putting him into a good way; the very desire to be so obliged is of no small consequence.

Besides these, you will find a third sort of men, whom yet we ought not to disdain, who require to be forced and compelled to good (*d*); who want not only a leader, but an assistant with power irresistible: if you desire an example of this sort; *Epicurus* offers you *Hermachus*; therefore he congratulates the one (*Metrodorus*) and admires the other: (*Hermachus*;) for tho' both arrive at the same end, yet greater praise seems due to him, who had the greater difficulty to encounter: as in building two houses

of equal strength and splendour; where the ground was firm and good, the work hath rose presently; but where the foundation is laid in a watery or sandy soil, much labour and time must be spent before it comes to be settled: in the one case, the whole work that hath been done appears in sight; in the other, a great and more difficult part of it lies concealed: I have therefore called him the happier man, who had little or no trouble with himself, but ~~we~~ think him the more deserving, who hath overcome the malignity of his nature, and did not wheedle but force his inclination to attend wisdom. Know then that such is the hard and laborious task, imposed upon us; we are continually meeting with impediments; we must engage therefore, as it were, in battle; and call in some ally (*e*); but whom, you say, must I call? this man or that? It matters not; call whom you please: but I would have you regard the principals, who are at your service; both among those who now are or have been.

Of these who now are, we must not chuse such as with great fluency pour out their words, (*f*) and deal in common place stuff; and strole from company to company: but such, whose life itself is a lecture; who not only prescribe what is to be done, but give proof of it in their own practice (*g*); and who in teaching what is to be avoided, are never found guilty, of what themselves condemn. Chuse him for your guide, whom you admire more when you see his actions than when you hear his doctrine; nor do I altogether forbid you to attend on those also, whose custom it is to admit the populace, and to entertain them with an harangue, provided they do it with this view; to make both themselves and others better men; and not on account of ambition: for what can be more scandalous than a philosopher affecting popularity and applause! Does a patient ever *praise* the physician while he is using the knife or lancet (*b*)? Be silent, be patient, and give yourselves up to proper direction for your cure: should you exclaim, and be noisy, I should pay no regard thereto, except it were, that I thought I had touched you so, as to make you bewail your sins; or, if it be only to shew, how much you attend to, and are moved with the sublime: there is no harm in it; or be it to give your vote and approbation of what is conducive to your amendment, this too I permit.

The

The scholars of *Pythagoras* were enjoined silence for five years: think you then they were allowed to make their remarks, and give their plaudits? Besides, how great must be his folly, who when he dismisseth his audience is highly pleased with the acclamations of the unskilful? What cause hath a man to rejoice at being praised by those, whom he cannot praise himself! *Fabian* harangued the people; but he was heard with decency and modesty: sometimes indeed a loud applause would burst forth, but it was at the sublimity of his sentiments, not at the charming sound of his sweet-flowing elocution. There is a great difference between the applause of the theatres and that of the schools: and there may be abuse and an impropriety in giving praise. Things are known by certain signs and tokens if well observed; and a very little circumstance will give proof of a person's disposition: an immodest person is sometimes known by his gait, by a motion of the hand, by a single repartee, by scratching the head with one finger (*i*), or a leer of the eye: laughter betrays a fool; and the countenance, or dress, a madman: these, I say, are common tokens; and you may also know what a man is, by observing in what temper he receives praise, and by whom it is given: An auditor will sometimes stretch out his hands to a philosopher, and a crowd of admirers rising up, hover, as it were, over his head. Now such a one is not praised hereby; if you understand the thing rightly, it is nothing more than a mere hubbub. Let such acclamations as these be given to those arts, that have nothing more in view than to please the populace. Let philosophy be adored in silence. Young men indeed may sometimes be allowed to follow the impulse of the mind; but then only, when the impulse is so strong, that it is not in their power to refrain: this sort of praise carries with it an exhortation to the whole audience, and particularly encourageth the minds of youth: but let them be moved with the subject proposed, and not merely with the composition: otherwise eloquence is prejudicial to them, if it only stirs up a desire of the like accomplishment, and not of virtue.

But I shall defer this matter for the present, for it requires a singular and long discussion, to shew how the populace are to be addressed, and what liberties are to be taken on each side. There is no doubt but that
 philosophy

philosophy is injured when it is prostituted to any sinister purpose: but it may be drawn in its proper colours and native beauty, when exhibited by a *Sage*, and not a mere pedlar.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) But what does the *Christian* say? Why, that it is the internal depravity of mankind (entailed by *Adam* on his posterity) of which the antient philosophers not knowing the cause in vain sought a remedy in their frantic schemes of philosophy. Nor were the antient poets less sensible of the evil, though alike ignorant of the cause.

Τᾷ χρηστᾷ ἐπιστάμεθα, καὶ γιγνώσκομεν,
Οὐκ ἐκποῦνται δὲ---Eur. Hippol. 380.
*Our duty well we know, and understand,
But practise not.*

Euripides likewise introduces *Medea* speaking thus of herself. *Med.* v. 1078.

Καὶ μιν θάνατον μὲν, δὲ δ᾽ ἄν μελλω κακὰ.
Θυμὸς δὲ κρείσσων τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων.
*Full well I know the ills by me design'd,
But passion over-rules the lab'ring mind. M.*

Thus expressed by *Ovid.* *Met.* l. 7.

———*Si possem sanior essem :*
*Sed trahit invitam nova vis: aliudque Cupido,
Mens aliud suadet: video meliora, proboque :*
Deteriora sequor.——
*Smit by new pow'rs, my heart unwilling bleeds ;
Discretion there, and here affection pleads :
I see the right, and I approve it too ;
I blame the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.*

Such were the Heathens. *Comp. Rom.* i. 22. II. 14. 15. Such the Scribes, *Mark* xii. 32. Such the Jew, *Rom.* x. 2. II. 17. 18. And such, alas! the Christian, according to the acknowledgment of *St. Paul*; *For the will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not ; for the good that I would, I do not ; but the evil which I would not, that I do : Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.* *Rom.* vii. 18. Where note, the Apostle's expressions of *not willing the evil he doth, &c.* are not intended here to leave any innocence, or excuse upon himself, as not accessory to his fault: but partly to acknowledge the good effect of the law upon him; partly the tyrannical and powerful operation of sin *before grace.* See *M. Fell.* *Rom.* viii. 3. &c. *Gal.* i. 14, &c.

(b) *Nemo per se satis valet, ut emergat.* *Not that we are sufficient of ourselves* (so much as) *to think* (and much less to act) *any* (good) *thing, as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God.* *Cor.* iii. 5. *For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.* *Ephes.* ii. 8. *Phil.* ii. 18. See *Epp.* 4, (N. a) 45.

(c) *Cicero* (*de Nat. Deor.*) says that *Epicurus* (*gloriabatur, ut videmus, in scriptis, se magistrum habuisse nullum*) *gloried, as we see in his writing, that he was self-taught: Laetius affirms the same, though some suppose him to have been a pupil of Xenocrates.*

(d) *Forced*

(d) *Forced and compelled to good*] as is the supposed case of a Calvinist.

(e) *Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, and put on the whole armour of God: for we Christians wrestle (or contend) not against flesh and blood (visible enemies) but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in base slaves.* Ephes. vi. 10. See the foregoing Epistle.

(f) *For when they speak great swelling words of vanity, they allure, through much wantonness, those that were for a while escaped from them who live in error; while they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption.* ii Pet. 2. 18.

(g) *For yourselves know, how you ought to follow us; for we behaved not ourselves disorderly among you.* ii Theff. 3. 7.—

A living sermon of the truths he taught.—*Chazart's Good Parson.*

(h) It is observable that the physicians in those days professed surgery, and prepared their own medicines, which is not reckoned so reputable among us as in foreign countries, where it is the general practice. See Ep. 75.

(i) This was looked upon as a sure sign of an effeminate coxcomb; *Τὸ δακτυλὸν τὴν κεφαλὴν κνῆσαι* (Lucian.) *To scratch the head with the top of one finger*, so as not to discompose the order of the curls. Of whom Juvenal, IX. 133.

Convenient et carpentis et navibus omnes

Qui digito scalpunt uno caput—

—— All will throng

To Rome, by boat or coach, to make this match,

Their heads who neatly with one finger scratch.—Stapylton.

EPISTLE LIII.

The great Power and Value of Philosophy.

WHAT can I not be persuaded to when I have been prevailed upon to attempt a voyage? I set sail in an unruffled sea, but the sky look'd heavy as overcharged with dark clouds that generally turn to rain or wind: yet doubtful and blowing as the weather seem'd, I thought, *Lucilius*, I should soon be convey'd so few miles as from your *Partbenope*, to *Puteoli* (a): and to get thither the sooner, we launched out into the deep in a direct course for the island *Nesir*, without coasting it along the shore. But when I had got so far, as to be indifferent, whether I went

on,

on, or returned, the smoothness of the sea which first tempted me out (*b*), was gone off: it was not indeed as yet a storm, but the sea began to roll and the surges to swell and clash. Whereupon I desired the master of the vessel to set me somewhere ashore; but he told me it was impossible; as there was no haven near; and that he feared nothing so much in a storm as the land. But I was too much vexed, to be apprehensive of any danger; for I was terribly sea-sick, and could get no relief by evacuation: I therefore insisted upon it whether he would or not, that he should bear to shore; which as soon as we drew nigh to, I waited not, till, as *Virgil* says (*c*), *obvertunt pelago proras*, (*they turn the prow of the ship to the shore*) aut, *anchora de prora jaciatur* (*or cast anchor*). But mindful of my old custom, I flung myself into the sea in my loose robe, as when we go into the cold bath: And you cannot imagine what I suffer'd, when I sprawled among the rocks, seeking or making what way I could: I then perfectly understood, why mariners are so justly afraid of land: and it is incredible to think what I further suffer'd, when I could not bear my own load: know this, that the sea was not so great an enemy to *Ulysses*, either from sickness, or frequent shipwreck, as it is to me; so that was I oblig'd to sail again, I should think it twice ten years before I finish'd my voyage.

However as soon as I was a little recover'd (for, this sickness, you know, soon goes off upon landing,) and had refresh'd my body with anointing it in the sun, I began to reflect with myself, how forgetful we are of our infirmities, not only those of the mind, which the greater they are, the more they lie concealed; but of the body, which now and then admonish us, and make us sensible of them. A slight disorder is apt to deceive us; but when it gathers strength, and a real fever burns up the body, it forces acknowledgment, be the patient ever so hardy, and subject to such distempers. The feet ach, the joints prick and shoot; but as yet we dissemble (*d*), and say, we have sprained our ankle, or overtired ourselves by some violent exercise, or in short, we know not what it is; but when the knots are formed, and the nervous fibres grown so stiff as to disable one from walking, it is then acknowledg'd to be the gout (*e*). It is not so with the diseases of the mind, which the worse they are, are the less perceived. Nor need you wonder at this, dearest

Lucilius; for he that dozes, or takes a nap, sometimes thinks that he is sleeping, even in his sleep: whereas a sound sleep extinguisheth all dreams, and sinks the mind so deep, as to deprive it of its intellectual faculties. Why is not a man ready to acknowledge his faults? because he is as yet plunged in them (*as in a sound sleep.*) To tell a dream is the part of one awake; and to confess our imperfections, is a token of sanity.

Let us awake therefore (*f*) that we may be sensible of, and correct our errors. Now, it is philosophy alone that will rouse us; tis she alone that will shake off a sound sleep: dedicate yourself entirely to her; you are worthy of her, and she of *you*; embrace her most cordially: deny yourself to all besides, boldly, publickly. There is no reason that a philosopher should be at the will and pleasure of any one else. If you were ill, you would not concern yourself with family-affairs; nor with the business of the Forum; nor would you have so great a value for any one, as to appear an advocate in court for him: your whole attention would be taken up, in endeavouring to get rid of your disorder: and will you not do the same now?

Let every impediment be thrown aside, while you attend only to the attainment of a sound mind. No one can attain this, who is busied about other things (*g*). Philosophy exerciseth a regal power: she grants time; but accepts it not: she is no substitute; she is the principal, in waiting, and gives commands (*b*). *Alexander*, to a certain state that promised him part of their lands, and half their property, said, *that he came into Asia with this resolution; not to accept of what they would be pleased to give him; but that they might enjoy what he should think proper to leave them* (*i*). Philosophy useth the same language in all respects. *I will not accept the time of you, which seems superfluous, and you know not how to employ; but you shall have that, which I shall think proper to spare you.*

Give up yourself entirely to her: sit close by her; worship her; so shall there be a wide difference between you, and the commonalty; you

shall far excel other mortals; nor shall the gods themselves far excel you. Do you ask in what the difference between you shall consist? they will continue longer. But it is the glory of a skilful artist to include much in a little compass: the few days of a wise man are as much to him, as his eternity is to God: nay, there is something wherein the wise man has the advantage of the gods themselves (*k*), *They* are what they are by nature, *the wise man* is what he is by his own industry: behold, a wonderful thing, to have the weakness of a man and the security of God. Incredible is the strength of philosophy in repelling every violent attack from without: not one of fortune's darts can fix itself in her: she is every where guarded and impenetrable: some she wearies out; the lighter sort she retains in the folds of her outer robe: and others she shakes off unhurt, and even returns them on him from whom they came.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) *Parthenope*, the birth-place of *Lucilius*; now called *Naples*. *Puteoli*, a city in *Campania*; now *Pozzuola*. *Nefis*, an island in *Campania*, al. *Neffis*. Unde malignum aera respirat pelago circumflua Nefis, *Stat.* II. 2. 78,—now called *Nisita*.

(b) *me corruperat*] induced me to forego the resolution I had in common with *Cato*, *Mari non ire quo terra possem*; *not to go by sea, where I could go by land*.

(c) *Virgil. Æn.* III. 277. VI. 3.

(d) So *Lucian*—

Απαι γὰρ αὐτὸν Εὐκαλεῖ τρυδοστομῶν
Ὡς ενσεσικῶς, ἢ προκυψίδος τοι βασι,
Λιγὴ φιλων, μὴ φρασσαι τὴν αἰτίαν.
'Ο μὴ λιγὴ γὰρ, ὡς δοκῶν λαθεῖν τινος,
Χρονος δ' ἔγ' ἔργων μνησὶ καὶ μὴ θελῇ
Καί τότε λαμαδου νομάσας μετ' ὄνομα,
Πᾶσι θριαμβος, ἐμὲ δ' ἀστάχλαι φίλοις.

Fain would a man deceive himself, and friends,
Asham'd of his disorder, (if the gout)
And feigns some accident, a wrench, or sprain:
But aways ere long the sore disease, by name,
When carried by his friends, as 'twere in triumph. M.

I indeed, happily, know nothing of the gout; and cannot conceive why any one should have been ashamed of it; unless the *Romans* supposed it not *hereditary*, but always acquired by luxury and high-living. (*Locuples podagra*, *Juv.* 13. 96—*turpesque podagras* *Virg.* E. 3. 299.) but, I believe, there are many instances to the contrary.

(e) utroque pedes *dextros fecit*] l. distorterit vel detorserit. *Lips.*

Lucian, ib.

Ἐπ' ἂν δὲ καὶ τὸν ἕτερον ἀλγῆσθης ποδᾶ

Ἰπτεῶν δακρυεῖς, ἐν δὲ σὺ φρασαὶ θέλῃς.

Ταῦτ' ἔστ' ἐκείνῃς, καὶν θίλῃς, καὶν μὴ θέλῃς.

But when both feet are swollen, you then cry out;

And pain obliges you to weep, with me,

Whether you will or not, it is the gout.

(f) This metaphor is frequent in Scripture—*Awake, ye drunkards*, Joel, i. 5, *knowing, that it is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.* Rom. xiii. 11. *Awake to righteousness and sin not.* I. Cor. xv. 34, &c.

(g) Martha, *Thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is useful.* Luke x. 41. See Ep. xxiii. (N. f.)

(h) Ordinaria est] So the chief or principal Consuls, who were elected in January were stiled *Ordinarii*, as distinguished from the *Honorarii*, and *Suffecti*; the *honorary*, or *such as were elected at other times.* See Ep. 110. Sidon. Apol. p. 86. Sueton. Jul. c. 26.

(i) When *Darius* offered to surrender *Lydia*, *Ionis*, *Æolis*, to *Alexander*, he answered, *that he came not out with the view of so small a recompence, but for the conquest of his kingdom, and the empire of the east.* Qu. Curt. l. iv.

(k) Nothing, with our author's leave, can be more impious and intolerable than this arrogance of the Stoics; who were not satisfied with making their *wife man* equal to the gods, but even in some cases gave him the preference! Though this indeed might seem excusable, if they really believed some facts related of the gods, (for which they were rallied by the poets, and particularly the comedians, *Aristophanes*, *Plautus*, *Terence*) which a truly good man would abhor to harbour in his thoughts, and much more to perpetrate. See Epp. 31. 59. 73. 87. 102.

EPISTLE LIV.

Against the Fear of Death.

MY malady, *Lucilius*, hath given me a long respite (a), but is now come upon me on a sudden. Do you ask, what malady? really you may well ask; for there is none, I think, but what I am afflicted with. Yet I seem destined to one in particular, which why I should honour with a *Greek* name, I know not (b): for I think I may properly call it, *suspirium*, (*a cough*, or *shortness of breath*;) the violence of it, indeed, lasts not long: like a storm, it is generally over within the hour. For who can long want breath? all other infirmities or dangers of the body have

have passed by me unregarded; none seeming more troublesome to me than this: for any other is nothing more than *being sick*, but this is to expire: therefore the physicians call it, *the exercise of death* (c). The breath will some time or other go off, as it frequently attempts so to do.

You may perhaps think me chearful, in now writing to you, because I have escaped; but was I to rejoice at this, as if I now enjoy'd a complete state of health, I should act as ridiculously, as one who thinks he has gained his cause, by forfeiting his recognizance. Indeed while I was almost choaked, I was not the less chearful and courageous in thought: what is this, I cried? does death make so many trials of me? he is welcome; I have long since made trial of *him*: do you ask how long? why, before I was born. To die, *is not to be* (d): and what that is I already know: it will be the same after I am gone, as it was before I was in being. Was there any torment in this, we must have experienced the same before we came into the world; but we were not then sensible of any pain or trouble. I ask, whether you would not call him a fool, who thinks a candle in a worse condition when it is put out, than before it was lighted up? We are also lighted up, and (*to all appearance*) put out: in the interval indeed we suffer something; but before and after all is secure. For in this, my *Lucilius*, (*if I am not mistaken*) we deceive ourselves, in thinking that death only follows life, whereas it both goes before and will follow after it: for where is the difference in not beginning, or ceasing to exist? the effect of both is, *not to be* (e). With these and the like tacit remonstrances I communed with myself, (for I had not breath to speak,) till my fit by degrees began to go off, and I enjoy'd still longer intermissions; not that as yet, does my breath flow in a natural and easy course: still I feel my disorder hanging upon me; and let it do what it will, provided I labour not nor sigh in my *mind*.

And be assur'd of this; that I shall not tremble at the last gasp, being already prepared, and quite regardless of the day (f). But let me particularly recommend to your praise and imitation some one, whom it grieves not to die, when it is a pleasure to live: for what virtue is there
in

in going off when you are forced (*g*)? Yet even here there is room for virtue: I am oblig'd indeed to quit the stage, but I will make a willing and decent exit: and therefore the wise man can never be said to be forced off, because to be forced off, is to be expelled from whence you retire unwillingly: but the wise man does nothing unwillingly: he is not subject to necessity: for what *must be done*, that he also wills (*h*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Commeatum*] More properly a *furrow*: for it is a military term.

(*b*) Gr. *ἄσθμα*, aut *ὀρθόπνοια*, an *asthma*. Vid. *Mercurial*. Var. Laet. vi. 16.

(*c*) *Meditationem Mortis*.] Which *Hieron. Mercurial*. not knowing a reason for, alters it to *Exercitationem*. And another learned physician writes it *Modulationem*; but *Gronovius* proves the right reading to be, *Meditationem*, in the same sense with *Exercitationem*; from several passages in *Plautus*, *Cicero*, &c. Vid. *Gronov.* in loc.

(*d*) *Mors nos in illam tranquillitatem*, in qua, antequam nasceremur, jacuimus, reponit. *Sen.* ad Marc. c. 19. ad Polyb. c. 27.

The Tragedian in the same strain:

Quæstis, quo jaceas post obitum loco?

Quo non nata jacent.—*Sen.*

So *Andromache* in Eur. *Troad.* 631.

Τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι, τῷ θανεῖν ἴσον λίσσῳ.

And *Cicero*, Hoc saltem in maximis malis boni consequamur, &c. Ep. V. 21.

This advantage we may at least derive from our calamities; that they will teach us to look upon death with contempt; which even if we were happy we ought to despise, as a state of total insensibility: but which under our present afflictions, should be the object of our constant wishes. And elsewhere, Si non ero, sensu carebo.—Una ratio videtur, quicquid evenierit ferre moderatè; præsertim cum omnium rerum mors sit extremum. But the ingenious and learned translator observes, that, *these passages, without any violence of construction, may be interpreted as affirming nothing more than that death is an utter extinction of all sensibility with respect to human concerns.* (Somewhat like this we meet with in *Eccles.* ix. v. *The living know that they shall die, but the dead know not any thing.* It follows, v. 6. *Their love, and their hatred and their envy is now perished,* neither have they any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the sun.) Moreover, “that *Cicero’s* real sentiments and opinions are not to be proved from the foregoing; as it was usual with him to accommodate his expression to the principles or circumstances of his correspondence: that in a letter to *Atticus* he expressly mentions his expectation of a future state, *Tempus est nos de illa perpetua jam, non de hac exigua vitâ, cogitare; it is time for us to consider, not the short life we are allotted here, but life everlasting:* and, that his philosophical writings abound with various and full proofs, that he was firmly persuaded of *the immortality of the soul.*” (Vid. loc.) And I think we may say the same, in all respects, of our Author, notwithstanding what he hath advanced in this Epistle, when in contradiction thereto he hath elsewhere alledged, that *the souls of the good and virtuous, after death, are carried up into heaven, and live in a state of bliss.* Ep. 63. Cogitemus ergo, Lucili carissime, citò nos eo perventuros, &c. *Let us consider, dearest Lucilius, that we shall soon arrive there, where he is gone whom we bewail;*

bewail: and perhaps (if according to the opinion of some wise men there is a place prepared for our reception hereafter) that he, whom we fondly imagined to have perished, is sent before us to that happy mansion. And more expressly, Ep. 102. *Dies ista, quam, tanquam extremum reformidas, æterni natalis est.* *The day, which men are apt to dread as their last, is but the birth-day of an eternity.* Nothing surely can heighten more the obligation we Christians owe to the good pleasure of God, in giving us certainty in these high matters concerning himself, and *the immortality of the soul*; wherein the ancient philosophers, even the wisest of them, *Socrates, Cicero, Seneca*, were so perplexed and bewildered with doubt and error. Not but that in the more poetical part of Scripture, we have similar passages before us concerning death; as, *Why died I not from the womb?* (says *Job* in the paroxysm of grief) *for now should I have been still and quiet; I should have slept with Kings and Counsellors of the earth; I should have been as infants that never saw light.* Job. iii. 11, 19. And Ecclesi. iii. 19, 20. *That which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts; as the one dieth, so dieth the other. All go to one place, all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again: which is contradicted, or rather answered in the next verse, if the whole be a dialogue; who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of a beast, that goeth downward to the earth.*—Blessed therefore be God for the vouchsafement of his gracious purpose by the appearing of our Saviour, who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. II. Tim. 1. 10.

(e) *Seneca* repeats the same thought in *Consol. ad Polyb.* c. 7. as also in *Consol. ad Marc.* where he absolutely rejects the notion of future punishments, &c. See Leland, II. p. 289.

(f) Here again *Seneca* seems to speak like a Christian philosopher: so that if any thing is wanting here, as *Muretus* conjectures, we may regret the loss.

(g) I would recommend to you the example of some young man, who in the prime of life *is not afraid to die*: as for me, I am old, and therefore it is no virtue.

(b) And thinks, in Mr. *Pope's* language, that *whatever is, is right.*

EPISTLE LV.

A true Friend is never absent.

I Often return from taking the air in my chariot, as much tired, as if I had walked as far as I had rode; for it is a pain to me to be carried far; and perhaps the more so, because it is not natural: Nature hath given us feet, to walk withal, as well as eyes to see with, for ourselves. I know that an indulgence of this kind is apt to weaken one; and we may leave off walking, 'till by disuse we cannot walk at all; but a little shaking was at present necessary for me, that either I might throw off such phlegm as was troublesome to me, or that by such gentle exercise
I might

I might extenuate the difficulty of breathing; and indeed I found great benefit therefrom, which made me persist in it the longer; especially being invited, by the pleasantness of the shore, that winds between *Cumæ* and the villa of *Servilius Vatia*; forming a neck of land, with the sea on one side, and the lake on the other: the ground too at this time was more firm and solid, by reason of a late tempest; as the waves, you know, by frequent overflowing, level or smooth it; whereas a calm or long ebb, loosens it, when the moisture that cemented the sands is all drained from them.

But, according to custom I was looking round to see, if I could find a proper object for some useful reflection: when I happen'd to cast my eyes upon the villa, that sometime since belong'd to *Vatia*.—In this villa, that rich *Prætorian*, who had signalized himself in nothing but his indolence, spent his days; and living to a good old age, was from this circumstance alone accounted an happy man. For as often as a connection with *Afinius Gallus* (*a*), or the hatred (and sometime after, the love) of *Sejanus* (*b*), (for it was alike dangerous to be his aversion or favourite) had brought any one to ruin; all men would cry, *O happy Vatia, you alone know how to live*: he indeed knew how to lie concealed, but not to live: for there is a great difference, between a retired life and an idle one: I never pass'd by his villa in my life, but I cried, *Vatia hic situs est, Here lies Vatia*. (.) But, philosophy my *Lucilius*, is so sacred and venerable a thing, that whatever pretends to be like it, must rest upon a falsity: for the vulgar think a man who has retired from business must necessarily be free from all care and trouble; well satisfied in and living altogether for, himself: whereas nothing like this can be applied to any one, but to the *wise man*: he indeed is a stranger to anxiety, and knows how to live for himself: such a one, I say (which is the principal good) knows how to live; whereas the man, who flies from men and business, whom the ill success of his ambition hath banished from conversation, who cannot bear to see another happier than himself: who like a timorous and silly animal hides himself for fear---such a one lives not to himself, but to luxury, to sleep, to lust: he lives not always to himself who lives

to no one else: yet there is something so valuable in constancy and perseverance, that even the most stubborn indolence gains some credit.

I can write nothing of certainty concerning the *Villa* itself; for I know nothing more than the front and outside, as it appears to us on the road. There are two grottos of curious workmanship, each of whose floors are of equal dimensions with the court yard; the one of which never admits the sun; the other is exposed to it all day long: A river that runs into the sea, and the *Acherusian* lake, divides, like a canal, a grove of plane trees: and this river, tho' frequently drawn, is still supplied with store of fish; but the fishermen spare it when the sea is open to them; and when stormy weather gives them an holyday, every one catches the fish as they can. But what makes this *Villa* most commodious, is, that it hath *Baiæ* on the other side the wall; enjoying all the pleasures of it without its inconveniences. So much I know due to its praise: and indeed it is a *Villa* I think habitable all the year: for it fronts the west wind, and receives so much of it as to keep it off from *Baiæ*.

Vatia therefore seems not injudiciously to have chosen this *Villa*, wherein to retire, and wear out his days in indolence, and a quiet old age. But in truth, it is not the place, be it where it will, that can confer true tranquillity; it is the mind that is all in all. I have seen chagrin and melancholy in the most pleasant and chearful *Villa*; and I have seen men, in the midst of solitude, fatigued, as it were, with business.

There is no reason therefore you should complain of your situation, because you are not in *Campania*. And why should I say, you are not there? Send us your thoughts: a man may very well converse with his absent friends; indeed as often and as long as you please: nay, we enjoy this pleasure great as it is, the more, on the account of absence: for the being present is apt to make us somewhat shy: and because, having an opportunity to talk, and walk together, when we sit down, or are parted, we think no more of those we saw so lately; and what may

make us bear absence the more patiently is, there is no one, who is not often absent, to his friend or neighbour: for consider the many absent nights, and the different employs of the day on either side and the different pursuits, the different studies, and frequent calls out of the city; and you will find, that a voyage or a journey does not deprive us of so much of our friend's company as you imagined. A friend is to be enjoy'd, by the *Mind*; this is never absent; it daily sees whom it pleases. Therefore, still study with me, sup with me, walk with me: we should live in very narrow bounds, could any thing be excluded our thoughts: I see you still, my *Lucilius*, I ever hear thee; in short, I am so much with you, that I am in doubt, whether I shall send you any more epistles or only a complimentary billet.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Tiberius* had long hated him, for that *Gallus* had married *Vipsania*, daughter of *Marcus Agrippa*, and formerly wife of *Tiberius*; who suspected that by this match he meant to soar above the rank of a subject; he possessed also the bold and haughty spirit of *Asinius Pollio* his father. That *Gallus* perished through famine was indisputable; but whether of his own accord or by constraint was uncertain.

(b) The character of *Sejanus*, as drawn by *Tacitus*, is, that he was alike destructive to the state, when he flourished and when he fell. His person was hardy and equal to any fatigue; his spirit daring but covered; sedulous to disguise his own counsels, dextrous to blacken others; alike fawning and imperious; to appearance exactly modest, but in his heart fostering the lust of domination. No access to honours but through his favour, and this purchased. He was at length executed, and his body drawn through the streets; and not only his children, but all those under accusation of any attachment to him, were put to the slaughter.

(c) — A man “may retire and drone life away in solitude, like a Monk, or like him, over the door of whose house somebody wrote, *Here lies such a one*. But no such man will be able to make the true use of retirement.” See *Bolingbroke* on Retirement.

EPISTLE LVI.

On Tranquillity—(a).

LET me die, if I think silence so absolutely necessary for a studious man as it seems at first to be: variety of noise surrounds *me* on every side: I lodge even over a bath. Suppose now all kinds of sounds that can be harsh and disagreeable to the ears; as when the strong boxers are exercising themselves, and fling about their hands loaded with lead (*b*), or when they are in distress, or imitate those that are, and I hear their groans; or when sending forth their breath, which for some time they held in, I hear their hissing, and violent sobs; or when I meet with an idle varlet, who anoints the ordinary wrestlers for their exercise, and I hear the different flaps he gives them on their shoulder, with either a flat or hollow palm; or if a ball-player (*c*) comes in, and begins to count the balls, it is almost over with me. Add to these the rank (*d*) and swaggering bully, the taking a pickpocket, or the bawling of such as delight to hear their voice echo through the bath (*e*); add also those, who dash into the pond with a great noise of the water; and besides these, such whose voices at least are tolerable: suppose a hair-plucker (*f*) every now and then squeaking with a shrill and effeminate tone, to make himself the more remarkable, and is never silent but when he is at work, and making his patient cry for him: add to these the various cries of those that sell cakes and sausages, the gingerbread baker, the huckster, and all such as vend their wares about the streets with a peculiar tone. *Sure you have no ears, you say, or must be made of iron, whose mind is not disturbed with such various and dissonant sounds; when our Chrysis (*g*) is almost killed, with only the common salutations of the morning.* I assure you, *Lucilius*, I regard all this noise no more than the ebbing and flowing of the water: though I hear that a certain people, near the River *Nile*, gave this as a reason for changing the site of their city; because they could not bear the noise of the waterfalls (*h*).

But as for me, I own a voice distracts me more than any noise whatever; for that draws off the mind, but this only strikes, and fills the ear: and I will moreover tell you what I reckon among those things that give me no disturbance, the rattling of the carriages in the streets (*i*); a smith's forge in the house, a sawyer's yard next door; and the horrid noise a fellow makes, who, by the *Temple of Peace*, is ever trying his new-made hautboys and trumpets, and does not sing but bawl: the sound indeed, which startles me after intermissions, is somewhat more troublesome to me than that which is continued; but I am so inured to these things, that I could even hear a boatswain (*k*) giving orders to his crew, with the most harsh and hoarse vociferation, without being in the least discomposed.

The truth is; I force my mind to be so intent upon itself, as not to be drawn off by any thing from without. Whatever noise is abroad, I care not, while all is calm and quiet within; no jarring between desire and fear; no dissension between avarice and luxury: in short, no one passion thwarting another; for what availeth all imaginable silence, if the passions are at variance?

Omnia noctis erant placidâ composita quiete;

All things were lull'd, by night, in pleasing rest,

faith the poet (*Varro*); but 'tis false; there can be no pleasing rest, but what is the effect of reason (*l*): the night rather promotes than prevents trouble, and only changes one scene of anxiety for another: for even the dreams of those that sleep, are as turbulent as all the accidents of the day. There can be no true tranquillity, but what ariseth from a sound mind. Behold the man, who endeavours to sleep, while the whole house is silent; and, that the least noise may not reach his ears, all the servants are order'd not to speak a word: and, if they approach near his bed, to tread as softly as possible; yet is he turning from one side to another, and would fain get a nap; still complaining, that he hears noises, while not the least is made. Now, what do you think is the reason of this? why, his mind is disturb'd; this must be appeased; the sedition within must be calm'd; the noise is there; for you must

not

not think the mind is at peace; tho' the body were to lie as still as in the arms of death.

Even rest itself is sometimes restless; and therefore it is proper we should be roused to action, and employ'd in some of the liberal sciences, as often as listlessness seizes us impatient of its own weight. Great generals when they see a soldier disobedient to orders, condemn him to some hard labour; nor will permit him to join his company. They have no time to play and wanton, who are tied down to business; and nothing is more certain, than that the vices of idleness are thrown off by proper employ.

We often seem to retire, when fatigued with public affairs, and chagrin'd at some unhappy and disagreeable station; yet even amidst this retirement, which fear and disgust have induced us to seek, ambition sometimes rankles at the heart: for it was not quite cut off, but only tired, and sore vexed at things not succeeding to its wish: I say the same of luxury, which sometimes seems to give way: but soon again revives, solliciting those who have professed frugality; and in the midst of parsimony pursues the pleasures it had not entirely condemn'd, but only left for a time; and pursues them now the more vehemently, as the more secretly it can obtain its desires; for the more public all vices are, they are the less daring: diseases likewise are more easily curable, when they break out, and shew themselves what they are: and you may be assured that avarice, ambition, and all the evils of the human heart are the most dangerous, when they subside, and are patched up by a pretended cure. We may seem at ease, but are far from being so; were we really so;—if we have founded a retreat;—if we have despised all specious trifles,—nothing, as I have before observ'd, can recall us; or withdraw our attention; not even the harmony of men or birds, could interrupt our serious thoughts, now become sure and solid. The disposition is light and wavering, which can be moved by any accidental sound: it still retains anxiety, and a dread of something that excites its curiosity and care, as says our *Virgil*, (2, 726).

A me quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
 Tela, neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii;
 Nunc omnes terrent auræ, sonus excitat omnis
 Suspensum, et pariter comitique onerique timentî.

*I who so bold and dauntless just before
 The Grecian darts and shocks of lances bore,
 At every shadow now am seiz'd with fear,
 Not for myself but for the charge I bear* (Dryden).

In the former part of these lines *Æneas* resembles a wise and brave man, whom not the brandishing of spears, nor the clashing arms of an engaged troop, nor the outcries of a besieged city, can terrify; in the latter, a meer coward, wrapt in fear, and startled at every noise; whom a single voice, taken for the din of a multitude, quite casts down; and the lightest motions drive to despair: his burthen (*his aged father*) makes him timorous.—Take whom you will, of those rich men who gather much, and load themselves therewith, you will see him (*like Æneas*) fearful for his charge. Know therefore you are then only truly composed, when no alarm can move you; when no voice can shake you from yourself, whether it flatters, or threatens you; or pours forth a variety of idle sounds. What then? is it not more convenient sometimes to be free from noise and brawling? No doubt of it. Therefore I intend soon to change my quarters; I had a mind, once to try and exercise myself; but what necessity is there for tormenting myself any longer; when *Ulysses* found so easy a remedy, for preserving his companions from the sweet melody of the *Syrens*? (*Ep.* 31.)

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) It is impossible to read this humorous Epistle, without being reminded of the late Mr. Hogarth's excellent print, *The enraged Musician*, who cannot be supposed so great a philosopher as *Seneca*; when surrounded with such a variety of external noise as is therein expressed.

(b) Cum lassata gravi ceciderunt brachia mæsa. Juv. vi. 423. See *Ep.* 15.

(c) Pilicrepus. So *Turneb.* *Advers.* vii. 4. But *Mercurial.* *Art. Gymnast.* i. 12. (where is explained this whole Epistle) supposes it to be the *stoker*, or he that supplies the fire under the baths with pitchy balls.—al. Pellicrepus. al. Pilicrepus.—*Vid.* Cæl. Rhodig. xxx. 19. Sidon. Apoll. p. 109.

(d) Scordalum

(d) Scordalum, qu. Scorodalum. *Erasm. Turneb.* One that stinks of garlick. Ep. 84. Or, one of a rank smell after exercise, qu. scordylum.—al. One that cleans the baths from all filth and ordure, a Gr. word.

(e) According to *Horace*, (Sat. i. 4. 75)—In medio qui
Scripta foro recitent sunt multi: quique lavantes;
Suave locus voci resonat conclusus.—
*But many bards the public forum chuse,
Where to recite the labours of their muse;
Or vaulted baths, that still preserve the sound,
While sweetly floats the voice in echoes round.*—Francis.

(f) Alipilum, al. alipilarius, i. e. qui alas depilat. *Juvenal* speaking of one as yet a boy;—
nec vellendas jam præbuit alas. (11. 157.)

(g) *Lipsius* thinks this by no means applicable to *Chrysippus* the philosopher; and therefore reads it, *Crispus*, a friend of *Seneca's*.

(h) Quem (strepitum) perferre gens ibi a Persis collocata non potuit, obtusis assiduo fragore auribus, et ob hoc sedibus ad quietiora translatis. *Natural Enst.* iv. 2.

(i)
Stridentum et moderator effedorum,
Curvorum, et chorus Helciariorum,
i. e. of those who tow the barge.

Sidon. Apoll. x. 2.—Sic *Claudian.* de gallicis mulis,
Consensuque pares, et fulvis pellibus hirtæ
Effeda concordēs multifonora trahunt.
*Drawn by mules, match'd in colour and in size,
Loud-rattling through the streets the chariot flies.* M.

And *Martial*, iv. 64.

Ne blando rota sit molesta somno;
Quem nec rumpere nauticum celeusma
Nec clamor valet helciariorum.

(k) Pausarium] properly one who gave the (celeusma) command) or orders, to the rowers. *Ovid.* Met. III. 617.

—— Qui requiemque modumque
Voce dabat remis, animorum hortator Epopeus.

(l) The opinion which is said to be *Zeno's* is somewhat quaint, but may deserve our consideration: he said, that any one may give a guess at his proficiency, from the observation of his dreams, thus: if when asleep he fancied nothing that was immodest, nor seemed to consent to any wicked actions, or dishonest intentions, but found his fancy and passions of his mind undisturbed, in a constant calm, as it were always serene and enlightened with the beams of divine reason. *Plut.*

EPISTLE LVII.

On Fear, and the Immortality of the Soul.

WHEN I was obliged to leave *Baiae* again for *Naples*, I easily persuaded myself, that we should meet with another storm, so determined to go by land. But the roads were so bad, and full of sloughs, that I was as much rocked as if I had gone by sea (*a*). I underwent the whole ceremony of wrestlers (*b*); wanting neither the *ceroma* (*anointing*), nor the *baphe* (*being sprinkled over with dust*), especially in the hollow way that leads to *Naples*. Nothing can be more tedious than travelling through that dungeon-like vale; nothing more disagreeable than the narrow passage, which is darkness itself: so that it was impossible to see our way: or had the place admitted any light, the dust itself would have blinded us, which is troublesome enough in the high and open road; but what must it be, when enclosed, without a breath of air to carry it off; and we only kick it up upon one another? Thus I say we were plagued with two contrary evils; and the same road, on the same day, covered us with mud and dust. Yet even this darksome way yielded matter for reflection; I felt a certain stroke upon my mind, and a change, though without fear, which the novelty and hideousness of the place brought upon me.

I am not speaking, *Lucilius*, as if this was applicable only to myself; who am far from pretending to a tolerable sufficiency, and much less to perfection; let it be applied to one, over whom Fortune hath lost all her power; and you will find that even such a one may be sensible of an attack, and change his colour. For there are certain sensations which even a virtuous man cannot avoid; as when Nature seriously reminds him of his mortality: wherefore his countenance occasionally puts on a gloomy sorrow; he is startled with surprize; and his head as dizzy, as

if he looked down into the deep from a lofty precipice. Now, this is not fear, but a natural affection, which Reason itself cannot discard (*d*). Whence it happens that some brave men, who are ready to shed their own blood in their country's cause, yet cannot bear to see the blood of another person; some have even swooned away at the sight of a fresh wound; and some at the dressing of an old and purulent sore; others had rather receive a stroke from a sword, than see one given. Therefore, as I said before, I felt a certain alteration, but no perturbation of mind.

And now, as soon as the light began to break in upon us, I felt an alacrity, which came upon me, unthought of, uninvited: I began then to say with myself; how ridiculous is it to fear any thing, more or less, when there is one common end of all? for what matter is it whether a man be killed by the falling of a tower, or of a mountain? it is still but death; nothing more: yet there are some who are more afraid of one thing than another, tho' they are both alike fatal: fear is therefore more apprehensive of the cause, than of the effect. You perhaps may think I am now speaking of those little *Stoics*, who suppose the soul of man, when violently pressed down by an enormous weight, cannot make its way any where, but is totally crushed and demolished, because it had not a free *exit*: no (*c*) such matter; they who advance this doctrine seem to me much mistaken: as the flame cannot be suppressed, but still flies round that which would press it down; and as the air is not hurt by any stroke you give it; nor indeed divided, but that by its elasticity it pours back again upon the place it has quitted; so the soul, which is of the finest and most subtile quality, cannot be surprised and crushed within the body, but by reason of its subtilty, breaks forth from what-ever seems to overwhelm it.

As the lightning having darted its influence far and wide, returns through a small crevice; so the soul which is far more subtile than flame, takes its flight through every pore of the body. From whence ariseth a question concerning immortality: and this, you may be assured of, *Lucilius*, that, if it survives the body, it can by no means perish, because it is not perishable: since no immortality admits an exception, nor can any thing destroy what is naturally *eternal* (*f*)

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) There is the like metaphor in *Statius* (Silv. iv.)

Nutabat cruce pendulâ viator,
Sorbebatque rotas maligna tellus;
Et plebs in mediis Latina campis
Horrebat mala navigationis.

(b) See *Faber Agonist.* III. 22.

(c) *Crypta Neapolitana.*] A dark way, cut through the mountain *Posilipo*; by whom, or at what time is unknown: it is now about a mile long, leading to *Naples*. The windows, if there were any, might have been stopped up, by time and neglect in *Seneca's* days; but *Alphonfus* I. king of *Navarre* and *Arragon*, Ann. 1105, cut two new ones, and smoothed the road.

(d) See this whole affair elegantly treated of in *Agell.* xix. 1. and more fully in *Lips. Manu. u.* iii. 7. Ep. 85. 116.

(e) *Lipsius* does not recollect meeting with this stoical position any where else but in *Statius* (Theb. VI.) where speaking of a miner, whom the earth fell in upon, and crushed to death, he elegantly, as in general, says,

—jacet intus

Obrutus; ac penitus fractum obductumque cadaver
Indignantem animam propriis non reddidit astris.
Acres o'erwhelm him, as he lifeless lies,
Nor suffer the indignant soul to rise
From the deep load, and claim her native skies. M.

The same opinion was held concerning a person's being drowned. When (*Virg. Æn.* I. 95.) *Æneas* terrified at the approach of a dreadful storm at sea, sighed, not, as *Servius* observes, for fear of death merely, but of such a death, as prevented the soul from making her escape and surviving the body: for being of the same quality with fire, it must necessarily be extinguished by the surrounding waters. Thus *Homer*, (*Od.* δ. 511) describing the death of *Ajax Oiliades*, says

Ὅς ὁ μὲν ἐν θ' ἀπολλωλεν, ἐπὶ πινυ ἄλμυρον ὕδατος.
And thus he peris'd, in the briny sea
For ever buried —

And *Seneca* himself, (*de ira* iii. 19.) speaking of that haughty and most inhuman tyrant, *Caius Caligula*, seems to lament the case of those, who were proscribed, more bitterly, forasmuch as *Caius* ordered all their mouths to be stopped, at the execution, with a sponge, or part of their own clothes; *What horrid cruelty!* says he, *not to give the soul the liberty of departing, freely and naturally from the loathsome carcase!* but these are vulgar notions, built on too weak a foundation, to impose upon the wisdom of *Seneca*; as is manifest from what follows,—*they who advance this doctrine, &c.*

(f) Hoc quidem certè habet, si (*animus*) superstes est corpori, propter hoc illud nullo genere posse perire, propter quod non perit. But various are the readings here; *Lipsius* is for discarding the latter *propter*, or changing it for the adverb, *propterea*; whence *Gronovius* only strikes out the *propter hoc*; and alludes to the foregoing opinion of some *Stoics*, which *Seneca* thinks absurd, unless it could be proved that the soul is mortal.

Here we see our author, *Seneca*, like the greatest men among the ancients before him, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Cicero*, &c. still wavering in his opinion concerning a future state; yet they all seemed inclined to believe the affirmative: no wonder; for though the immateriality of the soul, (which none but a

rank

rank Atheist, or a modern P——y, would deny) is certainly a good argument for its *immortality*; as having no divisible parts, no contrary qualities, no principles of death and corruption in it, as our bodies, and other material compositions have: yet this argument, strong as it is, is still subject to objections; as indeed all arguments are in these abstruse points, when drawn merely from the light of unassisted reason: and this serves greatly to enhance the Christian's obligation to his blessed *Saviour*; *who hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel*. As before mentioned, Ep. 54. (N. d.)

EPISTLE LVIII.

On the Poverty of the Latin Tongue.

Of Genus, Species, Ideas, Being, and other Logical Terms.

I NEVER yet well understood, before to-day, the great poverty of our language, and extreme want of words (*a*). There are a thousand things, *Lucilius*, when we are talking of *Plato*, which require names, but have them not; and some which had names, but have now lost them, through a scrupulous disgust: but who will allow disgust in a case of necessity? the *gad-fly*, for instance, which drives the cattle madding about the fields, and disperseth them through the woods, was called by the Greeks, *Oestræa*, and by our ancestors *Asilum*, as appears from *Virgil* (G. 3. 147.)

Est lucos Silari juxta, ilicibusque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen *Asilo*
Romanum est *Oestræa* Graii vertère vocantes:
Asper, acerba sonans, quo tota exterrita filvis
Diffugiunt armenta:—

*About th' Alburnian groves, with bolly green
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen;*

*This flying plague to mark its quality,
Oestrus the Grecians call; Asylus, we:
A fierce loud-buzzing breeze; their stings draw blood,
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood. Dryden.*

I think he understood this word to be now lost. And not to detain you long, there were some simple words in use, as *Cernere ferro* (*b*), in *Virgil*, for which we now use the compound, *decernere*; and the use of the simple seems to be lost;

(12. 709)—*Stupet ipse Latinus
Ingentes genitos diversis partibus orbis
Inter se coiisse viros et cernere ferro.*

So they formerly said, *Jusso* (*c*), instead of *Jussero*: and in this likewise I would have you believe *Virgil* rather than take my bare word for it—*Cætera qua Jusso, mecum manus inferat arma.* 11. 467. I say not this with an intention to shew you, how conversant I am with the Grammarians, but that you may understand from hence, how many words, made use of by *Ennius* and *Attius*, are now grown obsolete; when even from *Virgil*, who is daily in the hands of every one, some word or other is continually lost.

What means, you say, this preamble? whither does it tend? I will tell you. I desire to make use of the word, *Essentia* (*d*), (*Essence*), whether it does or does not offend your ear: I have the authority of *Cicero* for it; and I think you will not dispute *that* being a rich one: but if you require a more modern example, I can produce you *Fabian* (*f*); that eloquent and graceful orator, sometimes so very nice in the choice of his words, as to create disgust: For what must we do, my *Lucilius*? How otherwise shall I express the Greek word *ουσα*, (*i*) *something necessary, comprehending nature, and the foundation of all things*? I beg your permission therefore to use this word; and I will endeavour to be as sparing as possible of such permission, and perhaps be contented with that alone. But be as kind, and easy as you will, what will it signify, if, after all, I cannot sufficiently express the word in *Latin*, and therefore have started this quarrel with our tongue? And you will condemn the scantiness of it the more, when I tell you there is a word of

one

one syllable, which I know not how to translate; would you know what it is? *Ἦν*, (*Being*)—you may think me perhaps a little too nice, or somewhat dull; since it may be done very easily by rendering it, *Quod est*, (*what is*). But I plainly perceive there is a difference; since I am oblig'd to make use of a verb for a noun: but if it must be so take it as it is; *Quod est*. Now a friend of mine, a most learned man, told me, this very day, that *Plato* had applied this word six different ways: I will explain them all to you having first premised, that it is a *Genus*: now a *Genus* is that upon which the several *Species* depend; from which every division is formed, and under which all things are comprised. And if we enquire after the first *Genus*, we shall find it by proceeding upwards from the several particulars; as thus, man is a *Species*; horse is a *Species*; dog is a *Species*. Therefore some common tie or connexion is to be sought, which comprehends them all, and subjects them to itself; and what is that? *Animal*: therefore *Animal* is the *Genus* of all the things aforementioned, man, horse, dog. But there are some things that are *Animated*, and yet are not *Animals*. For plants and shrubs have an *Anima*, (*a principle of life*) in them; and accordingly we say, they *live*, they *die*. Therefore *animantia*, *things having life*, will hold superior rank, because both *Animals* and *Plants* are in this class. Other things want this principle of life, as stones: therefore there is something that claims a place before the *Animantia*, and that is *Body*; and this too is divisible into bodies *Animate*, and *Inanimate*: there is even something before *Body*; for we say some things are *Corporeal* and some *Incorporeal*: what is it then from whence all things are deduced? Why it is that, to which we have given but an improper name, *Quod est*, (*what is*): for thus may it be divided into *species*; *whatever is*, is *Corporeal* or *Incorporeal*; this then is the first, most ancient, and, if I may so speak, *General Genus*.

There are other kinds of *Genus*, but they are *Special*; as, *man* is a *Genus* (*b*); for he contains in himself the *Species* of nations; as *Greeks*, *Romans*, *Parthians*;—of colours, as black, white, brown;—of individuals, as, *Cato*, *Cicero*, *Lucretius*: therefore as it contains many things it is a *Genus*; but as subject to something else, it comes under the name

of

of *Species*. The *Genus*, that I call *General*, hath nothing above it; it is the beginning of all things; it has all things under it. Some stoics indeed are for raising another *Genus* above this, still more principal; of which I shall speak presently, having shewn you that the *Genus* I am treating of, deserves absolutely the first rank, since it is so capacious, as to compass all things in itself. I divide *Quod est*, (*that which is*), into two *Species*, corporeal and incorporeal: there is no third. I divide *Body* into animate or inanimate: again, I divide *Animantia* (*things having life*) into such as have *Animum*, (*a mind or soul*) and such as have only *animam*, (*a principle of life*): or thus, some things have a faculty, whereby they walk, and pass along; while other are fixed in the earth, and grow, and are nourished by their roots: again, I divide *Animals* into mortal, and immortal. But some stoics seem to suppose a still higher *Genus*, τι τι quiddam, *Somewhat* or *Thing*), which is thus accounted for: they say, in the nature of things, some have a being, and some have not; and that such as have not, are still in the nature of things which occur to the mind; as *Centaur*s, *Giant*s, and whatever else is formed by a false imagination, and find a resemblance in the mind though in reality it hath no substance.

I now return to what I before promised; to shew you the fix several modes or ways into which *Plato* divides *the things that are*: the first kind of *Quod est*, (*that which is*) is not to be comprehended by the touch, or sight, or any of the senses, but only in *Mind* or *Thought*; because taken *generally*; as man *in general*, is not an object of sight, but a *special* or particular man is, as *Cæsar*, or *Cato*. *Animal*, is not seen but in the imagination, but the species is seen (*i*); in an horse, or dog. In the next place of *the things that are*, *Plato* subjoins that which excels and transcends all other things; this, he says, is *by way of eminence*; as the word, *Poet*: which indeed is the common name of all versifiers, but among the Greeks it dignifies but one man; as when it is said, *the poet*, you must understand thereby *Homer* (*k*). And what is this? GOD, who is greater than, and far above, all things (*l*). A third kind is of those things, which are properly *in being*; and these are innumerable, but placed far beyond our sight: they are the peculiar furniture of *Plato*;

he calls them ideas (*m*); from whence all things were made that are made, and according to which they have all their form; and these are immortal, immutable, inviolable. Now, an *Idea*, or rather what *Plato* calls by this name, is this: *the eternal exemplar of all the things that are made in nature*: but I will explain this definition, to make the thing still clearer to you: I have a mind, suppose, to draw your picture: I take *you* then as a pattern of what I intend to draw; and from this pattern the *mind* gets a certain form, upon which it frames its work: now, this form or pattern which instructs me, and from which all imitation is borrowed, is an *Idea*.

Such exemplars are infinite in the nature of things, as of men, birds, fishes; according to which every thing she intends to make, or that is to be made, is formed.—The *ἰδέα* (*idos*, *image or resemblance*) hath the fourth place: pray attend to what is meant by this word, and impute it to *Plato*, not to me, if you find any difficulty in comprehending these matters: there must needs be some difficulty, in all such abstruse and subtil points. I before made use of a pourtrait by some painter, who when he would draw a *Virgil*, to the life, suppose in colours, looked stedfastly at him: now, the face or form of *Virgil*, the pattern of the work to be formed was an *Idea*; but what the artist took from him, and delineated upon the canvas, is the *ἰδέα* (*idos*). Do you desire to know the difference? The one is the pattern; the other is the form, taken from this pattern, and joined to the piece in hand: the artist imitates the one; but forms the other. A statue likewise hath a certain face or appearance; this is the *Idos*; and the pattern itself hath a certain face or appearance, which the statuary observing, he from thence makes the statue; this is an *Idea*. Or, to give you another distinction; the *Idos* is *in* the work; the *Idea* is *out* of it; nor is it only out of it, but *before the work was*.—The fifth kind is of those things that are in common, pertaining to us; they are indeed all things as men, cattle, and the like. The sixth is of those things, which seem, or are, but, as it were, in being; as a *Vacuum*, *Time*, &c.

Whatever we see, or touch, *Plato* reckons not among those things that can properly be said *to be*: because they are upon the continual

float, and are subject to daily diminution and addition. No one is the *same* man, in old age, as he was in youth; no one is the same in the morning, that he was yesterday; our bodies are carried away as a river: all that you see runs down with time: nothing still remains the same: even while I say these things are changed, I am changed myself. This is what *Heraclitus* means, when he says, *we go not twice into the same River (n)*. The River still keeps its name; but the water passeth away. This indeed is more manifest in a river than in man; but yet as swift a course carries us likewise away; and therefore I am surprised at our folly in being fond of so fleeting a thing as is the body; and in perpetual fear, lest we should die one day or other, when every moment is the death of our former habit of body (*o*); and can you be afraid, *Lucilius*, lest that should happen some time or other, which happens every day? What I have said, relates to man, composed of matter, fleeting, frail, and subject to variety of accidents. But the world likewise, eternal as it may be and invincible, is still for ever changing, and remains not the same a moment; for tho' it may have all things in it, it ever had; it possesseth them not in the same manner; the whole order is continually changed (*p*).

Do you ask me what all this subtilty profits a man? Truly, I think, nothing: but as an engraver, when he has long been poring over his work, and tired his eyes; takes them off, and gives them rest a while; in order to indulge, and strengthen them, as they say; so we ought sometimes to unbend the mind and refresh it with certain amusements: not but that amusements may be work; and even from these, due observation may pick out something that may be turned to good account. This my, *Lucilius*, is what I practise myself: from whatever I read, however remote it may be, from philosophy (*q*), I endeavour to extract something that may be useful. But what, you will say, do I gain from the dry subjects I have been treating of, so distant from a reformation of manners? How can *Platonic Ideas* make me a whit the better man? What can I extract from these towards restraining my passions? Why, this; forasmuch as *Plato* denies, that all such things as are subservient to the senses, and which incite and provoke the passions, are of a class with those which come under the name of truth: they are all imaginary therefore,

therefore, and only make their appearance for a time; there is nothing stable, or solid: and yet we desire them as if they were always permanent, and we could have them always in possession.

Weak and frail, we subsist, as it were by intervals: let us set our minds then upon the things that are eternal (*r*): let us admire the universal forms of things, flying on high; and *God* in the midst of them; disposing all things as it seemeth best, and providing, (as he could not make them immortal, because formed of matter) (*s*) that they perish not in death, but through his wisdom overcome the malignity of body: for all things remain, not because they are eternal, but because they are under the care and protection of an Almighty governour: things immortal in their own nature stand not in need of a guardian; but mortal things are preserved by the hand that made them, surmounting the frailty of the materials by his almighty power (*t*).

Let us despise the things, which are so far from being precious that it is a doubt whether they are at all: at the same time let us think, that, if divine providence is pleased to deliver the world, (not less mortal than ourselves) from danger and destruction, our own care and forecast may in some measure contribute to prolong our days, and keep up this little tenement; provided we can govern and restrain the fond passions, that bring untimely ruin on the greater part of mankind. *Plato* lived to a good old age by his prudence: he was favoured indeed with a strong constitution, and took his name from the breadth of his chest (*u*); but voyages and perils had greatly lower'd his strength; temperance however, and moderation of those things that are apt to provoke desire, and a diligent regard for the preservation of health, lengthen'd his days, notwithstanding the many rubs he had met with in the course of his life: for, I think, you know this, that he lived exactly to complete his *eighty first year*, dying on his birth day (*w*): wherefore certain magi or *Wisemen*, who were then at *Athens*, did sacrifice to him after his decease, thinking him something more than man, who had so completely finished the most perfect *climacteric*, nine multiplied by nine: tho' I believe *Plato* would not have scrupled to have remitted a few days of that sum, as also

the sacrifice. frugality and temperance are, no doubt, the great preservatives of old age; which, as I think it is not greatly to be coveted, is not to be refused (*x*): it is pleasant to dwell as long as possible with one's self; especially when a man has rendered himself worthy of self-enjoyment.

Therefore let us examine this point (*y*): whether it be right to disdain the extremities of old age, and not wait the issue, but forcibly close the scene. He is not far from a coward, who chuses to linger out his fate; as a man must be a sot, who drains the pitcher, and drinks up the very dregs; yet this must likewise be enquired into; whether the last stage of life can properly be called the *dregs* (*z*); and whether it may not be the most pure, and clearest part of it; at least if the intellect hath received no injury; and the senses, still perfect, entertain the mind; or the body hath no paralytic disorder, or other extraordinary defect: but there is some difference between a man's prolonging his life, or his death: for if the body is become useless, and incapable of its functions, why should any one desire to retain the reluctant soul? *Perhaps* it ought to be let loose, before it comes to this pass, lest you should not then be able to do it, when you were so inclined. If there is greater danger of living wretchedly than of dying soon, I should think him a silly man, who would not stand the chance of so great a benefit, at the expence of a few days. Few come to their death-bed, even in very old age, without having received some injury: a listless indolence of no service to itself or others hath affected many: how then can you think it hard or cruel to lose something of life, were it to be put an end to? Hear me not with regret, as if this my opinion had any reference to you; but weigh well what I say. I will not quarrel with, or forsake, my old age, so long as it preserves me whole to myself; I mean whole in that better part of me, the mind. But if it hath begun to impair my understanding, and to dull my senses; if it hath scarce left any life, but a soul only, I should gladly leap out of such a rotten and ruinous tenement (*aa*): neither would I seek death, to escape a disease, provided it were curable, and not prejudicial to the mind: nor should pain alone, make me have recourse to violence; for, so to die would be to own myself

myself conquered; but if I *know* I must for ever suffer such a violent disease (*bb*); I should desire to go, not on account of the disease, but because it proved a let or hindrance to the enjoyment of every thing for which we live. He is a weak man and a coward who dies for fear of pain; and he is a fool, who chuses to live in the certain sufferance of it.

But I grow tedious; tho' I have matter enough on this subject to spin out the whole day. And how can he pretend to talk of putting an end to his life who knows not how to put an end to an epistle? So, *farewell*. Which I fancy you had rather read, than a discourse concerning nothing but death.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) *Quanta verborum nobis paupertas, imò egestas sit.*—So *Pliny* (Ep. IV. 18.) *Inopiâ ac potius ut Lucretius ait, hac egestate patrii sermonis.*—*And by the want, or rather the poverty of our native tongue.* Orrery. Where I would chuse, by his Lordship's leave, to transpose the words *want* and *poverty*; as the former is by much the stronger word. Ep. 17. *Non est quod paupertas nos a philosophiâ revocet, nec egestas quidem.* A man may be *poor*, and yet not in *want*.

Non est paupertas, Nestor, habere nihil. Martial.

The words referred to in *Lucretius* are,

Nunc et Anaxagoræ scrutemur Homœomeriam
Quam Græci memorant, nec nostrâ dicere linguâ
Concedit nobis patrii sermonis egestas. l. 830.

Next let's examine with a curious eye,

Anaxagoras's philosophy,

By copious *Greece*, term'd *Homœomery*;

For which our Latin language, poor in words,

Not one expressive single voice affords. *Cruck.*

The like in III. 260——rationem reddere aventem

Abstrahit invitum patrii sermonis egestas.

Fain would I give the cause, was not my song

Check'd by the poorness of the Latin tongue.

(b) *Cernere ferro.* *Servius* acknowledgeth, and confirms this reading; and *Muretus* proves the use of the word *cernere* from *Attius* and *Plautus*. *Pierius*, however, and some moderns contend for *decernere*; absurdly enough! (was the verse to have continued sound) against the testimony of *Servius*, and even this of *Seneca* himself.

* The Roman King beholds with wond'ring sight
Two mighty champions match'd in single fight;
Born under climes remote, and brought by Fate,
With swords to try their title in the state.—*Dryden.*

(c) So, capsis, for capueris. Cic. (de Leg. II.) noxii for nocuerit. Lucilius, &c. See Turneb. Adverf. XV. 15.

(d) Effentiam.] It seems we owe this word to the sagacity of Muretus, all the books before having it *quid sentiam*.

(e) Sidon. Apoll. Lecturus es hic novum verbum *essentiam*; sed scias hoc ipsum dixisse Ciceronem.

(f) Fabian.] The same whom Fabius means by Flavius;—Usiam, quam Flavius *Essentiam* vocat.—His name was, Serv. Flavius Papinius Fabianus.

(g) All things spring from ΟυσΙΑ (Usia) i. e. God and Nature. Lipf.—Perizonius thought the word *Natura* would sufficiently express the Greek ΟυσΙΑ, which, if suitable in some instances, can never be allowed in philosophical disputations, as ΟυσΙΑ and ποσει, strictly speaking, signify very different things. Nor would it be better expressed by the word *Substantia*: for when rightly distinguished ὑπαρξις, i. e. Substantia, and ΟυσΙΑ, (εἶναι and ὑπάρχειν) have a several meaning. No Latin word therefore seems more proper to express the Gr. ΟυσΙΑ than *Essentia*. Muret.

(h) Homo genus est] Nay, rather *the most special species*. εἶδος εἰδικωτάτον. For neither are these, here mentioned, Greeks, Romans, Parthians, different *species* of men; nor does the difference of individuals consist in a difference of species, but of number. Seneca therefore we must own is somewhat deficient in these niceties; nor indeed were the writings of Aristotle, who alone is exquisitely accurate in these points so generally known, or studied, in those days as they have been since. Muret. And Lipsius thinks that Seneca most probably here follows the logic of Cbrysippus; which is now quite out of date.

(i) Neither is the *species* properly said to be seen: but *this horse* or *this dog*.

(k) Cicero (in topicis)—Homerus' propter excellentiam, commune poetarum nomen effecit apud Græcos suum.

(l) For God alone is Πηγὴ πᾶσης τῆς ὄντιος, *the Fountain of all Being*. According to the name God is pleased to assume in Holy Writ, Εγὼ εἰμι ὁ Ων. *I am That I am*. Exod. III. 14.

(m) Ep. 65. Hæc exemplaria rerum omnium Deus intra se habet, &c. *The exemplars of all things in the world God hath in his mind*,—which Plato calls Ideas, immortal, immutable, indissoluble.—Boethius (de Consol. III.)

O qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas
Terrarum cœlique fator,—Tu cuncta superno
Ducis ab exemplo, pulchrum pulcherrimus ipse
Mundum menté gerens, similique in imagine formans,
Perfectasque jubes perfectum absolvere partes.

O thou Father, Sovereign of heaven,
And of earthes, that governeſt this world
By perdurable reason—Thou that art older faireſt,
Bearing the fayre world in thy thought,
Formedſt this world to thy likenesſe ſemblable,
Of that fayre world in thy thought;
Thou draweſt all things on thy ſovereign enſempler,
And commandeſt that this world perfeſtly ymakid,
Have freely and abſolute his perſite parties. Chaucer.

Ideas] Plato; Originales rerum species Macrobius; Principales formas Claud. Mamertus dixit; et Ausonius datas formas, i. e. rebus a Deo impressas. Vid. Lipf. Phys. II. 3.

(n) Plato in Cratylo. λεγει Που Ηρακλειτος, ὅτι πάντα ῥῆι, καὶ οὐδὲν μενει. κ. τ. λ.

(o) See Ep. 1. 8. 24. (N. 1.)

(p) *And they that use this world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.* I Cor. 7. 41.

(q) *Philosophy, viz. moral.* Which is always meant by way of eminence.

(r) *Set your mind on things above, not on things on the earth.* Col. iii. 2. *While we look not at the things that are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.* 2 Cor. iv. 18. See Ep. 17. 65.

(s) 'Twas an absurd and wicked opinion of the ancients, *that God of his goodness would have all things immortal, but that it was not in his power so to do, on account of the perishable nature of the materials.* As if that God who made all other things had not likewise created matter. More rightly therefore *Laëtantius*, *Idem materizæ fictor est, et rerum materiâ constantium; The same God, who formed things of matter, formed likewise matter itself.* Pf. 148. 1, 6. Is. 40. 26, 42. 5. 43, 12, 19. 1. 16. Rev. 10, 6.

(t) *Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created, and thou renewest the face of the earth.* Pf. 104, 30.

(u) He was before called by his grandfather's name, *Aristocles*, but *Plato* from the Gr. Πλατὺς (*broad*) Epp. 47. Much the same that is here said of *Plato*, is recorded of *Herodicus Selimbrianus* by *Plato* himself, and by *Aristotle* and *Plutarch*. And *Muretus* likewise tells us of one *Alvisus Cornelius*, a *Venetian*, who by temperance and sobriety restored his constitution, though miserably shattered by a loose and debauched life, and given over by his physicians; but by a steady resolution in the observation of a regular and moderate diet, gentle exercise, freedom from anxiety, chearful conversation with his friends, and other innocent amusements, he so recovered as to outlive the physicians themselves, and to reach an extreme old age. But the most extraordinary instance of this kind is the famous *Cornaro* of the same country; whose history is well known.

(w) *Thurgelioris septimo die, (May 7th) A. M. 3522.) al. February 7th.* Plut. Sympos. viii. 1.

(x) *Happy is the man, who, by the blessing of God, can say, Experto credite.*

(y) See it more fully examined in *Lips. Manud.* III. 22, 23. And as *Seneca* here at least speaks doubtfully, but seems rather to reprove the false courage of the Stoic, in this respect, than encourage it, we need not be apprehensive of any mischief: I shall reserve what I have further to say on this subject 'till we meet with something more flagrant, (Epp. 70. 78) in the mean while referring the reader to Epp. 24. q.) 26. (N. d.) 30. 50.

(z) See Ep. I. (N. m.)

(aa) And who would not, *if providence so willed?* The same is quoted, both by *Muretus* and *Lipfius*, of *Gorgias Leontinus* in *Stobæ.* Serm. cxviii.

(bb) But what mortal can know that? Who can tell what God, with whom nothing is impossible, may be pleased to do for one, even in the last extremity? The Christian therefore would scorn to make such a supposition.

EPISTLE LIX.

On Joy and Pleasure. A good Conscience the only true Joy.

I RECEIVED great *pleasure*, *Lucilius*, from your epistle: for, give me leave to use the word in its common acceptation, without wresting it to a stoical sense; according to *their* doctrine indeed *pleasure* is *vice*: it may be so; but the word is commonly used to signify a *cheerful disposition of the mind*. I know, I say, that the word *pleasure*, (if brought to *our* standard) is used in a bad sense, and *joy* only allowed to *the wise man* (*a*): for 'tis the elevation of a mind, that confides in its own superlative worth and strength: yet, vulgarly speaking, we say, we had great *joy* in such a one's being chosen consul, or in a marriage, or at the birth of a son; which are so far from deserving the constant name of *joy*, that they often prove the beginnings of sorrow. It is the property of true *joy*, never to cease, or to be changed into the contrary. Therefore our *Virgil*, when he says,—*Et mala mentis gaudia* (*b*) may speak elegantly, but not very accurately, because there can be no *joy* in what is *evil*: he gave this name to certain *pleasures*, and hath expressed what he intended; for he meant to shew that some men are joyous in their *evil* doings. I did not however speak improperly when I said, I received *pleasure* from your epistle. For tho' a plain simple man may well rejoice occasionally, yet as this affection is irregular and changeable, I call it *pleasure* indeed, but such a one, as, being raised upon the opinion of imaginary good, may be immoderate, unreasonable.

But to return: I will tell you what pleased me in your epistle. You have words at your command; yet are not proud of speech, or apt to run on further than you designed; there are many, who are induced to write more than they intended, being tempted by the elegance of some pleasing phrase: but it is not so with you: all is close, and to the purpose:
you

you say as much as you think proper; and yet mean more than you say: this is a sign of great sufficiency; it shews that the mind delights in nothing that is superfluous; nothing that is vain, or bombast: I find indeed some metaphorical expressions; but they are not too bold, nor inelegant; having stood the test of the judicious; I find also some strong images and comparisons; which if any one forbids us to use, and thinks them allowable only to *poets*; he seems to me not to have read any of those ancient authors, who had not as yet affected a smooth and plausible way of speaking: they who spoke in a simple style, and aimed at demonstration generally used *parables* (*c*); which I think necessary, not only as the poets used them, for decoration, but as helps to our weakness, and to tie down, as it were, both the hearer and the speaker to the point in question. But especially when I read *Sextius* (*d*), a smart writer, philosophically displaying *Roman* morals in the *Greek* Tongue (*e*), I am pleased with that *simile* of his; that as an army forms itself into a square (*f*), when an attack is expected from an enemy on every side; so, says he, ought a wise man to act; he must draw out all his virtues on every side (*g*); that whenever any danger threatens, he may be provided with a defence; and that without any disorder they may obey the word of command: as we see in a well-disciplined army, how attentive all the forces are to the orders of their principal officers; being so disposed, that a signal given by one of them, immediately takes place both in horse and foot: this, saith *Sextius*, is much more requisite in our conduct: for in the field, it often happens, for men to be afraid of an enemy without cause; and nothing turns out safer than a way that has been most suspected: but folly is always under alarms: terror attacks it both from above and below: it trembles on every side; dangers both pursue and meet it; every thing is dreaded; it is alway unprepared, and even terrified at the beat of its allies.

Whereas the *wise man*, guarded and prepared against every attack, draws not back his foot, whether poverty or sorrow, or ignominy, or pain, assail him: undaunted he stands amidst all these, and strenuously opposes them. For our parts, many things chain us down; many things enfeeble us; we have been long dead in sin (*b*): it is a difficult matter to wash and be clean; for we are not stained, but infected.

But not to run on in this manner, from one metaphor to another, I shall now enquire into what I have been long considering, *whence it is that Folly gets such strong hold of us*,—And it must be, *first*, because we do not valiantly repel it, nor exert our whole strength for our recovery. And next, because those things, which the sons of wisdom in former times devised for our good, have not obtained sufficient credit with us; we receive them not cordially; paying but a slight regard to things of so great importance: how can any one acquire sufficient strength to oppose the whole band of vices, who makes it his study only at leisure hours? We none of us go to the bottom, but still dwell upon the surface: and think we have taken full pains enough if we have bestowed a little time on the study of philosophy. And this moreover is a particular hindrance to us; *we are soon satisfied with ourselves*;—if we meet with those who are pleased to compliment us with the appellations of *good men*, prudent and devout, we really think we are so; nor are we contented with moderate commendation; but whatever encomiums shameless flattery thinks proper to bestow upon us, we think them all our due (*i*). We easily give our assent to those who affirm that we are the wisest and best of men, though we know they are not always given to speak truth: and are even so indulgent to ourselves, as to wish to be praised for that, the contrary of which we know ourselves to be extremely guilty of: are we cruel? we would fain be cried up for our humanity: do we live upon rapine? we desire to be thought liberal; and temperate, though ever so great sots and debauchees. *Alexander*, when he was roving through *India*, and laying waste, by war, nations, that were scarce known to their neighbours, as he was besieging a certain city, and looking out for the easiest place to make a breach, was struck with an arrow; yet, while warm, he persevered, and went on with his enterprize; but soon after, (when, the blood being staunched, the wound began to fester and grow painful; and his leg, as it hung down from the horse was gradually benumb'd) being forced to alight, he thus exclaimed; *All men swear, I am the son of Jupiter, but this wound sufficiently testifieth that I am no more than man* (*k*). Let us do the same thing, when flattery, according to our quality, plays the fool with us; and congratulates us upon our abilities: let us say; *you indeed are pleased to call me wise and prudent; but I know*

know myself better; I covet many uselefs, I wifh for many hurtful things; and while every brute animal knows from satiety the due meafure of eating and drinking, I know it not myself with all my wifdom.

I will now fhew you, *Lucilius*, how you may know whether you are truly wife, or not. A wife man is one who full of joy, lives as happy in *his* condition, as the gods can do in *theirs*, ever chearful, placid, and unshaken (*l*). Now consult your own bofom; if you are never depressed with sorrow; nor elevated with hope, in painful expectation of fome future good; if both night and day you enjoy an equal tenour of mind; fublime, and full of complacency; you are then arrived at the fummit of human felicity.

But if you covet pleasures and purfue them every where, and in every manner; you are as far efranged from *wifdom*, as from *joy*: this is what you propofe and defire to attain, but you are mistaken if you think it attainable by riches: or do you feek *joy* amidft the higheft honours, I fhould rather fay, amidft cares and troubles? Purfuits of this kind as productive of mirth and pleasure, are generally the caufes of pain and grief. All men, I fay, are in purfuit of *joy*, but are quite ignorant how to attain that which is truly great and lafting. One man thinks to find it in banquetings and luxury: another in the flights of ambition, and a fawning crowd of clients; another from a kind miftrefs; another from a vain oftentation of learning, and fuch ftudies as avail nothing towards healing the foul. Short and treacherous delights deceive the heart, like drunkennefs; which pays for the merry madnefs of an hour, with ficknefs and irkfome loathing of a day or more: or like the popular and vulgar acclamations, which are not to be purchafed or made fatisfaction for, but with great lofs and pains. Think therefore O *Lucilius*, and be afured that the effect of wifdom is constant *joy*: fuch is the mind of a wife man, as is the region above the moon, perpetually fair and ferene (*m*¹).

This is therefore a fufficient inducement to ftudy wifdom: becaufe it is never without joy; *that joy* which ever fprings from a confcioufnefs of virtue: no one can tafte *joy* but the brave, the juft, the temperate.

What then, you will say, do fools and bad men never *rejoice*? Yes, as the lions do, over their prey. When men have fatigued themselves with a debauch, when they have spent the whole night in drinking,—when their pleasures, having charged the little body with more than it can hold, begin to suppurate; then it is the wretches exclaim, in that verse of *Virgil*, (6. 513.) *Namque ut supremum falsa inter gaudia noctem.*

Egerimus nostri:—

You know, that dismal night in joys we past,

And never thought it was to be our last.

Thus the luxurious spend their time *amid false joys*, and pretend to indulge every night as if it were their last. But the joy which the gods, and godlike-men taste, is never interrupted, never ceaseth: it would cease, if it were borrowed from without; but as it is not dependent upon the bounty, so neither is it upon the will, of another. Fortune cannot take away, what she hath not given.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) With regard to this distinction between *gaudium* (*joy*) and *voluptas* aut *lætitia* (*pleasure or mirth*) *Cicero* (*Tusc. IV.*) ut *conferre decet*, *timere non decet*, sic *quidem gaudere decet*, *lætari non decet*. *As a rational assurance becomes a wise man, but not fear; so does joy, but not merriness.* And *Muretus* quotes a verse from *Afranius* (*if it is not his own*, says *Lipsius*)

Gaudebit sapiens, lætabuntur cæteri.

Others are merry, but the wise rejoice.—See Ep. 23. (N. b.) 72.

(b) *Virg.* 6. 278.—*The guilty joys of a perturbed mind.*

(c) Thus besides those things which our *Saviour* concealed under types and figures, he was pleased to express others in *parables*, as the calling of the Gentiles in the parable of the householder. *Matth.* x. 5. 6. And the rejection of the *Jews*, under the parable of persons invited to a marriage feast, who would not come. *Matth.* xxi. 1.

(d) *Q. Sextius*. There were two of this name, both very eminent philosophers, father and son. The father born in the reign of *Augustus*, and supposed the author of a new sect; but was rather the restorer of the *Pythagorean* doctrine. See *Lips.* *Manud.* I. 5, 18. *Plutarch* mentions his *quitting all offices and places of honour, that he might the more freely, and without disturbance apply himself to the study of philosophy.* (On man's progress in virtue.)—See also Ep. 64, 73. *Plin.* xvii. 28.

(e) He studied and wrote while at *Athens*.

(f) See this fully explained in *Lips.* de *Militia*, l. v.

(g) Something like this we meet with in that beautiful metaphor of *St. Paul*: *Take unto ye the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand in the evil day, having your loins girt about with truth; and having on the breast-plate of righteousness. Take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.* *Ephes.* vi. 11, 18.

(b) *Dis*

(b) *Diu in istis vitiis jacuimus.*] *And you hath be quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins, wherein in time past we walked according to the course of this world, &c.* Ephes. ii. 1, 5. Col. ii. 13.

“(i) There is no turn of mind so liable to be tainted by this sort of poyson as a disposition to entertain too high conceit of one’s merit, &c. *Cic. Læl. p. 132.*——“But into snares of this kind, those men can never fall, who in obedience to the famous Oracle, study to *know themselves*. They will discover such mixture of frailties, follies and vices, blended with their virtues; and will find upon a review of their conduct, so many humiliating occasions of self-condemnation, as cannot fail of rendering them firm and inaccessible against the dangerous approaches of adulation. It was, from this just sense of human imperfections, that *Alexander* used to say, his animal appetites, together with his constantly standing in need of being *repaired* by sleep, were two circumstances (*to which we may add a third from this Epistle*) that sufficiently secured him from the flattery of those base courtiers, who endeavoured to persuade him *he was more than man*. *Plut. ib. N.*

(k) *Q. Curtius, l. viii.*—*Arrian* says, he was wounded (in *malleolo pedis*) in the ankle. *Curtius*, (in *surâ*) in the calf.

(l) See *Epp. 9. 31. 68. 71. Lips. Manud. iii. 14.*

(m) *Sen. de Ira. iii. 6. Lucan ii. 269,*

*Fulminibus propior terræ succenditur ær,
Imaque telluris ventos, tractusque coruscus
Flammarum accipiunt: nubes excedit Olympus
Lege Deum. Minimas rerum discordia turbat,
Pacem summa tenent.*——

*So in eternal steady motion, roll
The radiant spheres around the starry pole:
Fierce lightnings, meteors, and the winter’s storm,
Earth and the lower face of heav’n deform,
Whilst all by nature’s laws is calm above;
No tempest rages in the court of Jove.*——*Rowe.*

EPISTLE LX.

*On vulgar Wishes and Luxury. **

I COMPLAIN, I wrangle, I am quite angry. Do you still wish, *Lucilius*, for what your nurse, or your tutor, or a fond mother wished for you? Alas! you know not what evils they pray’d for; how inimical to our peace and happiness are the wishes of our friends; and the more so,

when they happily succeed (*a*)? I do not at all wonder, that all manner of evils attend us from our very childhood. We grow up, under the *involuntary* curses of our parents.

Let the gods at length hear our disinterested prayer (*b*): how long must we importune them for something *extraordinary*, for our support? How long shall we fill all the fields around our great cities with tillage? How long must a whole province mow for us? How long shall a fleet of ships, from more than one sea, be scarce sufficient to supply the table of one man? The ox is satisfied with the pasture of a few acres: one forest sufficeth for the maintenance of many elephants: but men must be pamper'd with the produce both of sea and land.—Hath nature then given us such an insatiable paunch, with so small a body, that we should surpass the greediness of the largest and most voracious animals? No: for how little falls to the share of nature! and indeed she requires but little. It is not the hunger of the belly, that puts us to this expence, but ambition, pride and luxury. These belly-mongers, therefore, as *Sallust* says (*c*), let us rank among the number of beasts not of men; and some of them not even among animals; but among the dead. *That* man only lives who is employ'd in some useful exercise: such as conceal themselves in indolence, make a grave of their home: you may very justly fix an inscription in marble over their doors; (*hic situs est*—) for they have forestalled their own death.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* This Epistle and the two following *Muretus* supposes not to be entire, but only mere fragments of Epistles. *Lipsius* on the contrary thinks them entire, and looks upon them as certain thoughts or reveries of *Seneca*, which he was pleased to publish under the title of Epistles. And, surely, as far as they go, they are equal to the rest.

- (*a*) ——— Pauci dignoscere possunt
 Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remotâ
 Erroris nebulâ. Quid enim ratione timemus
 Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
 Conatus non pœniteat votique peracti?
 Evertère domos totas optantibus ipsis
 Dii faciles.—*Juv.* x. 3. (f. operantibus.)

*Look round the habitable world; how few
Know their own good, or knowing it pursue!
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our lives appears,
So well design'd, so luckily begun;
But when we have our wish, we wish undone?
Whole houses of their whole desire possess,
Are often ruin'd at their own request. Dryden.*

(b) ———

*Si consilium vis
Permites ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dii.
Carior est illis homo, quam sibi. Juv. x. 346.*

*Receive my counsel, (and your wisdom prove)
Intrust thy fortune to the powers above:
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.
In goodness as in greatness they excel;
O that we lov'd ourselves but half so well! Dryden.*

And what says St. Peter in this respect? *Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time, casting your care upon him, for he careth for you. i. Pet. v. 6. See also Ps. lxx. 22. Matth. vi. 25. Sam. iv. 10.*

(c) *Omnes homines qui sese student præstare cæteris animalibus summâ op: niti decet. Ne vitam silentio transeant, veluti pecora, quæ natura prona, atque ventri obedientia finxit. Sall. Bel. Civ. It is necessary for all men, who would fain excel other animals, strenuously to avoid passing their lives in obscurity and silence, ever grovelling and intent upon their food. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly. Rom. xvi. 18. Whose God is their belly; whose end is destruction. Phil. iii. 19. See the foregoing verse.*

(d) See Ep. 55.

EPISTLE LXI.

On Old Age and Death.

LET us no longer indulge the will. I follow this maxim, *Lucilius*, that, now being old, I may not seem to hanker after those things which pleased me when I was a boy (a). Night and day this is my task, at least

this is my intention; to reform every evil way. And this I do, that one day may be as a whole life; not that I indeed take it for my last; but look upon it, as what possibly may prove so. In such a disposition of mind, I now write this epistle to you, as if death was to call upon me before I had finished it. Be it so; I am ready to attend him; and therefore truly enjoy life; because it is of little concern to me, how far death is off.—Before old age, my study and care was to live well; and now in old age, it is to die well; but to die well, is to die willingly.

Endeavour, *Lucilius*, to bring yourself to such a pass, as to do and suffer nothing unwillingly: *what must be, must be*: necessity is applicable to one that maketh resistance, not to the willing: there is no necessity, where the will submits: he that willingly receives a command, takes off the severest part of servitude, *viz.* the doing that which he would not: it is not obedience to a command, that makes a man miserable, but repugnancy. Therefore let us so compose the mind, that whatever exigence happens, we may meet it willingly; and especially let us think on our latter end without regret or sorrow (*b*). We must provide for death sooner than life: life is sufficiently provided for; but we are still greedy of further means: something seems still to be wanting, and will ever seem so: it is not in the power of days or years to satisfy us with life (*c*); this depends upon the disposition of the mind. I have lived, dearest *Lucilius*, *enough*, and to my satisfaction: and now, satiated, as it were, with life, I expect, and with calm resignation, *wait for death*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) So St. Paul; *When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things.* ¶ Cor. 13, 11.

(b) *O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter-end!*—Deut. xxxii. 29.

(c) Sed omnia perfructus vitæ præmia, marces :
Sed quia semper aves quod abest, præsentia temnis :
Imperfecta tibi elapsa est, ingrataque vita,
Et nec-opinanti mors ad caput additit ante
Quàm Satur, ac plenus possis discedere rerum. Lucr. iii. 970.
*If old, thou hast enjoy'd the mighty store
Of gay delights, and now canst taste no more.*

*But yet, because you still desir'd to meet
The absent, and contemn'd the present sweet,
Death seems unwelcome, and thy race half run;
The course of life seems ended when begun:
And unexpected hasty death destroys,
Before the greedy mind is full of joys.* Creech.

*Inde fit ut raro, qui se vixisse beatum
Dicat, et exacto contentus tempore vitæ
Cedat, uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.* Hor. Sat. I. i. 117.

*From hence how few, like sated guests, depart
From life's full banquet with a cheerful heart?* Francis.

Who adds by way of Note, "Perhaps our poet had in view an expression of *Aristotle*, we should
"go out of life, as we ought to rise from a banquet, neither thirsty nor full of wine." See Ep. 30.
N. h. i.)

EPISTLE LXII.

On Business and Study.

THEY talk at random, *Lucilius*, who say, that a multiplicity of affairs prevents their application to the liberal arts: they only pretend to business, or encrease it voluntarily, by continually making business for themselves. But I am happily discharged, my *Lucilius*; I am quite at leisure; and be where I will, I am my own master: for I give not myself up to common affairs, but attend them occasionally: I hunt not after excuses for losing my time: and wherever my situation is, there I continually exercise my meditations, and reflect upon somewhat that may prove salutary to the mind. When I join my friends, I am not the more absent from myself: nor do I tarry long with those, whom I chance to meet at any time, or whom duty obliges me to attend. I am with all good men: these I make my companions in whatever place, or in whatever age they live. I always carry *Demetrius*, best of men, along with me; and leaving those that are array'd in purple, I converse with him half-naked, as he is, and admire him. Why should I not? I saw that he wanted nothing.

Any

Any one may *despise* all things; but no one can *have* all things. The shortest way to riches then, is to despise them (*a*). But our *Demetrius* lives so, not as if he despised all things, but as if (*being a King or master of them*) he grudged not others the use of them.

ANNOTATIONS, &c;

(*a*) See Ep. 73. (N. b.)

EPISTLE LXIII.

Consolatory on the Death of a Friend.

I AM sorry to hear, that your friend *Flaccus* is dead; but would not have you afflict yourself, *Lucilius*, beyond measure: I dare not require of you not to grieve at all; tho' I think it would be better: but who is master of such firmness of mind, except the man, who is greatly superior to the power of fortune? And even such a one cannot but be pinched by such an accident, but then it will be no more than a pinch. Fears are very excusable, if they run not down immoderately, and we endeavour ourselves to suppress them: our eyes ought not to be dry on the death of a dear friend; neither should they stream; 'tis decent to weep, but useless to bewail. You may perhaps think this a hard injunction; but remember, that the prince of the Greek poets, allows, as it were, but one day for a flow of grief (*a*), and says that even *Niobe* bethought herself of food (*b*).

But from whence come lamentations and immoderate wailings! why, by tears we endeavour to express our loss; but, we *persevere* in grief only

only to make the more shew of it. No one thus sorrows to himself (c). O wretched folly! there is even ambition and vanity in grief. What? then you say, “*Shall I forget my friend?*” Truly, the remembrance of him, which you propose, will be but short, if it lasts no longer than your apparent grief: for some occurrence, or other, will soon change the contracted brow into a smile; nor do I think it will require much longer time, ere the loss will in some measure be forgot; and the severest sorrows subside: as soon as ever you cease to be a spy upon yourself, that shew of sorrow will be no more: you are now the keeper of your sorrow, but know, that it often escapes from its keeper; and generally, the more violent it is, the sooner. Let us endeavour to make the remembrance of a lost friend as easy and agreeable as possible: no one returns willingly to that, which he cannot reflect upon without great pain: but if it needs must be, that we cannot hear the name of those whom we loved and have lost, without a certain pang of affliction, it is still such a pang as is not always destitute of pleasure: for, as our *Attalus* was wont to say, “the remembrance of a departed friend hath something grateful in it; as some fruits have a pleasing tartness; or as in old wine the bitterness is not disrelished: it is but for a while, when all that was disagreeable goes off, and pure pleasure revisits its habitation.” If then we believe *Attalus*, to think our friends safe and well, is to feed on cakes and honey; but the remembrance of them, when gone, however sweet, is intermixed with a certain acid. Be it so: who knows not that acids and bitters whet the appetite? I beg leave however to differ from him in opinion: to me the remembrance of a friend is altogether pleasant and agreeable: I enjoyed them while living, as if I was one day to lose them: and I parted from them as if I still enjoy'd them in contemplation, (*or was to meet them again*).

Act then, my *Lucilius*, as becomes your discretion; put not a bad construction on the favours of fortune: she hath taken away, but she first gave. Let us therefore the more eagerly enjoy our friends while we may; because it is uncertain how long it will be in our power. Consider too how often we must leave them, being oblig'd, suppose, to take a long journey; nay, that even dwelling in the neighbourhood we must

be often absent from them; so that we lose them also while among the living. But can you bear the mockery of those, who, having before treated their friends with great neglect, now bewail them most miserably; or who pretended not to have any love for a friend before they have lost him? Then indeed they mourn bitterly; being afraid it should be doubted, whether they loved or no: but methinks they give too late proof of their affection. Besides, if we have other friends remaining, we pay them but an indifferent compliment, in discovering, that they cannot make up, and comfort us, for the loss of one; if we have none, we have more reason to complain of ourselves, than of fortune; she hath taken one from us; and we would not be at the pains of a recruit. Again, it is to be doubted if he truly loved *one*, who could not love more than one (*d*): if a man who was robbed of his only coat, should chuse to sit down, and weep, rather than look about him for somewhat to cover his shoulders, and keep off the cold; would you not take him for a fool? You have lost one friend; look out for another: it is much better so to repair your loss, than to sit down and weep.

I know, that what I am going to say, is trite and common, I shall not however pass it by. Time generally puts an end to grief, where a man will not do it intentionally: but nothing can be more scandalous in a prudent man, than to expect a remedy for grief in being tired of it: I had much rather that you should leave grief, than that grief should leave you: desist then as soon as possible from that, which, if you would, you cannot go on with much longer. Our ancestors allowed women to mourn a year; not that they were obliged to mourn so long, but no longer: but I do not find there was any time fixed for the mourning of men: for the less they mourn, the better. But where will you point me out a widow (even from among those whom you could not pull away from the corpse, and scarce keep from leaping upon the funeral pile) who hath shed tears above a month? Nothing creates disgust sooner than grief; while fresh and decent indeed, it meets with abettors and comforters; but when extravagant, and of long duration, it is to be laughed at; for it is either feigned or ridiculous.

Even

Even I, who write this to you, mourned so immoderately for my dearest relation, *Annæus Serenus (f)*, that (even against my will) I may justly be number'd among those, who have been overcome with grief. But I now condemn myself for it; and understand that the principal cause of my mourning so bitterly, was, that I never reflected on the possibility of his dying before me: I thought of nothing more, than his being younger, indeed much younger than myself; as if the destinies regarded the order of our birth. Let us therefore continually reflect upon our own, as well as upon the mortality of those we love. I should have said, "my *Serenus* is younger than myself; and what then? He "ought in the course of nature to die after me, but may chance to die "before me." Having made no such reflection as this,—fortune surprized me, and struck me unprepared. But now, I think all things mortal; mortal without any restriction: whatever may happen at any time, may happen this very day. Let us consider therefore, my dearest *Lucilius*, that *we* soon must be, what he is, whom we now bewail: and perhaps (if the opinion and report of some wise men be true, that there is a *place prepared for our reception hereafter*) he, whom we fondly imagined to have perished, is sent before us to that happy mansion (*g*).

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) Hom. Il. τ. 228. Where *Ulysses* endeavours to restrain the immoderate grief of *Achilles*, on the death of *Patroclus*:

ΑΛΛ' ἄρ' ἐν τῷ μὲν καταδάττω ὅς κε δαίηται
Νηλεΐα θυμὸν ἔχονταί, ἐπ' ἡματι δακρυσαυταί.

Eternal sorrows what avails to feed?

Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead:

Enough, when death demands the dead, to pay

The tribute of a melancholy day. Pope.

(b) Hom. Il. ω. 601. where *Achilles*, to comfort the good old King *Priam*, when he comes to beg the corpse of his son *Heكتور*, reminds him of the well known history of *Niobe*.

Νῦν δὲ μετῴμει δα δόρυ·

Καὶ γὰρ τ' ἡλικίῳς Νιοβὴ μετῴμασθε, τε,

Τῇ περ δάδα καὶ παῖδες ἐν μεγάροιςιν ὄλοντο ---

— But now the peaceful hours of sacred night

Demand reflection, and to rest invite.

Nor thou, O father, thus consum'd with woe,

The common cares that nourish life forego.

*Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine;
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades. Pope.*

But how much more interesting and to the purpose is that admirable description of David's lamentation for his child?—*Then said his servants unto David, what thing is this that thou hast done? Thou didst fast and weep for the child while it was alive, but when the child was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread! And he said, while the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept, for I said who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he cannot return to me.* ii Sam. 21. See the last Note.

(c) *Nemo tristis sibi.*—Thus *Martial*.

*Amisum non flet, cum sola est Gellia patrem;
Si quis adest, jussæ profiliunt lacrymæ:
Non dolet hic, quisquis laudari, Gellia quærit;
Ille dolet verè, qui sine teste dolet.
Gellia, not even her father mourns, alone;
When seen, the ready tears run trickling down:
They mourn not, who in wish'd-for praise succeed;
Who weeps without a witness, weeps indeed. M.*

(a) Because friendship is a social virtue, not so confined as true affection between the sexes. *Et quoniam res humanæ fragiles caducæque sunt, &c. Cic. Læl. ad fin.* “And since man holds all his possessions by a very precarious tenure, we should endeavour, as our friends drop off, to repair their loss by new acquisitions, lest one should be so unhappy as to stand, in his old age, a solitary, unconnected individual, bereaved of every person whom he loves and by whom he is beloved: for without a proper and particular object upon which to exercise the kind and benevolent affections, life is destitute of every enjoyment that can render it justly desirable.” *Melm. Fitzosborn's Lett.*

(e) A year, i. e. the old year of *Romulus*, or the space of ten months: for when *Numa* afterwards added two months more, he did not alter the time he had before settled for mourning; which was also the time appointed unto widows to lament the loss of their deceased husbands; before the expiration of which time, they could not decently marry again. *Plut. in vitâ Numæ. Briffon. de jure Connub. l. 10.*

(f) To whom *Seneca* inscribed his treatise on *Tranquillity*. He was *Præfectus Vigilum*, an officer somewhat like our *high-constable*, but of more authority. He died, with some other great men of his time, by eating mushrooms. *Plin. l. 22.*

(g) *Solonis* quidem sapientis elogium est, quo se negat velle suam mortem dolore amicorum et lamentis vacare. Vult, credo, se esse carum suis sed haud scio un melius *Ennius*,

Nemo me lacrymis decoret, neque funera fletu

Faxit—

Non censet lugendam esse mortem quam immortalitas consequatur. Cic. (de Sen.) It is natural, I confess, (with Solon) to desire to be remembered with regret by our particular friends; but I am inclined to give the preference to the sentiment of Ennius:

Nor loud lament nor silent tear deplore

The fate of Ennius, when he breathes no more.

In the poet's estimation, Death, which opens the way to immortality, is by no means a subject of reasonable lamentation. Melmoth.

“ Under

“ Under the influence of such a persuasion to indulge unrestrained grief, would be a proof, not of a generous affection to one’s friend, but of too interested a concern for one’s self. *Id.* And again, to bewail an event attended with such advantageous circumstances, would, I fear, have more the appearance of envy than of friendship. *Id.*

However, with regard to two real friends, I will venture to affirm, that in despite of death, they must both continue to exist, so long as either of them shall remain alive; for the deceased may, in a certain sense be said still to live; whose memory is preserved with the highest veneration, and the most tender regret in the bosom of the survivor; a circumstance which renders the former happy in death, and the latter honour’d in life.” *Id.*

Socrates steadily and firmly asserted, that the human soul is a divine and immortal substance; that death opens a way for its return to the celestial mansions; and that the spirits of those *just* men, who have made the greatest progress in virtue, find the easiest and most expeditious admittance. This was also the opinion of my departed friend, *Scipio Africanus*. *Cic. de Amic. Somn. Scip. Id. Cato, N. 86.*

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God; and no torment shall touch them. In the sight of the unwise, they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction; but they are in peace. Wisd. iii. 1.

In my father’s house (saith our Saviour) are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you; I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am, ye may be also. John xiv. 2.

But ye are come (and have access by the New Covenant as fellow citizens, and members of the same society) unto the (celestial) mount Sion; and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, and to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written (and enrolled) in heaven, and to (the throne of) God, the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. Heb. xii. 22. See Epp. 54. (N. d.) 65. (N. g.) Lips. Physiol. iii. 11, 14.

EPISTLE LXIV.

On Authors; especially Qu. Sextius; and the Respect due to great Men.

YOU was yesterday with us. If I had said only *yesterday*, *Lucilius*; you might complain; and therefore I added *with us*; for with me you are always. Some friends came in; such, as for whom we generally make a larger fire; not like that, which smokes from the kitchen of
the

the wealthy, and is wont to scare the watchmen; but a middling one; enough to shew that I had company. Our conversation turned upon various topics, bringing nothing to a point, but transultory from one thing to another, as it generally happens in a mix'd assembly. At length it was agreed upon, to read a treatise, wrote by *Qu. Sextius*, (*a*) the father; believe me, a great man, and, let who will deny it, a *stoic*. Good Gods! how full of energy, and spirit! such as you will scarce find in the whole tribe of philosophers: some of their writings indeed have a great name, but in all other respects are weak and languid, in comparison. They propose; they debate; they cavil. They inspire us not, with courage and constancy, because they have them not themselves. Whereas when you read *Sextius*; you will say, *this man is alive, he exults, he is free, he is somewhat more than man*: he sends me away full of conviction and confidence: whatever disposition of mind I am in, when I read him, (I will own to you) I am ready to defy all accidents, and to cry out: *why do you loiter, fortune? Come on; you see, I am prepared*: for I wrap myself in a mind like his, which seeks an opportunity to try its strength, and display its valour.

Spumentemque dari pecora inter inertia votis

Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem (*b*).

I long, methinks, to have something for cause of triumph, in the exercise of patience. For this excellency likewise hath *Sextius*; he sets before you the transcendency of a happy life, and gives you hopes of obtaining it. He placeth it indeed on high, yet shews it to be attainable by a willing mind: and virtue herself will teach you, not only to be charm'd with such a life, but to hope for it (*c*).

For my own part nothing takes up more of my time, than this contemplation of wisdom. I look upon it with admiration and surprize, as on the world itself; which I often behold with wondring eyes, as if just entered upon the wide scene, and I now first saw the heavens. On this account I venerate the discoveries of wisdom, and not less the ingenious discoverers: it delights me, as if entering on a large estate: such are the acquisitions prepared for me; such the fruits of their labour. But let us act herein like a discreet householder: let us continually im-

prove what we have got; that our posterity may be still oblig'd to *us* for an accession. Much remains to be done; and will still remain: Nor will any one, born a thousand generations hence, be precluded an opportunity of still making some improvement. And what if the ancients may be said to have found out every thing? yet the application, the knowledge, and the right ordering of such their discoveries will ever be new.

Suppose certain remedies had been found out for every complaint in the eye: there would be no occasion indeed to search for more; but diligence must be used in adapting these to the several disorders and as the occasion may require. If the eye lack moisture, it is to be supplied by one method; by another, the eye-lids, when too thick, are to be attenuated; by another, a sudden flux, or humour is restrained; by another, the sight is sharpen'd; now, the remedies must first be properly prepared; and the time for the application of each, in their respective cases, must be observ'd. So, the ancients have found out proper remedies, for the several maladies of the mind, but how they are to be applied, and when, it is the business of the party concern'd to enquire.

They who have gone before us have done a great deal, but not finished the work: however, they are to be admired, and revered as Gods (*d*). Why should I not keep by me the statues and pictures of great men, as so many remembrancers, and even celebrate their birth days? Why should I not always mention them with honour? The same veneration that I owe my own tutors, I owe to these, the tutors of mankind; from whom the beginnings of so great good have been derived to us. If I meet a Consul or a Prætor, I will shew him all the signs that are usually made, in token of honour and respect: I will alight from my horse (*e*); I will pull off my bonnet; I will give him the way. And shall I not think upon the two *Cato's*, *Lælius* the wife, *Socrates* the good, *Plato*, *Zeno*, and *Cleanthes* with the utmost veneration? Yes, I will always reverence them and rise up at the bare mention of such great names.

A N N O-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Ep. 59. (N. d.) Lipf. Manud. l. 6.

(b) Virg. Æn. IV. 158.

*Impatient he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some noble beast to cross the way;
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend.* Dryden.

(c) You will do right, says *Lipfius*, if you ascribe the whole of this description (of *Sextius*) to *Sensca* himself; for a truer picture of him cannot be drawn.

(d) Lucret. V. 52.——Nonne licebit

Hunc hominem * numero Divûm dignari esse.
*Therefore the man who thus reform'd our souls,
Who slew these monsters, not by arms, but rules;
Shall we, ungrateful we, not think a God?* Creech.

* Either *Pythagoras*, or, (according to *Laëtantius*) *Thales*.

(e) When the son of *Fabius* was chosen consul (A. U. C. 743) his father, by reason of age and infirmity, and perhaps from a design to try his son, came up to him on horseback; whereupon the young consul ordered him to alight, if he had any business with him. This infinitely pleased the old general; and though the standers-by seemed offended at the imperiousness of the son's behaviour towards a father, so venerable for his age and authority, yet he instantly alighted from his horse, and embraced his son with open arms, telling him, "Now, thou art my son indeed, since thou understandest the authority with which thou art invested, and well knowest whom thou art to command." *Plutarch. Livy, Val. Max.*

And it is reported of *Pompey*, that he, in like manner, commanded (by one of his lieutors) *Tigranes*, King of *Armenia*, to alight from his horse, before he would permit him to speak to him. *Dion. l. 36.* See *Lipf. Eleæ. l. i. c. 23.*

(f) Adeperiam caput] *I will uncover my head*; i. e. supposing it to be covered, either with the petasus, broad-brimmed hat, seldom or never wore but upon a journey; or the pileus, a cap, allowed to slaves (when made free, and their heads had been close shaved) as a defence from the cold, and as a badge of their liberty; and to other persons under some indisposition; or with lacinia togæ, the lappet of their gown; and this was not a constant cover, but only occasional, to avoid the rain, or sun, or other accidental inconveniences. Hence it is that we see none of the ancient statues with any covering on their heads, except perhaps a wreath, or something of the like nature. See *Lipf. de Amphitheat. c. 20. Potter's Rom. Antiq. p. 320.*

EPISTLE LXV.

On the First Cause.

YESTERDAY, my *Lucilius*, my day was divided between sickness and self-enjoyment: the former took possession of the forenoon, and happily resign'd the afternoon to the latter. I endeavour'd therefore to amuse the mind with reading: this done, as I grew stronger, I impos'd a harder task upon it, and spurred it on: I sat down to write, and indeed with more earnestness than usual, as when I undertake some knotty point and am resolved to master it: but some friends coming in they laid a restraint upon me, and compell'd me as a sick man, that knows not what is good for himself, to lay aside the pen. We then fell into discourse; part of which, still under debate, I shall here send you; we have chosen you our umpire; and have cut out more work for you, I believe, than you imagine.

There are three different opinions relating to *Cause (a)*. I. Our stoics, you know, say there are two things from whence all other are derived; viz. *Cause*, and *matter (b)*: *matter* lies inert, and helpless, ready for all purposes; but for ever continuing in the same state, if not put into motion. *Cause*, i. e. Reason, (*c*) gives a certain form to matter, and shapes it at pleasure: from whence proceed all the various works of nature: there must be something therefore from whence a thing is made, and something by which it is made: *this* they call *cause*; the other *matter*. Every art is an imitation of nature. What I have said therefore of the universe, transfer to the works of man. A statue, for instance, requires both *matter*, capable of being work'd upon, and an artist to give it form: therefore in a statue brass is the *matter*: and the statuary the *cause*. The same is the condition of all things; forasmuch as they consist, or have their essence, from *that whereof* they are made and *that by which* they are made. The stoics then allow but of this one *cause*, the efficient, or that which makes a thing what it is.

II. *Aristotle* divides *cause* into three sorts, (the *material*, the *efficient* and the *formal*). The *first*, says he, is *matter* itself, without which nothing can be made: the *second*, is the *maker*; the *third*, the *form*, which is annexed to any work whatever, as, suppose, a statue; and this he calls *Idos*: to these he adds a fourth, (called the *final*, or) the end, and design of the whole work.—Now to explain these; brass is the *first cause* of a statue, for it could never have been made, if there had not been that whereon to found, or give it being. The *second cause* is the *workman*; for this brass could never have been fashioned into a statue, had it not fallen into the hands of a skilful artist. The *third cause*, is the *form*; for it could not have been said to be the statue of a *doryphorus* (a life-guard-man) or a *diadumenos* (a King, or a Prince, wearing a diadem) if such an appearance or form had not been given to it. The *fourth cause* is the *design* in making it; for without this it had not been made what it is: what then is *design*? Why, that which inviteth the artist, and which he constantly has in view in the prosecution of his work: whether it be money, if the artist intends what he makes for sale; or glory, if he works for reputation; or devotion and piety, if he design'd it for a gift to some temple; therefore this also is a *cause*, whatever it be, for which a thing is made and without which it had not been made.

III. *Plato* adds a fifth to these, the *exemplar*, or what he calls an *Idea* (*d*): for it is by the observance of this, that an artist forms whatever he hath determined to form. Now it matters not, whether this exemplar be any thing *without*, whereon he may fix his eye, or only what he hath conceived and planned in his mind. The exemplars of all things in the world, God hath in himself: he comprehends in his omniscient *mind*, the number and fashion of all things that have been or shall be made; it is even full of these resemblances which *Plato* calls *Ideas*, immortal, immutable, indefatigable. There are therefore, according to *Plato*, *five causes* (*e*); that *from* which a thing is; that *by* which it is; that *whereby* it is what it is: that *for* which it is; that *according* to which it is: lastly, that which consists of all these: as in a statue (for that is what we have chose to exemplify our meaning by) that

that *from* which it is, is the brass; that *by* which it is, is the artist; that *whereby* it is what it is, is the form; that *for* which it is, is the design of the maker; that *according* to which it is, is the exemplar; and so from all these is formed a statue. And all these *Plato* applies to the great world: the maker, says he, is *God*; from what it is made, *matter*; the *form*, is the disposition and order of things, visible therein; the *exemplar*, that according to which God formed the immensity of this most beautiful work; the *end*, that for which it was made; do you ask, what end God could propose therein? To display his goodness. For truly thus speaks *Plato*: “ what was the cause of God’s making “ the world? He is good; and all that he hath made is good; and being “ good, he cannot envy any good to his creatures; and therefore he hath “ made the world in its best fashion; and furnished it in the best manner possible (*f*). ”

Now judge you, *Lucilius*, and give us your opinion; who seems to speak with most probability, not who speaks the exact truth; for that is as much above us, (in this our infirm state,) as truth itself. In my humble opinion, the group of causes, as here collected by *Aristotle* and *Plato*, comprehends either too much, or too little: for if that is to be reckoned a *cause*, without which a thing cannot be made what it is; they have said too little; because they must reckon *time* a cause, seeing that without *time* nothing can be made. They must reckon *place*; for if there was not a *somewhere* for a thing to be, it could not be at all: they must reckon *motion*; for without this, nothing could either be formed, or come to decay: without *motion*, there can be no art, no change. But we are enquiring after one first and general cause: now, this ought to be simple, as matter is simple; what then is this first cause? Why, *active wisdom*, i. e. *GOD*; so that there are not many, and particular causes, but one, upon which all other depend, and that is, *the efficient*. You will say, perhaps, *form* is a *cause*, being that which the artist adapts to his work; no; it is a *part*, but not a *cause*: the *exemplar* likewise is not a *cause*; but the necessary means to a *cause*; it is as necessary to the artist, as his chisel or his file; without these art could not carry on the work; yet they are not part nor causes of the art itself.—But the *design*

for which an artist sets about any work, is said to be a *cause*: be it so; it is not however the *efficient*, but *adventitious*; and these are innumerable; but we are enquiring after *one* general cause. This also they have alledged, not according to their usual accuracy; that the whole world, and all its complete furniture is *a cause*: for, there is a wide difference between the work itself, and the cause of it. Either then, give us your opinion, *Lucilius*; or what is much easier in these cases, deny that it is in your power; being not quite clear in the matter; and so dismiss, and leave us to ourselves.

But why, you say, do I delight to spend my time in these futile enquiries, which check not any fond desire, nor drive from the bosom an irregular passion? Truly, I employ myself on these subjects in order to settle my mind, and fix my attention: I first pry into, and examine myself, and then turn my thoughts to the vast world: nor in this employ do I lose my time as you imagine: for all these things if they are not minced too minutely, and spun out in vain and useless subtilties, mightily raise and refresh the soul; which being heavily pressed down by its usual burthen, desires to be at large and to return thither, from whence it was taken. For this body is the load, and punishment of the soul: the soul perpetually labours under the weight of it; it is actually in bonds (*g*), till philosophy comes to its relief, permits it to breath awhile, and delight itself with the vast prospect of nature; and to transfer the affections from things below to things above; from the terrestrial to such as are *heavenly* (*b*). This is the liberty she from hence enjoys; this her pleasing flight; when she escapes from the guard that confined her here; and makes a tour to heaven. As your artificers, who have been intent upon some nice work that fatigues the eyes when they have only a dim and glimmering light in their shops; go out into the street or some open place, where the people are wont to disport themselves, and there feast the eye with the clear light of day: so the soul shut up in this sad and gloomy tabernacle, as often as it can, seeks ease and freedom, and pleasingly enjoys itself in the contemplation of the works of nature.—

—The wise man, and even the disciple of wisdom, remains indeed still in the body, yet the better part of him frequently makes excursions: all his thoughts are set upon sublime things; and as if bound by the military oath, he looks on the gift of life as his present pay; and so reforms himself as to have neither love nor hatred thereto; and from hence patiently endures all that mortality is subject to; well knowing, that greater and more solid satisfactions are yet to come (*i*).

And would you, *Lucilius*, debar me from an inspection into the works of nature; and confine me from a view of the *whole* to some scanty part of it? Shall I not enquire into the origin of things;---who created the universe;---who first divided the mass, and gave motion to inert and lifeless matter? Shall I not enquire, who formed this our world; by what wisdom such an immensity of things came under rule and order; who collected the scattered, and separated such as were confused and blended together; and brought forth the wonderful beauty that lay concealed under one squalid deformity or chaos? Or, from whence so great light is poured all around upon us; whether it be from fire, or something brighter than fire? Shall I not enquire, I say, after these things? Shall I remain for ever ignorant, whence I came; and whether I am to see this world but once, or often (*k*)? whether I am going, and what happy mansion waits the soul, when delivered from the servitude of the body (*l*)? Do you forbid me to concern myself with heaven, i. e. do you command me to live with my head ever bowed down to the earth? No; I am greater and born to nobler purposes, than to be the vile bondslave of my body; which I consider in no other light, than as the chain that deprives me of my native liberty. This body then let Fortune attack when she pleases; she cannot wound me through it: all that can suffer in *me* is the body: subject as this tabernacle is to injury, the soul, that dwells therein, is still free. Nor shall this flesh, however frail, compel me to base fear, or to hypocrisy, or to dissimulation misbecoming a good man; I would by no means say a false thing, were it to do honour to this insignificant little body: if I think proper, I can withdraw myself from all fellowship with it; nor even now while we remain together, is our companionship

nionship upon equal terms; for the soul claims all dominion to herself; and on the contempt of the body founds her true and certain liberty.

But to return to our design: this inspection into the nature of things, that I have been speaking of, is what will contribute greatly to the liberty of the soul: forasmuch as we learn from hence, that the universe consists of *God* and *matter*; that God rules and governs all things, which being dispersed around, follow Him their Ruler and their Guide. Now, the Maker, i. e. *God*, must be greater than the things made, i. e. *matter*, which is ever subject to his Almighty power. And what God is in the world, such is the mind or soul in man; what in the world is *matter*, in us is body. Let the worse then be subservient to the better: let us be firm and strong against accidents; let us not dread injuries, or wounds, or chains, or poverty, or death itself. For, what is death? It is either an end of life, or the passage into another; and why should I fear to be no more, since that is the same as not to have been? much less I have reason to be afraid of passing elsewhere; for, wherever I go, I shall certainly be more at large than I am at present.

ANNOTATIONS, &c

(a) Between the *Stoics*, and *Aristotle*, and *Plato*.

(b) The same according to *Laertius*, called by *Plato*, Θεὸν καὶ ὕλην; which *Thales* calls, *Mentes* et *Aquam*. *Pythagoras*, *Monas*, *unio*, (mens, sive Deus, *God*) Δυσί, *binio*, (materia, *matter*) which *Lipsius* carries back to *Homer* δ. 366) under the allegorical characters of *Proteus*, and his daughter *Eidothea*, (al. *Theonome*. Eur. al. *Eurynome*, Zenod.) *Cicero*, Acad. Quæst. 1. 6. Naturam dividebant (Stoici) in res duas, ut altera esset efficiens; altera autem quasi huic se præbens, ex quâ aliquid efficeretur, &c. Explained by *Laflantius*, vii. 3. Stoici naturam in duas dividunt partes unam quæ efficiat, alteram quæ se ad faciendum tractabilem præstat. Ita isti uno naturæ nomine res diversissimas comprehendêrunt, *Deum*, et *mundum*, artificem et opus, dicuntque alterum sine altero nihil posse, tanquam natura sit Deus mundo permistus: nam interdum sic confundunt, ut sit Deus ipsa mens mundi, et mundus sit corpus Dei. *The Stoics divide Nature into two parts*; the Maker and the thing made, i. e. *God*, and *the world*; as if God was the soul of the world, and the world the body of God. It were well (says *Leland*, l. 13.) if the absurdity of this way of philosophising were the worst of it. But besides that it gave occasion to some of those extravagant flights of the *Stoics*, so unbecoming dependent creatures, as if they had a divinity and sufficiency in themselves, which placed them in several respects on an equality with God (see Ep. 53.) this notion was made use of
for

for supporting Pagan idolatry, and was therefore of the most pernicious consequence to the interest of religion.

But the principal error, and what among the Greek philosophers, from the time of *Aristotle*, became the favourite opinion, was, *they all* (*Plato* perhaps excepted) *thought it impossible to admit the making any thing out of nothing, and consequently that matter was coeternal with the eternal mind.* A scheme which confounds God and the creature, and pursued to its genuine consequence is subversive of all religion and morality. But as a sufficient answer to these or the like absurd principles relating to the Deity, I shall refer the reader to the words of *Mr. Locke*, (vol. ii. p. 249.) "'Tis an overvaluing ourselves to reduce all to the narrow measure of our capacities; and to conclude all things impossible to be done, whose manner of doing exceeds our comprehension: this is to make our comprehension infinite, or God finite; when what he can do is limited to what we can conceive of it. If you do not understand the operation of your own finite mind, that *thinking thing within you*, deem it not strange that ye cannot comprehend the operations of that eternal infinite mind, who made and governs all things, and whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain." *Acts*, 14. 15. 24. 16. *Lips. Physiol.* l. 4. ii. 2. *Leland*, i. 280.

(c) In the language of the *Stoics*. Thus—*ad Helviam*, Quisquis formator universi fuit, five ille Deus est potens omnium, five incorporealis ratio, ingentium operum artifex, five divinus Spiritus per omnia maxima minima, æquali intentione diffusus, &c. c. 8.—*Whoever was the maker of the universe, whether it was God omnipotent, or incorporeal Reason, the artificer of great works, or the divine Spirit, pervading all things, with equal efficiency, &c.* A remarkable passage, compared with *Genesis*, i. i. 2.

(d) Whatsoever the mind perceives in itself, or is the immediate object of perception, thought, or understanding, that I call *Idea*. *Locke*, vol. i. p. 97. See *Ep.* 57. (N. m.) *Lips. Physiol.* ii. 3.

(e) *Plutarch* contracts them for him into three (αὐτὸν ἑ, ἑξῆς, πρὸς ἑ) the efficient, the material, and the final, including the exemplary and formal in the efficient.

(f) *God saw every thing that he had made, and behold! it was very good.* *Gen.* i. 31. *All the works of the Lord are exceeding good, and whatsoever he commandeth shall be accomplished in due season. A man need not say, what is this? wherefore is that? for he hath made all things for their uses. Good things are created from the beginning for the good; so to the sinners they are turned into evil.* *Ecclus.* xxxix. 16, 35.

(g) From whence *the body*, in Greek, is called ὡς δεδεμένον ὑπ' αὐτῆς τῆς ψυχῆς ἐνταῦθα κατὰ φύσιν) as enchaining and confining the soul against its nature. *Lips.* For we knew that every creature groaneth, and bewaileth in pain together until now. *Rom.* viii. 22. For we that are in this (ruinous earthly) tabernacle, do groan being burthen'd therewith; not for that we would be (utterly) unclothed, but clothed upon, (with our future habitation) that (our present) mortality might be swallowed up of life. For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house, not made of hands, eternal in the heavens. *ii Cor.* v. 1. 5. See *Ep.* 24. (N. i.)

(b) See *Ep.* 38. (N. r.) and the following note.

(i) *Seneca* again; not the *Stoic*, but the *Christian*, who considereth, that our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory. *ii Cor.* 14, 17. See *Ep.* 17. 58.

(k) An *sæpe*? *Nesciam quo iturus sim.* *Vulg. Pincian.* But *Gronovius* and the ancient MSS. an *sæpe* nascendum? quo—alluding either to (παλεγγενεσία) the stoical doctrine of the soul, existing in a former state, or (ἐστὶ μεταψυχωσις) the Pythagorean Transmigration; which by the way, *Lactantius* (iii. 18.) gives to the *Stoics*—supersse animas post mortem Pythagorici et Stoici dixerunt; easque non nasci, sed insinuari in corpora, et de aliis in alia migrare. But *Lipfius* not only doubts this, but

proves

proves the contrary. (Physiol. iii. 12.) This doctrine however prevailed among our ancestors, the Gauls, (as we learn from *Cæsar*) and especially the Druids; whom *Lucan* thus addresseth:

—— Vobis auctoribus, umbræ

Non tacitas Erebi sedes vitasque profundæ

Pallida regna petunt; regit idem spiritus artus

Orbe olivæ, longæ, canitis si cognita vitæ. i. 449.

If dying mortals dooms they (the Druids) sing aright,

No ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful night;

No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,

Nor sink the dreary silent shades below. Rowe.

It is so antient a doctrine that it is disputable, whether the Druids borrowed it from *Pythagoras*, or *Pythagoras* from them. And among the many nations who are said to have held this doctrine, *Justin Martyr* mentions the latter Jews, according to St. Matth. xv. 16 some say, *that thou art Elias, and others Jeremias, or one of the Prophets.*

(1) *Lipfius* resolves this question in the words of *Seneca's* father (*Suafor* vi.) Animus divina origine haustus, onerosi corporis vinculis exsolutus, ad sedes suas et cognata sidera recurrit. *The soul, of divine origin, when released from the bonds of this burthensome body, returns to its native seat and kindred stars.* And from *Seneca* himself (*de Tranquill.* xi.) Reverti eo, unde veneris quid grave est? *Can it be in anywise grievous, to return to the place from whence you came?*

An dubium est habitare Deum sub pectore nostro

In cœlumque redire animas, cœloque venire. Manilius, l. 4.

For who can doubt that God resides in man?

That souls from heav'n descend, and when the chain

Of life is broke, return to heav'n again!

EPISTLE LXVI.

Deformity no Hindrance to Virtue.---Whether all Good be equal.

I HAVE seen, after many years, *Claranus*, who was my schoolfellow: I need not therefore call him old. Truly he seems even yet in full vigour and strength of mind, struggling perpetually with the infirmities of his little body. For nature seems not to have used him well, in placing such a soul in such a frame; or perhaps she had a mind to shew, that the most noble and happy qualities may be concealed under

der any outward shape whatever. But he hath surmounted all difficulties and discouragements; and from contemning himself, is come to condemn all other things. So that in my opinion *Virgil* seems mistaken, when he says

Gratior est pulchro veniens e corpore virtus.

For sprightly grace and equal beauty crown'd. (Dryden)

For virtue needs no foreign ornament, she derives her dignity from herself; and consecrates the body she inhabits (a). The more I beheld our *Claranus*, the more comely I thought him, and as straight in body as in mind. A great man may spring from a cottage; and a beautiful and great soul dwell in a deformed body. Nature seems to me, to have produced some such men, in order to demonstrate, that virtue is not confined to any particular place: could she have exhibited souls in a naked and visible state, she might have done it, but now she does more; in producing them entangled, as it were, and enclosed with bodies, yet breaking through all obstacles to the display of their excellency and effects. *Claranus*, I suppose, is set forth as an example, whereby we may learn, that the soul is not polluted by the deformity of the body, but the body is adorned by the beauty of the soul. I had the pleasure of his company but a few days, however we had frequent discourse; and the subjects of our conversation I here transmit to you.

On the first day, the question proposed was, *how all good could be put upon an equality*, when it is generally divided into three kinds (b). Under this title, according to the stoics, some things are *primarily good*, as, joy, peace, and the welfare of our country: next to these are such as originate from some infliction on this wretched material body; as, *patience* under pain, and torture; and *temperance*, and discretion in a severe fit of sickness: the former we wish for absolutely, and directly; the latter as necessity shall require. There is yet a third sort of *good*, such as, a decent gait, a sedate countenance, and a behaviour every way suitable to the character of a prudent man.

Now, how can these things be said to be equal in themselves; when some of them are so very desirable, and other so disagreeable? To dis-

tinguish them aright, let us return to, and consider the *first good*; what it is. It is a mind, or soul, regardful of truth; well knowing what to avoid and what to pursue; setting a value upon things, not according to fancy, but reason; intermixing herself with the great universe, and contemplating what is doing therein; intent also upon her own thoughts and actions; as truly great as zealous in her endeavours; alike invincible by prosperity and adversity: subjecting herself to neither; eminently exalted above contingencies and accidents; displaying her beauty with gracefulness; and by her strength her sound disposition; undisturbed, intrepid; whom no violence can shake; no changes or chances can either lift up or cast down; such is the soul, when accomplished with virtue (*c*); such her appearance, when, brought under one view she exhibits all her charms: however, there are several species of it, displayed in different actions according to the different circumstances of life, yet in herself she is neither greater, nor less.

For, the *summum bonum*, or *chief good*, cannot decrease; nor can virtue ever recoil (*d*); however converted into different qualities, being fashioned according to the complexion of the affair in hand; for whatever she hath touched, she reduceth to her own likeness, and paints of her own colour; she decorates actions, friendships, and sometimes whole families which she herself had united and set in order: in short, whatever she hath the management of, she renders amiable, conspicuous, and worthy admiration: therefore her strength, and greatness cannot rise higher at one time, than at another: because what is *greatest* admits no increase. You can find nothing more right than what is right, more true than what is true; more temperate than what is temperate (*e*). Every virtue hath a proper mean; and a mean is a certain measure. Constancy cannot go beyond itself any more than just confidence, truth, and fidelity. Nothing can be added to that which is perfect; it was not perfect, if any thing could be added thereto: and therefore no addition can be made to virtue; if there can, it is as yet defective: so, what is fit and honourable admits of no accession; because it is of the same rank with the things abovementioned; as also what is decent, just, and lawful, forasmuch as they are comprehended under certain limits.

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To admit encrease, is a sign of imperfection: *all good* falls under the same predicament. Public and private utility are conjoyned, and being inseparable are alike to be commended and maintained by all. Therefore virtues are equal in themselves, and the works of virtue (*f*), and the men conversant therein: the virtues of plants and animals, as they are mortal, frail, weak, and uncertain, rise and fall; and therefore are not to be esteemed of equal value: whereas human virtues are subject to one rule; forasmuch as right and simple reason is one. Nothing is more divine than what is divine; nothing is more heavenly than what is heavenly. Mortal things are raised up and thrown down; they are worn away, and grow again; they are exhausted, and again replenished; and therefore in this their uncertain state, there is an inequality: but the nature of divine things is one: and reason is nothing else but a particle of the divine spirit infused into the human body. If reason then be divine and no good is without reason; then *all good* is divine: but there is no difference between things that are divine, therefore none between things *good*; and consequently joy and a strong and stubborn sufferance of fortune are equal: for, in both these is the same greatness of soul, tho' in the one it is somewhat free and relax; in the other intent and resolute. For why? Do you not think, *Lucilius*, that the virtue of him who courageously besiegeth a city, and of him, who endureth the miseries of a siege, is equal? Great is *Scipio* who lays siege to, and blocketh up *Numantia*; and compels the invincible forces therein, to be their own executioners*: Great also is the undaunted spirit of the besieged, who know no blockade, while the gate of death is open; and who expire in the arms of liberty.

Other virtues are alike, equal in themselves (*g*), as, tranquillity, sincerity, liberality, constancy, æquanimity, perseverance: forasmuch as in all these one and the same virtue subsists; which renders the mind firm and invariable. Is there then no difference between joy, and an inflexible endurance of pain? None, as to the virtues themselves, tho' a great deal as to those things, by which each virtue displays itself: as in the one, there is a natural remission or relaxation of the mind; in the other an unnatural grief: these then are the means, or certain modifica-

tions, that admit a wide difference: but the virtue in both is equal: the object or circumstance alters not the virtue; as no distress or difficulty can make it worse, nor any mirth or joy make it better: either *good* therefore, as *good*, must necessarily be equal; as the virtuous man cannot behave himself better under joyous circumstances; nor if afflicted, under fortune; and two things, wherein nothing better can be done, than what is done, must be equal: for if any thing foreign or external can lessen or encrease the virtue, it ceases to be the *one good*, that is fit and honourable: and if so; there is an end of every thing that is honourable: but why? I will tell you: nothing is honourable which is done unwillingly and perforce. Every thing honourable is voluntary: now, suppose a man, idle, querulous, unsteady, timorous, he then hath lost one of the best qualities a man can have, *viz.* self-complacency: nor can any thing be honourable, that is not free: for what is in a state of fear, is in a state of slavery: every thing that is truly honourable, enjoys security and tranquillity; but if a man refuseth any thing, that is fit to be done, if he complains, if he thinks it evil or an hardship, he must necessarily be disturbed, and in great perplexity; for on the one hand a shew of what is right and fit invites him; on the other, the suspicion of evil draws him back; therefore he that is about to do a truly just and honourable action, should he meet with any opposition, he may think it an annoyance, but let him not think it an evil; let him do it willingly; every thing truly honourable, is neither done by command or compulsion: it is pure without any mixture of evil.

I know what will be objected to me here, that I would fain persuade you, *Lucilius*, that there is no difference, whether a man be in the height of decent joy, or is silent upon the rack (*b*), and has strength enough to weary out his tormentor; I might answer you in the words of *Epicurus* (*i*); a *wise man* says he, *tho' he is roasting in Phalaris' bull, will cry out*, it is pleasant, and does not at all concern me. Why then should you be surprized at my saying, the *good* is equal, of one rejoicing moderately at a banquet, and of another with amazing fortitude enduring torment; when (what is more incredible) *Epicurus* says, *it is pleasant to be tortured*. But here I answer as before, there is a wide difference

difference between joy and pain: were I put to my choice, I should certainly desire to enjoy the one, and escape the other: the one is natural, the other contrary to nature: and as long as they are consider'd in this light, there is undoubtedly a great disparity between them.

But when we come to consider virtue, they are equal, both that which labours hard in a rough and that which glides along in a smooth path. Vexation, and pain, and whatever else seems irksome and inconvenient, are of no consequence; for they are swallow'd up in virtue. As the stars hide their diminish'd heads before the brightness of the sun; so pains, afflictions and injuries are all crushed and dissipated by the greatness of virtue: whenever she shines, every thing but what borrows its splendor from her, disappears; and all manner of annoyances have no more effect upon her, than a shower of rain upon the sea. In confirmation of this, you may observe, with what earnestness a *good* man will fly to do what is just and right; tho' the executioner stands in his way; and the rack and fire are before him; he will persevere in his duty; nor will he consider what he is about to suffer but what he is about to do; and will trust himself to a good action, as to a friend and good man; under whose protection he is safe and happy (*k*): an honourable action, tho' attended with severe and painful circumstances, will have the same place in his esteem, as a good man, however poor, an exile, and pale through want and sickness. Well then, suppose we, on one hand, a good man, abounding with wealth; and on the other hand, one destitute of every thing, but what he hath in himself; each of them will be equally a *good man*, however unequal in outward circumstances.

The same judgment, as I have said before, may be formed of things as of men: virtue is as commendable in a body that is healthful and at large, as in one that is sickly and in prison. Therefore even your own virtue, *Lucilius*, you will not think the more commendable, because fortune hath hitherto preserved your body, hale and sound; than if by some accident it had been wounded and maimed: otherwise it would be judging of the master by the liveries of his servants; for all things,
over

which chance hath any influence, are, at best, but of a servile nature; as riches, the body, and worldly honours: they are weak, transitory, mortal, and of uncertain possession; whereas the works of virtue are free, noble, and invincible; not to be admired the more, on account of being favoured by any flattering fortune; or the less, because pressed and opposed by the crossiest circumstances that can happen.

What is friendship among men, *that* is affection with regard to things: I cannot think you would love a rich good man, more than a poor one; nor one that is strong and brawny better than one, who is lean and sickly; therefore neither will you affect a thing that is honourable, because pleasant and easy, more than what is surrounded with trouble and difficulty: otherwise you will make me believe, that, of two men equally good, you will prefer him, that is spruce and clean, to him that is dirty and slovenly; and further, will rather delight in the man that is whole and sound of limb, than in one that is lame and purblind; till by degrees your delicacy proceeds so far, as, of two men equally just and prudent, you would rather chuse him whose hair is frizzled and curled, than one with a bald pate: but where virtue is equal in both, the inequality in all other respects will soon disappear; for *that* is the principal, all other things are merely adventitious. And who, I pray, is so unjust in his judgment, and partial among his family, as to love a son in health, more than one that is sick; or one that is tall and lusty, more than one who is short and weak? Brutes make no distinction in their young, and we see this particularly exemplified in birds and fowl. *Ulysses* was in as great haste to reach the rocky barren shore of *Ithaca*, as *Agamemnon* was to reach the lofty walls of *Mycenæ*. For, no one loves his country because it is more spacious than another, but because it is his own.

Now whither tends all this? Why to shew you that virtue looks on all her works, as her offspring, with an impartial eye; indulges them all alike; and indeed the more earnestly, when they are in any wise distressed; as the love of a fond parent generally inclines to those who stand most in need of pity (*1*). Not that virtue loves such her
works,

works, as are afflicted and oppressed, the more; but only as a good and tender parent, she is the more concern'd to cherish and comfort them.

But after all, why is not one *good* greater than another? Because, if a thing be truly fit, nothing can be fitter; or plainer than what is absolutely plain: you cannot say there is any difference where there is a parity; neither therefore can any thing be more just and honourable than what is strictly just and honourable. If then the nature of all virtues be equal, the three kinds of good are upon an equality. From hence I say, to rejoice, or to grieve with moderation, is equal; nor does *that* joy excel *this* firmness of mind, stifling its groans upon the rack. The former *good* is indeed more eligible, but the latter more admirable; nevertheless both are equal; because whatever annoyance there may be therein, it lies hid under the veil of greater good: whoever is pleased to think them unequal, turns away his eyes from the virtues themselves, and beholds only the externals. True good hath always the same weight and measure; but the false are lighter than vanity itself; and, however great and specious they seem, are, when brought to the balance, always found deceitful. Depend upon this, *Lucilius*, whatever true reason commends, is solid, is eternal: it strengthens the mind, and lifts it up on high, there to remain for ever: but such things as are injudiciously praised, and extolled by the opinion of the vulgar, puff up the mind with vain delight: on the other hand, those things which are dreaded as evils, affect it as sensibly, as the apprehension of danger affects animals: these things therefore both delight and afflict the soul without cause; neither are those worthy of joy, nor these of fear: reason alone is immutable; and tenacious of its opinion; for it does not serve but command the senses. Now, reason is equal to reason, as right is to right; but all virtue is right reason; and if right, then equal. And as reason is, such are its actions, and therefore all equal: being similar to reason, they are similar in themselves: I mean all such actions as are just and honourable: not but that there may be a great difference in them with regard to the object or circumstance, which may be more enlarged or more confined; sometimes illustrious, sometimes ignoble; at one time appertaining to many, at another to few; yet in all these, the best or principal

cipal thing is still the same; as of good men, all are equal as good men; (*m*) though their ages may be different, the one old, the other young; or their shape, the one beautiful, the other deformed; or their fortune, the one rich, the other poor; the one popular, powerful, and well known both in town and country; the other known to very few, or scarce known at all; but in that they are good, I say they are equal. The *sense* is no proper judge of good and evil; it is ignorant of what may be useful or what not; it cannot give its opinion, but of the thing present; it neither forecasts what is to come, nor remembers what is past: it cannot see to the length of a consequence; though on this depend the order and series of things, and that uniformity of life that leads to perfection.

Reason therefore is the sole arbitress of good and evil: of any thing external or foreign she makes no account; and looks upon such things as are indifferent, as accessions of little or no importance. All *good* with her, subsists in the mind: some things however she receives as primary, and pursues them earnestly with design; such as victory, good children, the welfare of one's country; there are other things as of a second order, which display not themselves but in adversity; as the patient sufferance of a severe disease, or of banishment: and some of a mixed kind, no more consonant to nature, than against it; as, to walk or sit with a good grace; for to sit is as natural as to stand or walk. The two former kinds are different; forasmuch as the first are agreeable to nature; as the dutifulness of children, and the safety of our country; and the second are contrary to nature; as, to sustain torment with courage, and constancy; and patiently endure thirst, while a fever is burning up the heartstrings. *What then, can there be any good that is contrary to nature?* No, but that is sometimes contrary to nature, wherein this *good* subsists; for, to be wounded, or afflicted with a sore disease, or to be broiled to death, is contrary to nature; but to preserve an unconquerable mind amidst these torments, is agreeable to the dignity of nature. To express what I mean, as briefly as possible; the object of *good* is sometimes against nature, but *good* itself never: because no *good* can be without reason; and reason always follows nature. *What then*

then is reason? The imitation of nature (*n*). And what is the *summum bonum*, or *chief good* of man? The behaving himself agreeably to the dictates of nature. You say, no doubt, “that the peace is happier, “ which hath never been disturbed, than that which is obtained by “ the blood of thousands; and that it is an happier state of health which “ hath never been broken, than that which is recovered by art and “ patience, from a violent disease that threatened death: in like manner “ you say, that joy is a greater good than a mind capable of enduring “ pain and torment from the sword and fire.” I deny all this: for, however those things that are casual may be subject to a wide difference, being esteemed according to the benefit of the receiver; the only one purpose of good men is to agree with nature, and this is alike in all.

When the senate agree to the opinion of any member, we do not say, that such a one assents more than another; as they all join in the same opinion. The same I say of virtues, they all assent to nature; the same I say of *good*; every *good* agrees with nature. Some go off the stage of life, in their youth; others in old age; beside these, dies the little infant, who hath done nothing more than seen life. Now all these were equally mortal; though death suffered the life of one to run on longer, cut off the other in the bloom of youth, and nipt the other in the very bud. One man is carried off amidst a jovial banquet; to another death is but a continued sleep; another dies in the arms of his mistress; oppose to these, such as are pierced by the sword, or kill'd by the bite of a serpent, or crushed under some ruins, or have died in extreme torture by a long contraction of the nerves: can the end of any among these be called better or worse? Death is the same to all; the means indeed are very different; but the end, I say, is still the same: no death can be said to be greater or less; for it has the same quality in all; to put an end to life; the same is what I affirm to you, *Lucilius*, concerning *good*; one sort is to be found in mere pleasures; another amidst pain and sorrow; *that* with pleasing moderation hath directed the indulgence of Fortune; *this* hath subdued her most violent animosity; the *good* was equal in both; though one walked on in a smooth

path, and the other was forced to climb a rock: the end of all is the same; they are good, they are commendable, in that they follow reason and virtue; and virtue reduceth to an equality whatever she is pleased to acknowledge for her own.

But that you may not be surpris'd, *Lucilius*, at this among other our positions; be pleas'd to recollect, that even according to *Epicurus*, there are two blessings, of which the chief, and most happy *good* is compos'd, *a body without pain*, and *a soul without passion or perturbation*. These blessings admit of no increase, if they are complete and perfect; for how can that receive more, which is full already? If the body be free from pain, what can you add to this indolence; if the mind be consistent, and well pleas'd with itself, what can you add to this tranquillity? As a clear sky, when the sun shines out in his full glory, is not susceptible of greater brightness; so the condition of a man, who, by his diligence and discretion, enjoys a sound body and a sound mind, and who builds upon these his *chief good*, is intirely perfect; he hath reach'd the end of his wishes; his mind knowing no disorder, nor his body any pain. Whatever blandishments happen from without they augment not the *chief good*, but only give it, as it were, a pleasing relish: for the absolute good of human nature is fully and completely satisfied with the peace of body and soul.

But I will give you also from *Epicurus* a distinction of *good*, more like to this of the stoics. There is a sort of *good*, which, he says, he had much rather should be his portion, as, the ease of the body, free from every annoyance; and a relaxation of soul, rejoicing in the contemplation of its own felicity; and another sort, which, though he would not wish them to be his lot, yet have their merit, and what he commends and approves, as, the patient sufferance, before mention'd, of a bad state of health, and constancy in the most grievous pain which *Epicurus* (*o*) himself labour'd under, upon a most happy day: for, he tells us, he was rack'd with an ulcer in the bladder, and an inflammation in the bowels; so that it was impossible to endure more pain: yet even this he call'd a blessed day to him: now, no one can enjoy a
blessed

blessed day, without being in possession of the *chief good*. You see then that even with your *Epicurus* there is a sort of *good*, which no one indeed would chuse; but which, if necessity requires it, is still to be embraced, to be commended, and placed upon an equality with *sovereign good*; as the day which closed the happy life of *Epicurus*, and for which he gave thanks with his dying breath.

Give me leave, *Lucilius*, best of men, to speak somewhat more freely; if any *good* could be greater than another; I should prefer those that seem so very disagreeable to such as are of a more soft and delicate nature: for it is greater, to bear up against, and conquer difficulties, than to use good fortune with moderation: on this account, I know, the same judgment will incite men, to carry themselves well in prosperity, and not to be less patient in adversity: he may be alike brave, who stands sentinel in the trenches, before the enemy hath sallied to force the camp; with him, who having his legs cut off, fighteth upon his stumps, and scorns to throw away his sword. *Go on, and prosper, my brave lads*, is said to the men, who are cover'd with wounds and returning from the field of battle: I cannot therefore but highly recommend this *good*, that hath manifested itself upon trial, and in a firm defiance to the power of fortune. Can I make any doubt, whether I should praise the maimed hand of *Mucius* (*p*) when burnt to the bone, more than the sound one of the bravest general? He stood contemning both the enemy, and the flames; and looked with a steady eye upon his hand, while it was dropping away in the fire; till *Porfenna*, who at first took pleasure in his torture, now envied him the glory of it, and order'd the pan of fire to be taken from him without his consent. Now why should I not reckon this stubborn patience as a principal *good*; nay, think it greater, than such as are secure, and untried by torture; as it is more glorious to conquer an enemy with a hand that is useless, than with one arm'd with weapons? What then, you say, would I wish this good to be mine? Why not? For unless any one can also wish it, he would scarce put it in execution. Or must I rather wish effeminately to stretch out my limbs to my old servants to rub and soften them, or bid some old male-nurse to straiten my little

toes? No, I think *Mucius* a happier man, in giving his hand to the fire, as to some friendly operator (*q*), whereby he made ample amends for his mistake; when unarmed and maimed as he was, he put an end to the war; and with the stump only of an arm conquered two Kings (*r*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Know ye not that the body is the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?* 1. Cor. iii. 16. vi. 9.

(*b*) See *Lipf.* (*Manud.* iii. 6.)

(*c*) Various are the readings here, but *Gronovius* with all the MSS. and old editions, *Talis Animus est virtus.* So *Ep.* 113. *Virtus nihil aliud est quàm animus quodammodo se habens.* *Ep.* 78. *Hæc ratio perfecta virtus vocatur.* *Cic.* (*Tusc. Qu.* l. v.) *Hic igitur animus, si est excultus, et si ejus acies ita curata est, ut ne cæcetur erroribus, fit perfecta ratio, i. e. absoluta ratio, quæ est idem quod virtus.* The human mind as derived from the Divine Reason, can be compared with nothing, but with God himself, if I may be allowed the expression: *This then when improved, and its sight so preserved as not to be blinded by errors, becomes a perfect understanding, i. e. absolute reason, which is the very same as virtue.*

(*d*) *Cic.* (*Parod.* iii.) *Una virtus est, consentiēst cum ratione et perpetua constantia: nihil huic addi potest quo magis virtus sit, nihil demi ut virtutis nomen relinquatur.* *Virtue is uniform, and its uniformity consists in unwearied perseverance, and agreement with reason; no addition of circumstance can make it more than virtue, no diminution can make it less.*

(*e*) *Cic.* (*ib.*) *Atqui paræ esse virtutes, nec bono viro meliorem, nec temperante temperantiorē, nec forti fortiorē, nec sapienti sapientiorē posse fieri, facillimè potest percipi.* *If virtues are equal among themselves, it may very easily be conceived, that a man cannot be better than good, more temperate than temperate, braver than brave, nor wiser than wise.*

(*f*) *Cic.* (*ib.*) *Atqui quoniam pares virtutes sunt, recte facta, quando a virtutibus proficiuntur paria esse debent;—As all our virtues are equal, all good actions, being derived from virtue, ought to be equal likewise.—*

Thus runs the argument; Virtue is right; what is right, admits of no encrease; therefore virtue admits of no encrease: and if virtue admits of no encrease, neither do such things as flow from virtue, and all things rightly done are equal. Such is the doctrine of the stoics; add further,—itemque peccata quoniam ex vitiis manant, sint æqualia necesse est. *It necessarily follows, that evil actions springing from vice should be also equal.*

Now in what sense the Christian is to take this position we may learn from *St. James*, (ii. 2.)—*Whoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all; i. e. with respect to the obedience he ought to pay to the authority of the Legislator, which is violated by the transgression of one point, as of all the rest, because there is an equal authority, or rather the same, which influences the whole, and which connects the one with the other.* For (v. 11.) *He that said do not commit adultery, said also do not kill; now, if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art a transgressor of the law.*

* Though some of the philosophers among the *Heathens* allowed, yet the best of them condemn'd this *stoical heroism*, as a rash forsaking the station in which the providence of their gods had placed them. See *Epp.* 24, 30, &c.

(*g*) However

(g) However the schoolmen and others may seem to differ from this doctrine of the *stoics*, with regard to a distinction in kind, and a superior excellency, as to prefer *the most rational prudence to justice*, justice to fortitude, and fortitude to temperance; in a word, to think that each virtue rises in value the nearer it accedes to, and the more it partakes of reason, yet considered in itself, (suppose *temperance*) they allow it to be equal: nor in reality do they contradict the doctrine of the *stoics*; forasmuch as the *stoics* admit not of any good but what is in its highest perfection. See *Lipf.* (Manud. iii. 4.)

(b) In equuleo taceat] Cic. (de fin. 5.) Si vir bonus, cæcus, debilis, morbo gravissimo affectus, exul, orbus, torqueatur in equuleo: quem hunc appellas, Zeno? Beatum, inquit: etiam beatissimum? Quippe inquit, cum tam docuerim gradus istam rem non habere, quam virtutem, in qua sit ipsum beatum—(al. Etiam beatissimum? Quippini? cum.)

If a wise man is blind, maimed, desperately sick, banished, childless, a beggar, and tortured upon the rack; how will Zeno term such a man? Happy. What, supremely happy? Why not? since I have all along declared that happiness, *quæ* happiness, is the same, just as its efficient cause, virtue, is virtue.—If we are to appeal to the common sense of mankind, you can never prove such a man to be happy: if to *the thinking few*, one part of them perhaps will doubt whether virtue has so much power as to make a man happy even in Phalaris' bull. But the other will make no manner of doubt that the *stoics* speak consistently, &c. Ib.

(f) Cic. (Tusc. v.) Epicuro dicere licebit nullum sapienti esse tempus et si uratur, torquatur, fecetur, quin possit exclamare, Quam pro nihilo puto? Denique etiam, Beatam vitam in Phalaridis taurum descensuram. It is allowable for Epicurus, (who only affects being a philosopher, and who assumed that name to himself) to say, that a wise man may at all times cry out, though he be burned, tortured, cut to pieces, How little do I regard it?—nay, that a happy life may descend into Phalaris' bull.

(k) We know that all things work together for good to them that love God. Rom. viii. 28.

(l) So Seneca (Thebaid.) Speaking of *Jocasta's* affection for her son, 'the wretched *Polynices*—

Quo causa melior, forsque deterior trahit

Inclinat animus semper infirmo favens:

Miseros magis fortuna conciliat suis.

When unrelenting Fate denies success

To a just cause, o'erwhelm'd with wretchedness,

Either of friend, or relative, the mind

To helpful pity is the more inclin'd. M.

(m) This is another paradox of the *stoics*. Cic. (de fin. iv.) Sapientes omnes summè beatos esse. That all wise men are superlatively happy. (Ib. v.) Quid minus probandum, quàm esse aliquem beatum nec satis beatum? Quod autem satis est, eò quidquid acceperit nimium est, ac nemo nimium beatus, et nemo beato beatior. Nothing is easier to be proved than that if a man is happy he is sufficiently happy; if any thing were added to what is sufficient it would be too much, but no one can be too happy, nor any one happier than he that is happy. Apud Stobæum Παντα τὸν καλὸν καὶ ἀγαθὸν ἀνδρὰ τίλειν εἶναι, διὰ τὸ μηδενίας ἀπολεπισθαι ἀρετῆς, διὸ καὶ πάντας ὡδαιμονεῖν διὰ τῶν αἰδρωτῶν τῶν ἀγαθῶν. If a man be truly just and good, he is perfect, as wanting no kind of virtue: and therefore the good are altogether and always happy. Now if all such be perfect, they are equal; if they be altogether and always happy, there can be no addition or diminution of their happiness. *Lipf.* (Maund. iii. 3.) See Epp. 71, 72, 74, 85, 92.

(n) Observe here an explanation of that capital dogma among the *stoics*, Naturam sequi, follow Nature, so frequently inculcated by our author. See Epp. 5, 16, 25, 41, (N. i.) To which may

be

be added (De beat. vit. c. 8.) Idem est beati vivere, et secundum naturam. *It is the same thing to live happily, and according to nature.* For this is wisdom, non a naturâ de-errare, et ad illius legem exemplumque formari, sapientia est. *Epicætetus* exhorts more than once, Ο'μολογῶντως—καὶ συμφωνῶς φύσει ζῆν, *to live conformably, and in perfect harmony with Nature.* Not only the Stoics but *Plato* and the *Academics* asserted that in no other thing were we to look for the summum bonum, nulla in re alia nisi natura, quærendum esse illud summum bonum, quo omnia referuntur, dicebant. *Cic.* (de Academ.) The *Cynics* also and other eminent philosophers, according to *Philo Judæus*, maintained this to be the end of happiness. Τὸ μὲν ἀκολουθίᾳ φύσεως ζῆν, *Horace* Ep. i. 10, 12.

Vivere naturæ si convenienter oportet.

Would you to Nature's laws obedience yield——

—— Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis

Secta fuit, servare modum, finemque tenere,

Naturamque sequi, patriæque impendere vitam. *Lucan.* ii. 380.

Such Cato's manners, such their stubborn course,——

The golden mean unchanging to pursue,

Constant to keep the purpos'd end in view.

Religiously to follow Nature's laws,

And die with pleasure in his country's cause. *Rowe.*

(o) See Ep. 92.

(p) See Ep. 24. (N. f.)

(q) [Traſtatori] *Martial* iii. 81, 13.

(r) *Tarquin* (expelled Rome after he had reigned twenty-five years) and *Porſenna*.

EPISTLE LXVII.

Whether all Good be desirable.

TO begin with the common topic of discourse.—The spring has began to open (*a*), (*and shew its influence on the vegetable world*) and is now inclining to summer: but at what time we might expect it to be hot, it is scarce warm; nor is it yet so settled, but that it often turns to a wintry day. And indeed so variable is the weather, that I dare not venture upon cold water (*b*); and therefore have it somewhat warmed: this, you will say, is neither to endure heat nor cold. It is so, *Lucilius*: my time of life has now cold enough of its own: I am scarce unfrozen

unfrozen in the midst of summer: great part of my time therefore I lie couched upon my mattresses: however I thank my old age for thus confining me (c), seeing now I cannot do, what I ought not to wish to do. My chief conversation is with books: if at any time an epistle from you intervenes, I think myself with you: and such my affection, that I fancy I am answering you, not by way of letter, but by word of mouth: therefore concerning what you enquire after, I will talk to you as if present; and we will sift the matter together.

You desire to know, if *all good be desirable*: “ If it be *good*, you say, “ patiently to bear sickness with a greatness of soul, to endure torment; “ and to suffer burning with constancy and courage; it follows, that “ these things are desirable.” No, I really think none of these things eligible: I know no one that ever wished to be scourged with rods, to be distorted with the gout, or stretched upon the rack; you must make a distinction here, *Lucilius*, and you will see what I mean (d): I would by no means desire torment; but if it should be my lot to suffer, I would wish to behave myself with decency, courage, and spirit: I would not desire to be engaged in war; but was I enroll’d, I would wish to bear wounds, hunger and all the cruel hardships that attend such a situation, like a brave soldier. I am not so mad, as to wish to be sick; but should it so happen, I would wish not to be intemperate, stubborn, nor effeminately to make complaint.

Some of our sect maintain, that a brave suffering of severities, though not to be detested and abhorred, yet is by no means to be desired; because no *good* is desirable, but what is pure, tranquil, and out of the reach of vexation. I am not of the same opinion: because, first, it is impossible, that any thing can be really *good*, but what is desirable. Secondly, if virtue be desirable, and there is no *good* without virtue; then is every *good* desirable: and further, if a brave enduring of torture be not to be wished for, I would ask, whether fortitude is to be wished for? Now fortitude is what despiseth all dangers, and defies them: the most beautiful part of it, and indeed the most admirable, is not to yield to either fire or sword; sometimes not to shun a dart, but to receive
it

it with open breast: if fortitude then be desirable, even patiently to endure torture is desirable; for this is a part of fortitude. Separate, I say, these things; and then you can make no mistake. For to suffer torture, is not desirable; but to suffer it manfully, is: and this is what I would wish for; for it is virtue. *But did ever any one wish for it?* Know, *Lucilius*, that some wishes and prayers are manifest, and professedly such, when they are made for any thing in particular; some lie concealed, when many things are comprehended in one wish, without being expressed; for instance, I wish myself an honourable life; now such a life consists in a variety of actions and sufferings; the tub of *Regulus* (e); the wound which *Cato* tore open with his own hand (f); the banishment of *Rutilius* (g), and the cup of poison that raised *Socrates* from his prison into heaven, are all comprehended in this: therefore when I wished for an honourable life, I wished for these, or the like hardships; without which it is sometimes impossible for a life to be honourable.

———O terque quaterque beati,
Queis ante ora patrum Trojæ sub mœnibus altis
Contigit oppetere (b)!——

And what difference is there in wishing this for another, or confessing it to be desirable? *Decius* devoted himself to the good of the public (i), and spurring his horse into the midst of his enemies rushed upon death: his son, emulous of paternal virtue, having uttered a few solemn, and now familiar words, did the same, solicitous to appease the gods by the sacrifice of himself; and thinking it a desirable thing to die an honourable death. And can any one doubt but that it is a most glorious thing, to die thus nobly in some great work of virtue, and to purchase thereby an everlasting name?

When any one manfully endures torment, he perhaps supports himself with all the virtues, though but one displays itself above the rest, which is *patience*. There is *fortitude* herein; of which *patience*, and *sufferance*, and *endurance*, are but the branches: there is *prudence*, without which no great design can be carried on: and which persuades us to bear that as decently as possible, which it is not in our power to escape: there is also, *constancy*, which cannot be thrown from her seat,

nor will ever depart from her purpose, let whatever torment endeavour to force her: in short there is the whole undivided train of virtues. Whatever is done handsomely, one virtue does it, but it is according to the advice of the whole assembly (*k*). Now, what is approved by all the virtues, though it may seem the effect of one only, must be *desirable*. For why? Do you think those things only desirable, which came from ease and pleasure; such as are manifested by garlands at the door (*l*)? There are some pleasures that have sorrow enough: and some vows are offered up by way of adoration and worship, rather than of applause and thanksgiving. Do you not think that *Regulus* sincerely wished to return to the *Carthaginians*? Assume the spirit of a truly great man; and withdraw yourself awhile from the opinion of the vulgar; take to yourself, as you ought, a semblance of the most beautiful and magnificent virtue; and you will find it decorated, not with frankincense and garlands, but with sweat and blood. Behold *Marcus Cato*, reaching out his most pure hands to that sacred breast of his, and widening the too shallow wound: would you say to him, *I would do as you do, but am sorry you have done it*? Or, *how happy are you, Cato, in what you have done*? I cannot help thinking here of our *Demetrius*; who calls a life that is secure, and unmolested by any attack of fortune, *a dead sea*. To have nothing to incite and rouse you to action; nothing by whose threatening and assault, you may try the strength of your mind; but to live at ease, undisturb'd, and unshaken, is not tranquillity; but a dead calm, (*softness and delicacy*). *Attalus*, the stoic, was wont to say, *I had rather ~~venture~~ should carry me out into her camp than indulge me at home in all manner of delights*. *What if I am wounded, I bear it manfully; it is well. What if I am slain, I die bravely; it is well*. Hear *Epicurus*, amidst his pains, *it is sweet and pleasant*. For my part, I know not how to bestow a soft name upon what is so honourable, yet so severe. I am burned, but still invincible. And why is not this a *desirable* thing; I do not say, to have the fire burn me; but that it cannot conquer me? Nothing is more excellent than virtue; nothing more beautiful: it is *good*, it is *desirable*, whatever is done by her authority and command.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Se aperire cœpit*] From whence comes the word *April*, qu. *aperilis*.—See my note on the first line of that sweet old poet *Chaucer*.

Whannè that *Apryl* with his schouris fote,
The drought of March had piercid to the rote,
And bathid every vein in swiche licoure,
Of which *Virtu* engendrid is the floure;
Eke whannè *Zephyrus*, with his fote breth,
Exspired hath, in every holt and heth,
The tender croppys; and the yongè sonne
Hath in the rammè half his course yronne—&c.

(b) Either in bathing or washing. See *Epp.* 53, 83.

Horace Ep. l. 15. 4.—*Gelida cum perluor unda*
Per medium frigus.—

— *When I mean to bathe,*

The middle winter's freezing waves beneath.—*Francis.*

(c) *Quod me lectulo affixit*] Not a dormitory, but a room with a couch; such as they usually had who lived a retired life, or were given to study. *Ep. 72. Quædam Lectum et otium desiderant.* *Juv. vii. 105.*

Est genus ignavum quod lecto gaudet et umbrâ.

They are a lazy people, either laid

Upon their couch, or walking in the shade.—*Stapleton.*

Perf. l. 53.—*Lectis scribitur in vitreis.*

Them and their woeful works the muse defies,

Products of citron beds, and golden canopies. *Dryden.*

(d) *Muretus* observes that *Aristotle's* distinction (*Politæ. p. vii.*) in this point is short and full. Some things, says he, are good and to be desired absolutely: other, (ἐν τῷ τοιοῦτος εὐχ[α]ς,) only hypothetically: *It is a good thing, and to be wished for, that there should not be a wicked man in the city, but if there are any such, it is a desirable good, that they should be punished: sickness is not to be wished for, but if it happens, it is good to bear it with fortitude and patience; and so of other things.*

(e) *Regulus*, having been taken by the *Carthaginians*, and sent to *Rome*, to advise a change of prisoners, there pleaded for the contrary; yet having promised to return, he would not break his word, and returned accordingly; where he was barbarously murdered; being put into a tub stuck full of nails, and rolled down a hill. *Ep. 98. Sen. de Provid. c. iii. De Tranquil. l. 15. Valer. Max. ix. 2. Tertull. (ad Mart. c. 4.) in arcæ genus stipatus, undique extrinsecus clavis confixus tot cruces sensit.*—*Cum mult. al.*—But I shall only refer the reader to *Horace* (*Od. iii. 5.*)

Atqui sciebat quæ sibi barbarus

Tortor parabat—&c.

Nor did he not the cruel tortures know,

Vengeful prepar'd by a barbarian foe,

Yet with a countenance serenely gay,

He turn'd aside the crowds, who fondly press'd his stay. *Francis.*

And especially to *Cic.* (Off. iii. 31.) where the whole story is related, and the propriety of his return, in obedience to his promise and oath, is fully argued; and particularly in the notes of the ingenious translator Mr. *Guthrie*.—See also N. 74 of *Cic.* on old age, by Mr. *Melmoth*; who observes, that it has been doubted, by some modern writers of considerable note in the republic of letters, whether *Regulus* really underwent those horrid tortures which he is said to have sustained on his return to *Carthage*. It were to be wished, indeed, for the honour of humanity, they have been misrepresented, but the pretence is very strong, from historians as well as poets.

(f) Cato, Ep. 24. See the Index.

(g) Ep. 24, (N. c.)—*Socrates*, Ep. 63, (N. h.)

(h) Virg. i. 90. *O thrice, and four times happy they, he cried,
Who, under Ilian walls, before their parents died.* Dryden.

(i) It was a superstitious fancy among the old Romans, that if a General (*Dictator*, *Consul*, or *Prætor*) would consent to be devoted or sacrificed to *Jupiter*, *Mars*, the earth, or the infernal gods, all the misfortunes which otherwise might happen to his party, would, by virtue of that pious act, be transferred on their enemies; (see the form of this solemnity in *Livy* (viii. 9.) *Cic.* (de Fin. ii. 15. de Nat. Deor. ii.) This opinion was confirmed in the most renowned family of the *Decii*, of whom the father, son, (and grandson) all devoted themselves for the safety of their armies. See *Melmoth's* Cato, or *Cic.* on old age. N. 51.

Phebeis Deciorum animæ Phebeia fuerunt
Nomina, pro totis legionibus hi tamen, et pro
Omnibus auxiliis, atque omni pube Latina
Sufficiunt Diis infernis terræque parenti:
Pluris enim Decii quàm qui servantur ab illis.

*From a mean stock the pious Decii came,
Small their estates, and vulgar was their name;
Yet such their virtues, that their loss alone
For Rome and all our legions did atone;
Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd,
Themselves more worth than all the hosts they sav'd.* Stepny.

See Fitzosborn's Lett. 57.

(k) This stoical opinion of the concatenation or connexion of all the virtues, seems almost general among the ancient philosophers: thus *Menedemus* and *Ariston*, unam virtutem esse, etsi multis insignitam vocabulis, *There is but one virtue, though set off under various titles.* Cicero (de Fin. v.) Cum sic copulatæ connexæque sint virtutes, ut omnes omnium participes sint, nec alia ab alia possit separari; tamen proprium suum cuiusque munus. So the Fathers; *Ambrose*, Connexæ sibi sunt concatenatæque virtutes, ut qui unam habet, plures habere videatur. And *Gregory*, Una virtus sine aliis, aut omnino nulla est, aut imperfecta est. See Epp. 66, (N. f.) 95. *Lips.* (Manud. iii. 4.)

(l) Hic nostrum placabo Jovem, laribusque paternis
Thura dabo, atque omnes violæ jactabo colores.
Cuncta nitent; longos erexit janua ramos,
Et matutinis operitur festa lucernis. Juv. xii. 90.
*And incense shall domestic Jove appease:
My shining household gods shall revel there,
And all the colours of the violet wear.
All's right; my portal shines with verdant bays,
And consecrated tapers early blaze.* Power.

Perf. v. 181.—*Lips.* Elect. i. 5.

EPISTLE LXVIII.

On Ease and Retirement.

I APPROVE of your design, *Lucilius*: conceal yourself, if you please, in ease and retirement; but take care to conceal this too. Know that what you propose, is allowed, if not from any precept of the stoics; yet by example (*a*): nay, I doubt not, but that I could prove, if you desired me, that you might do the same according to precept. We recommend not the being concern'd in the public affairs of every government (*b*), nor at all times (*c*), without pause or intermission during life (*d*). Moreover, when we have given the wise man a republic, worthy of him, i. e. the world: * he cannot be said to be absent from the same, though he has thought proper to retire; nay, perhaps having left a small corner, he enters a great and spacious palace; where being seated, as it were, in heaven, he learns, in what a low and mean place he sat when he ascended the chair of state, or the tribunal (*e*). Believe me, *Lucilius*, a wise man is never more in action than when engaged in the contemplation of things both human and divine.

But to return to what I was saying in the beginning of this epistle, in order to persuade you to keep your retreat a secret. There is no reason, you should honour it with the name of *philosophy* (*f*); find out some other pretext; ascribe it to an ill state of health, or a weak constitution, or laziness: to glory in ease, is an idle ambition. Some animals, the better to lie concealed, confound their tracks, round about the place where they lodge: you must do the same; otherwise there will be those, who will persecute you: many pass negligently over what is visible; but search after what is hidden and abstruse: things, when under seal, tempt a thief; what lies exposed seems vile and of no account: the housebreaker passeth by an open door. The common people have
all

all the same sort of manners and every blockhead the same: they will desire to break in upon your privacy: it is good therefore not to boast of it: now, there is a kind of ostentation, in shutting one's self up too close, so as never to appear in sight. One man will keep himself close at *Tarentum*; another at *Naples*; another for some years hath not stepped over his own threshold. But such a one only calls a crowd about his door, who makes his retirement the subject of idle stories, and the common talk.

When you retire, it must not be with a design, that others should talk of you; but that you should commune with yourself. And what must the subject be? Why, that which men make the general subject of their conversation, in freely speaking of their neighbours, viz. your own character. Indulge not too good an opinion of yourself: accustom yourself to speak and hear the truth: but chiefly reflect upon whatever weakness you are most sensible of yourself. There is scarce any man but who knows his own infirmity; one man therefore finds an evacuation necessary to ease his stomach, another is continually eating to strengthen him; another thinks fit to lower his corpulency by abstinence: some who are afflicted with the gout abstain from the luxury of wine and the bath; regardless in all other respects, they are chiefly intent upon preventing the painful disorder they are most subject to. So in the mind there are some crazy parts (*g*), which in time must be taken care of in order for their cure. And what is my employ, think you, in my retirement? Why, I am endeavouring to cure this ulcerated part. Were I to shew you a swollen foot, a livid hand, or the dry nerves of a contracted ancle, you would permit me, to lie in one posture, and indulge my disease: but much greater is the complaint within, which I cannot shew you. There is a load and an imposthume in my breast. Prithce, do not praise me, do not say, "*what a great man! he hath despised all things, and having condemn'd the frantic errors of human life he is retired.*" I have condemned nothing but myself. There is no reason you should desire to come to me to learn somewhat for your good; you are mistaken, if you think any help is to be had here: I am not a physician, but a sick patient; I had rather you should say of me, as you
are

are going away: *alas! I took this man for one very happy and learned; I was all attention to him; I have received nothing from him I desired; nothing to make me wish to come again.* If such your opinion, if such your language, I should think, you had made some progress: I had rather my retirement should want an apology, than be envied. *Do you really then, Seneca, recommend ease and retirement? This sounds as if coming from Epicurus.* Be it so; I still recommend retirement to you; wherein you may be employed in greater and more commendable things than those you have quitted. To knock at the proud doors of the great,—to note in your memorandum book such old men, as have no heirs at law (*b*), to be in high reputation at court,—these are but invidious privileges, of no long duration; and, if you think right, beneath the notice of a man of honour. One man excells me in the business of the forum; another hath better pay for his services, whereby he rises to the dignity of the equestrian or senatorial order; another is attended with more clients; I cannot match this man in his train of followers, nor that in popularity; and what then? Provided I could conquer ~~torture~~, I should not so much regard the being excelled and conquered by man. */ Let it be*

I wish, *Lucilius*, you had been so happy as to have taken this resolution long ago. I wish we had not deferred to think of an happy life, till now we are come within sight of death. But let us delay no longer. We have now learned many things, which we before thought would have proved vain and fantastical in the eye of reason. As they are wont to do, who set out late, and by their speed would recover the time they have lost, let us now spur on. This time of life best suits our serious studies. It is now clarified: it hath quite master'd the vices that were untameable in the first heat of youth; there remains but little fire to be extinguished: and *when*, you say, *will that profit you, which you propose to learn at the end of life? Or to what purpose do you learn it?* Truly, to make a better exit; to die a better man (*i*). There is no time of life more proper for the attainment of a sound mind, than that which by a long experience and a well exercised patience, hath sufficiently humbled itself; and, having assuaged the affections and passions, obliged it, seriously to think of what is good and salutary. This is the short time
allotted

allotted as for the attainment of wisdom; and whatever old man is so happy as to attain it, let him own that he owes no small obligation to his years.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) The chief of the stoics, though they maintained that the affairs of government were most properly entrusted in the hands of the wife; yet would never *voluntarily* engage therein themselves. *Sen.* (de beat. vit. c. 28) non quo miserint me illi, sed quo duxerint, ibo. Wherefore *Plutarch* condemns them, as not suiting their lives to their own doctrine.

(b) *every government*] Such, for instance, as are in so deplorable a state, as to give no hopes of their recovery.

(c) *nor at all times*] As some must necessarily be devoted to relaxation, or private studies.

(d) *Nor during life.* Ως γὰρ αθλητικῆς, ἔτω καὶ πολιτικῆς περιόδῳ καταλυσίς τις ἐστί· *Political as well as athletical engagements have their proper periods.* At *Rome* a senator after the sixtieth year of his age was not compelled to attend the house; and after the seventieth never summoned. And both *Plato* and *Aristotle* think old age more proper for the function of the *priestly office* than for any other. From whence that celebrated verse——

Ἐργα νέων, βουλὰς δ' ἀνδρῶν, εὐχὰς δὲ γέροντων.

In deeds let youth, in council men engage,

But prayer and sacrifice best suit old age. M.

* A wife man looks upon himself as a citizen of the *world*; and, when you ask him *whence* his country lies, points, like *Anaxagoras*, with his finger to the heavens.

“To talk of our abstracting ourselves from matter, laying aside body, and being resolved, as it were, into pure intellect, is proud, metaphysical, unmeaning jargon. But to abstract ourselves from the prejudices, habits, pleasures, and *business of the world*, is what many, though not all, are capable of doing. They who can do this, may elevate their souls, in a retreat, to an higher station, and may take from thence such a view of the world, as *Scipio* took in his dream, *Cic.* somn. *Scip.*) from the seats of the blessed, when the whole earth appeared so little to him, that he could scarce discern that speck of dirt, the *Roman Empire*. Such a view as this will encrease our knowledge,” &c. *Bolingbroke* on Retirement.

(e) The wife man seems to abase himself when he mounts the chair of state, being hereby compelled to forego the sublime contemplation of heavenly things. There is an excellent Epigram wrote by the philosopher *Themistius* (and not by *Pallas*, as some injudiciously imagined) who when advanced to the Consulship, thus exhorts himself to despise these worldly vanities, and ascend to the study of philosophy :

Ἀντὺγος ἀιδεῖται ὑπερημενος, εἰς πόδον ἥλθες

Ἀντὺγος ἀργυρίας, αἶχος ἀπειροπον

Ἦδ' αὖ κατὰ κρείσσω· ἀναβὰς δ' ἔγενε μέγα χερσὶν

Δεῦρ ἀναβῆδ' κατὰ. οὐ γὰρ αἶψα κατεβης.

Highb mounted in a silver car I ride;

The wif'd-for summit of ambitious pride.

Greater before, and happier, in the end;

Let me, to rise to what I was, descend. M.

(f) *I see your vanity*, said Socrates to Antisthenes, *in your threadbare coat, which you are so proud to show.* See the like argument in Epp. 5. 14. 18. 103.

(g) *Causariae partes*] A military term; so, in *Livy*, *Causarii milites*, & *causaria missio*, a furlow, or *passport* granted to a sick or wounded soldier. *Vid. Mercurial. Var. Lect. vi. 1.*

(b) See *Sen. de Benefic. vi. 33.*

(i) As *Solon*, when he was dying, desired something might be read to him, and being asked upon what account he made this request, answered, *that he might die a more learned man.*

EPISTLE LXIX.

On the Affections and Passions.

I WOULD by no means, *Lucilius*, have you rove from place to place (a) because such frequent moving bewrays an unstable and unsettled mind. You cannot improve your leisure time, till you cease to wander, and gape about you. You cannot bring your mind under any rule, before you put a stop to the rambles of your body. And then, by the constant application of proper remedies you may expect a cure: your retirement must not be broken in upon: your former life must entirely be forgot: let your eyes forego their usual practice and your ears be accustomed to more sound discourse: as often as you presume to go out, you will meet with something that will recall your desires: as one that intends to throw off his affection, must shun every thing that is likely to remind him of his beloved object; for nothing so soon revives and grows fresh again as *love*: so he that intends to cast off his inclination for such things as before inflamed his desire, must turn away both his eyes and ears from the object he would fain forsake. The affection is very apt to rebell: which way soever it turns, it will be invited to seize the tempting opportunity: there is no evil but what finds some excuse to authorise it: covetousness promiseth wealth; luxury

luxury many and various pleasures; ambition, purple, applause, and power and all that power can do. Vice ever tempts you with some reward; but know, you must live free and disinterested. There is scarce time enough in a whole age, to subdue, and bring under the yoke, vices, that are grown proud and stubborn with too long liberty; much less can we expect to do this, if we permit the little time we have to be interrupted: daily vigilance and application scarce suffice to bring any one thing to perfection.

If you would attend to me, *Lucilius*, meditate on this; be this your exercise; *calmly* to receive death; nay, if necessity required, to court it. There is little or no difference, whether Death comes to us or we go to him (*b*). Persuade yourself, that it is but an idle opinion of the most ignorant, that, *bella res est, mori suâ morte*, *it is right and fair for a man to die the death allotted him* (*c*). Think moreover that no one dies, but *when his time is come*: when you die, you have had the time you could properly call *your own* (*d*); what you leave behind you, belongs to another person.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(*a*) See Ep. ii.

(*b*) Undoubtedly, Death, considered as Death, is the same, come when, or from what hand it will. But the means or manner of it, with regard to a rational agent, admit of a wide difference; especially among Christians; as there is scarce one in the whole train of virtues, but what is rejected and destroyed by the horrid custom of suicide; as, *Fortitude, Constancy, Patience, a trust in God, &c.*

(*c*) *Suetonius* speaking of those who murdered Cæsar in the capitol, observes that, *Nemo amplius triennio supervixit, neque sua morte defunctus est*, *No one survived him more than three years or died a natural death.* As to the sentence here exhibited, though *Seneca*, speaking as a Stoic, seems to condemn this opinion, I doubt not but that every Christian, learned or unlearned, will approve of it. And 'tis notorious that *Seneca* contradicts himself in nothing more than in this point.

(*d*) No one is a proper judge of what is here called *his own time*. The time indeed that a man hath cut off by laying violent hands on himself, is not *his own*; for he is gone, and now hath nothing to do with it: but neither was it *his own*, so as to dispose of it at his pleasure, or to abridge himself of it; for it belonged to his family, to his king, to his God. See the Notes on the following Epistle. See also Epp. 16. 24. 34. 41. 44. 51. 94. 98.

EPISTLE LXX.

On Life and Death †.

AT last, *Lucilius*, I have been to see your *Pompeii*: where something or other reminded me of my youthful days: and so affected me, as to make me fancy myself as young and active as ever; at least to think that few years had passed since that happy time.—We sail, *my Lucilius*, along the coast of life, and as in the sea, our *Virgil* says,

—Terræq; urbescq; recedunt, *we soon lose sight of land*;—
so in the rapid flow of time, we first lose sight of childhood, then of youth, then of middle age, on the confines of both, and then the better years of old age; and at last the common end of mankind begins to shew itself.

And do we think this a terrible rock? we are arrant fools if we do: it is rather a desirable haven (*a*), than to be dreaded; into which if any one is carried in his younger years, he has no more reason to complain, than he that hath made a swift voyage; for one vessel, you know, is made the sport of gentle winds, and is detained, 'till it is quite tired with the tediousness of an idle calm: another by a smart and constant gale is carried along impetuously to the end of its voyage: the same happens to us in life: some are violently hurried thither, where even the most tardy must come at last: others are quite macerated and wasted away with length of days, so as to make life by no means desirable; for it is not a good thing merely to live, but to live well and happily (*b*): therefore a wise man will take care to live well, and as he ought to live, not concerning himself with the length of time: he will consider where he is to live, with whom, in what manner, and to what purpose, regardless, I say, of *how long*. If many troubles afflict him and destroy his peace, *he desires to be gone* (*c*): and not only in the last extremities, but as soon as ever Fortune begins to be suspected by him; he will con-

sult

sult with himself, whether it were not better for him to die: he thinks it of no great moment to him, from what hand he accepts the fatal stroke; nor that it can be any detriment to him, whether sooner or later. He cannot be any great loser who has but a *drop* to lose: it is of no great importance to die soon, or to die late, but to die well or ill: now to die well, is to escape the perils of an evil life: and therefore I think it too effeminately spoken by the *Rhodian*, who, when he was cast into prison by a tyrant, and there kept encaged like a wild beast, said to a person that persuaded him to starve himself, *Omnia homini dum vivit, speranda sunt, while there is life there is hope (d)*. However true this maxim may be, I cannot think life is to be purchased at any rate: some things, however great, however certain, are not what I should desire to obtain, at the expence of confessing myself weak and faint-hearted. Must I think that Fortune can do every thing for him who lives, rather than that she hath no power over him who knows how to die? Yet, I must own that, in *some* cases, though certain death were instant, and a man knew his destined punishment, he ought not to accelerate it by his own presumption (*e*). *It is folly to die for fear of death*. Is the executioner coming? wait for him: why do you prevent him? why would you take upon you the administration of another's cruelty? do you envy him, or spare him, the disagreeable office? *Socrates* might easily have ended his life by abstaining from any nourishment, rather than have died by poison; yet he lived thirty days in prison, and in expectation of death: not because he presumed that every thing would be done that could be done to save him; or that he had any hopes in being respited; but in dutiful submission to the laws, and to give his friends the enjoyment of his conversation to the last. Nothing could be more absurd than to suppose that he despised death, and yet was afraid of poison.

On the contrary, *Drusus Libo*, a young man, as silly, as he was noble by birth, expecting greater things than any man could expect in that age, or he in any; when he was brought from the senate in a litter very sick (or pretending to be so) with no great attendance, (for all his friends and servants had uncharitably forsaken him, not now as an

accused person, but as one condemned, and already dead in law) began to ask counsel, whether he should wait for death, or hasten it himself; *Scrubonia* his aunt, (the widow of *Augustus*) a woman of great sedateness and gravity, thereupon said to him, *what pleasure can you have in the enjoyment of a life not your own?* *Drusus* took the hint, and dispatched himself; and I think not without reason (*f*). For if he that is to die within three or four days, at the pleasure of an enemy, chuses to live out the time, it cannot properly be called *his own*. We cannot however absolutely declare in all cases alike, when any external power threatens certain death, whether it is to be anticipated, or waited for: for much may be said on both sides: for if on one hand death is to be attended with any grievous torture; and on the other it is simple and easy, why should not this be preferred? As I would chuse a ship to sail in, or a house to live in; so would I the most tolerable death, when about to die.

Moreover, though life is not the better, the longer it is; yet surely death the longer it is, is so much the worse. We ought in nothing to be more obsequious to the mind, than in death: let a man indulge it with whatever death it is pleased to chuse; let him rush on, according to the impulse within, and break his chains (*g*). In the affairs of life, let him study the approbation of others, but in death let him please himself (*b*). It is ridiculous for a man to trouble himself with the following reflexions; some one will say, *I have been too rash; I have acted cowardly; such a death would have shewed a more generous and noble spirit* (*i*). But would you accept of the advice that is in your power to put in execution, and with which fame or censure have no concern, (*at least that you will be sensible of*); let this be your principal view, to take yourself out of the power of Fortune as speedily as you can; otherwise there will be those who may disapprove and condemn the fact (*k*): you will find even among the professors of wisdom, (*the Peripatetics* or followers of *Aristotle's* philosophy) those who deny, that upon any account a man is at liberty to lay violent hands on himself; who judge it a most heinous crime; and solemnly assert, that *it is the duty of every one to wait the time appointed by Nature*. 'He that says this, seems not
to

to know that he hath barred up, against himself, the way to liberty : the eternal law hath done nothing better than that it hath given us but one way of entrance into life, but many ways of going out of it (*l*): must I wait for either the cruelty of a disease, or of man, when I have it in my power to escape from the greatest torments, and set myself free from all adversity? This is one reason why we should not complain of life, it detains no one against their will (*m*): human affairs are in such a happy situation, that no one need be wretched but by choice. Do you like to be wretched? Live (*n*). Do you like it not? It is in your power to return from whence you came. To ease the pain of the head, you scruple not to bleed a vein; now there is no need of a much greater wound to reach the heart; you may open to yourself a way to liberty by a single bodkin (*o*).

What is it then that makes us cowards and afraid to die? It is because no one reflects that he must leave this earthly tenement some time or other. Hence fondness for the place, custom, and intimacy, detain us here like some old cottagers, in spite of injuries. Would you be free in opposition to the body? Dwell therein as if always about to depart: suppose with yourself that you must one day forego this fellowship; and you will with greater courage break it off when necessity requires; but how should he ever reflect on his end, who desires to know no end, and lives as if all things were to last for ever?

There is no meditation so necessary as frequent thoughts on our latter end. The thoughts employ'd upon other subjects may prove vain and superfluous. Is our mind prepared against the stroke of poverty? It happens not; our riches have not yet taken wing. Have we armed ourselves so, as to despise all pain? The continued happiness of a sound and healthful body, never puts us to the trial. Have we prevailed upon ourselves, patiently to suffer any loss whatever, particularly the loss of a dear friend or relation? Fortune hath been so kind to us, as still to preserve alive all whom we particularly love and respect. But as the day of death will certainly come, in this alone our meditation cannot be vain or useless.

Nor must you think, *Lucilius*, that great men only have had strength enough to break the bars of human servitude; as if no one but a *Cato* would dare to let loose his soul with his hand, when his sword had failed him, seeing that men of the lowest rank in life have with great courage and impetuosity set themselves free: and when they could not die commodiously, nor chuse at pleasure the instruments of death, have laid hold on any thing that came to hand, and made weapons of such as seemed by no means capable of doing them any hurt. Not long ago a certain *German*, among those who were condemned to fight with wild beasts, when he was brought out in the morning, pretended a necessary call, where they were admitted without a guard; and being there alone, he took a dirty sponge belonging to the place, and thrusting it down his throat, put an end to his misery. “ This, you will say, was putting an affront upon death: not to die more cleanly, “ and decently.” Be it so; what can be more foolish than to be squeamish and finical in death? Thou wert a brave man, I say, and worthy to have thy choice of death (*p*)! how courageously would such a one have used a sword; how freely have leaped into the deep, or thrown himself from a precipice! being destitute of means, he yet found out wherewithal to dispatch himself: that you may know there is no let or hindrance, to death, but the being unwilling or afraid to die. Let what will be thought of this fellow’s violent action; it is certain, the most nasty death is preferable to the cleanest servitude.

As I have begun to make use of low examples, I will go on; for it cannot but have the greater influence with every one; who sees, that this *thing*, *death*, hath been contemned by the most contemptible of men. The *Cato’s*, the *Scipio’s*, and others, whom we are wont to have in great esteem and admiration, may seem indeed to be placed in a sphere above imitation; but I can shew you as many examples of this *virtue*, among the gladiators, as among the chieftains of civil wars. As one of them the other day, was brought out by the guard to the morning *sport*, (as it is called), he went nodding his head, as if yet asleep, and at last stooped it down so low from the carriage, that the wheel laid hold of it and broke his neck: and thus he escaped punishment,

ment, by means of the vehicle that was carrying him to it. Nothing can prevent the man, who is ready and desirous to depart: nature keeps us in an open place and at large: as far as necessity will permit, the most easy death is certainly the most desirable: he that hath not an opportunity for this may take what method he can, however unheard of, however new: ingenuity in dying is never wanting, but, where courage is wanted: you see, how the vilest slaves, when the fear of being scourged impells them, are provoked to make their escape as they can, from the strictest guard: he is a great man, who not only designs his own death, but can find the means to accomplish it (*q*).

But I promised you more examples. In the second *Nautmachia* (given by Nero), there was a barbarian, who thrust into his own throat, a lance which he had received to be employed against his adversary; *why* says he *have I not long since endeavoured to escape all manner of torment, and the being made the sport of the people? Why should I wait for death with a weapon in my hand?* Now this was so much the more comely a fight, as it is the more honourable to die one's self, than to kill another man (*r*). Well then, shall they, whom frequent meditation, and reason, have instructed, and ought to have fortified against all casualties, hesitate to do, what is done by men of the lowest characters and criminals? Reason teaches us that the ways to death are various, but the end the same; and that it signifies nothing how soon it comes since it *will* come. The same reason teaches us, that if you can, it is best to die without pain; but, if this cannot be effected, to die as you may. It is injurious and base *to live* by stealth and rapine; but to lay hold on death, and *steal* one's self away is honourable (*s*).

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c

† *Muretus*, very justly condemning several parts of this Epistle, though, in other respects, there are many excellent things full worthy the great Author, observes, that the former are the dictates of that foolish wisdom of the *Stoics*, whereby they maintained that a man may be so circumstanced as to make *suicide* a meritorious act: and *I wish*, says he, *that Seneca had not been infected with this madness, or at least had more sparingly and moderately defended so great an error.*

For my own part, I am not afraid that this extraordinary Epistle should fall into the hands of such as are of a melancholy cast, or even desponding; provided they will be pleased to join the following

Annotations

Annotations with it. For, strong as this poison of *Stoicism* is, (I cannot call it *Seneca's*, as he so often contradicts himself in this point) I am persuaded that, with reason and a little sense of their own, they will find it attended with a sufficient antidote; especially if they consider its being wrote by an Heathen before the Christian æra, or the happy publication of the Gospel.

(a) This metaphor is in frequent use. So, *Sen.* (ad Polyb. c. 28.) *In hoc tam procelloso—maris navigantibus, nullus portus est nisi mortis.* *To all that sail in this stormy sea (of life), no other haven is to be expected than that of death.*

(b) So *Plutarch.* Μῆτρον γὰρ τὴν εἰς τὸ καλὸν κ. τ. λ. *The true mean or measure of life consisteth in length of days but in virtue.* *Consol. ad Apoll. c. 29.)* And just before; *not he who hath longest professed musick, or rhetoric, or navigation, but he who hath performed best in his proper vocation is most commendable.*

(c) *Emittis se*; stoicum loquendi genus, ἐξάγων ἑαυτον, εὐλογος ἐξάγωγῆς.—but it is to be observed that this horrid doctrine of the *Stoics* originates from the fond persuasion that *life and death* are to be reckoned among the (ἐδιαφορα) *the things that are indifferent.* (Vid. *Lips. Manud. p. 812*.) and what can be more ridiculous than for a man to *destroy* himself on the account of any thing that seems *indifferent*!

(d) And (with *Seneca's* leave) I cannot help thinking he spoke like a wise and good man. See the foregoing Ep. (N. d.) Ep. 24. (N. n.) *The Rhodian's* name was *Telephorus*, who when *Lyfimachus* (one of *Alexander's* successors) had cut off his ears and nose, was engaged by him as a curious new animal. *Sen.* (de irâ iii. 17.) And indeed this, *if any thing could*, would have justified him in following *Seneca's* advice.

(e) I think, and so ought every Christian to think, that this opinion is entirely right, not only in some cases, but in all: and for the very same reasons that are here mentioned by *Seneca*; it is absurd to die for fear of death, &c. So in Ep. 24. (see N. t.) *It is folly or rather madness to rush on death for fear of dying.* As I remember, when I was a boy at *Eton*, a silly old almswoman (Mrs. Pais) having been cut down alive, gave this reason for hanging herself, *that she was afraid of dying*: whom I think I may as well take notice of, as *Seneca* of the two poltroons mentioned in this Epistle, the *German* and the *Barbarian*; or even the blockhead *Drusus Libo*, notwithstanding his good aunt *Scribonia* pointed out the way to him. *Tacitus*, Ann. l. ii.

Concerning this ridiculous timidity, *Lucretius* (iii. 80)

Ut sæpe usque adeo, mortis formidine, vitæ
Percipit humanos odium, lucisque videndæ,
Ut sibi conciscant mærenti pectore letum;
Obliti fontem curarum hunc esse timorem.

*This dread oft strikes so deep, that life they hate;
And their own hands prevent the stroke of fate:
Yet still are ignorant, that this vain fear
Breeds all their trouble, jealousy and care.* Creech.

Many, says *Arcefilaus*, through weakness and the calumny bestowed on death, die, for fear of dying. ΠΟΛΛΟΙ ΔΙ' ΑΔΥΝΑΜΙΑΝ, ΚΑΙ Τὴν πρὸς τὴν Θάνατον διαβολὴν, ἀποθνήσκουσιν, μὴ ἀποθανῶσι. *Plut.* (Consol. ad Apollonium.

— multos ad summa pericula misit
Venturi timor ipse mali; fortissimus ille est
Qui promptus metuenda pati.—*Lucan* vii. 103.

*In war, in dangers, oft it has been known,
That fear has driv'n the headlong coward on;
Give me the man, whose cooler soul can wait
With patience for the proper hour of fate.* Rowe.

This, as indeed every other extreme, is well set off by *Randolph* in his *Muses Looking-glass*.

Colax. ——— Fear you not sudden death?

Aphobus. Not I, no more than sudden sleep. Sir, I dare die.

Deilus. I dare not. Death to me is terrible.

I will not die.

Aphobus. How can you, sir, prevent it?

Deilus. Why I will kill myself.

Colax. A valiant course!

And the right way to prevent death indeed!

Your spirit is true *Roman*.——

(f) Whatever a Stoic may think, I can see no greater *reason* for it than in the case of *Socrates* beforementioned; whose *decent exit*, after a respite of 30 days (on account of the *Delian Festival*) is approved of by *Seneca* himself: as also his submission to the law.

(g) Here the *Stoic* forgets what *Seneca* has many times said in praise of *Patience*, *Fortitude*, *Constancy*, &c. and that *pain must be tolerable or soon over*, and the like; (see N. k.) But the Christian must go further, and rest satisfied, from the sure word of God, that the severer his pain, the greater trial is made of his virtue, and the more glorious will be his reward. (See N. n)

(b) There can be no doubt that the easiest death is the most eligible (as *Seneca* says afterwards); and it may so happen that a man under sentence of death may have his choice; as when Sir *Jeffery Elwes* for the murder of Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey*, desired to be hanged in a *filken balter*; but this is still in submission to the law: he is not at liberty to dispatch himself, at what time or in what manner he pleases; for the power of man, however free he is, is limited in this respect both by the laws of God and nature. (See N. m.)

(i) To me it seems a want of spirit

To shrink from life for fear of future ill;

'Tis to distrust the justice of the Gods,

Or else their power; and in my opinion,

Not courage, but a bold disguise for fear. *D. of Buck. M. Brutus.*

(d) Yes; not only *Aristotle* and the *Peripatetics*, but, among many great names of antiquity, I might mention *Homer*, *Euripides*, *Epicætus*, *Plato*, *Varro*, *Cicero*, *Curtius*, *Apuleius*, and others; of whom, perhaps, in a future Note; at present I shall be contented with adding to this good company *Seneca* himself; who, in Ep. 14, is pleased to say, *When even reason persuades us, it would be happier for us to die, we must not be rash, and hasten the fatal design.* Ep. 26. The passage is still free and open, but there is a strong chain that binds us down; the love of life; that is not to be flung off entirely at once;—Ep. 30. *I esteem them more who welcome death, not out of any hatred or indignation to life, but who rather receive him as a visitor, than force him to them.* Add to what is said even in this Epistle, 'Tis folly to die for fear of death, &c. See Epp. 24, 76, 104, and particularly 107.

(f) So in *Sen. Thebaid*.

Ubique mors est: optime hoc cavit Deus;

Eripere vitam nemo non homini potest,

At nemo mortem.——

Death reigns throughout; such is the will of heav'n:

Life's tenure they, who please, may take away;

But Death none can prevent.——

(m) This is all mere declamation; for if life be such that in its nature it cannot detain any one against their will; yet the laws of God and man do; nay, life itself does; as *self preservation* is one of the first principles.

(n) *Do you love to be wretched?* No surely. But a man that puts any trust in the providence of God, will still chuse *to live*; and wait his good time for the removal of all difficulties, which, when he pleases, he can effect in this life, or reward in the next. (See N. g.)

(o) I cannot help transcribing those fine lines of *Shakspear*, which cannot be inculcated too often, as an antidote against all that *Seneca* has advanced, or any one can advance, on the said topic:

But in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give a pause.—There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,—
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?—
But that the dread of something after death,
'The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles his will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of? *Hamlet*.

(p) I question, *Seneca*, whether any one else will say so, or whether this man would have done any of the great feats you mention, who was afraid to undergo his destin'd lot, and shew his courage in a brave defence of life.

The late Mr. *Donaldson*, on reading this Epistle, sent me the following remark; so take it as it is.
“ It is difficult to investigate the operations of the human mind; as the machine which infolds it are so various, and oppositely constructed. It is generally governed by situations. Death occupies the mind with all its terrors in sickness; in danger, it seems to be the *mode* of dying, and not the *fear* of death, that agonizes the mind; I will give you two instances to illustrate my position. In the late war, a general officer (P--rr--y) was ordered upon service to *America*; as he approached the scene of action, he became melancholy, and the morning after he saw the land, Admiral *Holmes* found him in his cott, with a sword through his body.—At the siege of *Martinique*, 1759, a Captain in the army *stole* into the arms of death, through a port-hole of the transport in which he took his passage, in the harbour of *Port-Royal*, the instant he was going upon dangerous service; where he might have made himself as sure of death, and in a manner *more honourable*, as it would have been more in the way of his profession. It was pride in *Cato*; it was patriotism in *Curtius*.”

(q) Surely *Seneca* was never more mistaken in his character of a *great man*, if he thinks it an accomplishment, for one wicked enough to design his own death, to find out the means for it.

(r) Stoicism hath induced *Seneca* here to advance a doctrine, than which nothing can be more absurd and ridiculous, especially among the soldiery.

(s) Rather the contrary; especially in one concerned in arms; and in a Christian, extremely wicked: who ought to rest assured, if he believes there is a God, that he has not made any man a judge in his own case to determine for himself concerning his own life and usefulness, in opposition to the general sense both of Nature and Scripture, and the constant judgment of divine as well as human laws. See above, (N. k, m, p.)

E P I S T L E LXXI.

All Virtues equal.

YOU frequently consult me, *Lucilius*, on particular subjects; forgetful that we are separated from each other by a vast sea: and since it must be long before my advice can reach you; it may so happen, that, my opinion concerning some things may be received at a time, when the contrary would be preferable. For, advice and counsel must be adapted to circumstances, but circumstances are for ever fluctuating and rolling off: therefore advice should be given *the same day*: and even this may sometimes be too late: it must be given, as they say, *on the nail*. I will shew you then how it may at once be given and receiv'd.

As often as you would know, whether such a thing is to be avoided or pursued; have regard to the *Summum bonum*, or chief purpose of life: for whatever we do must be consonant with *that*. He will not act orderly in particular things, who hath not before him the summary intention of his whole life. No one, though he hath his implements ready by him, can paint a picture, without having first made a design of what he intends to draw. We are often therefore guilty of error, because we generally deliberate on the parts of life, without taking in, and reflecting upon the whole. The man, who lets fly an arrow to any purpose, must first know the mark he aims at, and accordingly direct and guide it with a skilful hand (*a*). To one, ignorant of what port he is steering to, all winds are the same; he cannot call any one his own (*or as what is for him*). Chance must necessarily have great power over our lives, because we live, as it were, by chance. Some men are not even conscious of their own knowledge: as we often enquire after those in whose presence we are standing; so for the most part, we are ignorant of the *summum bonum*, that is ever placed before us: nor need there many words, or a long circumlocution, to decypher what this *sovereign good* is: it is to be pointed at, if I may so say, with the finger.

There is no need of divisions and subdivisions here; it consists not of variety; you may say, in general, whatever is *right and fit*, is the *summum bonum*: and what you may still more admire, *this is the only good* (*b*): all other *good* is false and spurious. If you can be persuaded of this and are *fond* of virtue (for it is not enough barely to *love* it) whatsoever she is pleased to appoint, seem it as it will to others, will certainly prove happy and prosperous to *you* (*c*): even were you to be tortured; provided you shew yourself superior to, and even less concern'd than the torturer himself; or to be grievously sick; provided you curse not fortune, nor tamely surrender yourself to your disease. In short, all disasters, which to other men seem evils, will be attenuated, and turn to good; if your virtue riseth eminently above them: only be assured that nothing is *good*, but what is virtuous; and all the inconveniencies attending it, will, in their own right, claim the title of *good*, when virtue hath adorned, and given them a grace.

Many may think that we promise greater things than human nature is capable of accepting, and not without reason: they respect only the body; let them return to the consideration of the soul, and they will take the measure of man from *God*. Exalt thyself, O *Lucilius*, best of men, and quit the trifling schools of such philosophers, as are weighing the most noble things in the world by syllables, and by their minute instructions rather degrade and impair the noble faculties of the mind. I had rather you should imitate those philosophers, who first invented these studies (*d*), than those who teach them; and who make it their business to render philosophy rather difficult, than great: you will follow the former, if I have any authority with you. *Socrates*, who reduced all philosophy to the conduct of sound morality, affirmed that the principal part of wisdom was, to distinguish *good and evil*: *would you be happy*, says he, *be not concern'd to be thought by some a fool*: if any one should reproach you contumeliously let him do it, you can suffer nothing, so long as you adhere to virtue (*e*). Would you be happy, being strictly a good man, with an honest heart, you need not be concerned that any one despiseth you. But this happiness no one can obtain, except the man who thinks all *good equal* (*f*). Because there is no *good*, but virtue; and virtue is alike in all.

What

*What then, is there no difference between Cato's being elected Prætor and his meeting with a repulse (g)? Does it make no difference, whether Cato is a conqueror in the battle of Pharsalia, or is conquered? Would this good, in being unconquerable himself, though his party was beat, have been equal to that, which he would have obtained, had he returned victorious to his country, and given the nations peace? Why not? It is still the same virtue, by which bad fortune is overcome, and good aright directed. Virtue cannot be greater or less: she is of one and the same stature. But such is the instability of human affairs;—Pompey shall lose an army; and that most glorious cause shall fail;—men of the first quality, and the flower of Pompey's party, the whole senate bearing arms, shall all be routed in one battle;—the ruin of so great an empire shall affect the whole world; it shall be felt in *Egypt*, in *Africa*, and in *Spain*;—nor shall this wretched Republic have the blessing to fall at once;—though all things be done, the knowledge of places shall be of no service to *Juba*, even in his own dominions; nor the most stubborn valour of his affectionate subjects save him;—the fidelity also of the men of *Utica* (*the friends of Cato*) now broken with calamity, shall no longer support them;—and the good fortune of *Scipio's* name shall abandon him in *Africa* (*h*):—what though a decree was made, that *Cato* should receive no detriment, yet *Cato* is conquered; and you may reckon this among his disappointments: the loss however of victory he bore with as great magnanimity as the loss of the prætorship; the day he was rejected he diverted himself at tennis, and the night he was about to die, he amused himself with reading; it was the same to him to lose his life and the prætorship; he knew it was his duty (as a philosopher) to suffer patiently whatever might happen; and why indeed should he not suffer with a great and equal mind, this sudden change of the state? What is there that is excepted from the danger of a change? Not the earth, not the heavens, not the whole form and contexture of the universe, though God be the director and disposer thereof: the present order of things shall not always continue (*i*): a day will come, that shall throw them out of their course; all things have their time: they spring up, they flourish, and are gone: the glorious orbs we see above us, and all things we are conversant with here below, and on which we stand as on a solid*

base,

bare, shall wear away and come to an end: there is nothing but what hath its age and declination: though Nature exhibits all these things at different times, and gives them unequal existence; whatever is, shall not be; and though it perish not, shall be dissolved into its first principles (*k*): to us dissolution is to die.—But the misfortune is, we extend not our view beyond what we see before us; the mind, dull and addicted to the care of the body, stretches not its sight to things remote and at a distance; otherwise it would suffer this our dissolution, and all things belonging thereunto, with more constancy and courage; if it did but consider that all things undergo the vicissitude of life and death; that being dissolved, they are renewed; and renewed to be again dissolved; and that in this work is employed the agency of God, who governs all things.

Cato therefore when he reflects on the life of man, and the state of things, will say, “ All mankind, whoever are, or shall be, are condemned to die (*l*). All those flourishing cities that have the world at command, and all the greatness and splendour of foreign empires, in whatever part of the globe, shall one day be no more, and fall into various kinds of ruin (*m*). War proves the destruction of some; of others idleness and sloth; peace turned into listlessness and inaction consumes others; and luxury is destructive of the greatest opulency: a sudden inundation of the sea shall cover all these fruitful plains (*n*), or an earthquake swallow them up in its hideous cavity. Why then should I complain, or be grieved, that I precede the general fate of things but a few moments?”

Thus let the constant mind submit to providence, and suffer, without a murmur, whatever the universal law of Nature commands. The soul is either set free to enjoy a better life, to remain more bright, and tranquil for ever in heaven; or, at least, without any further inconvenience or ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~any~~, will according to its nature, be blended and coincide with the *whole* of things. The noble life of *Cato* therefore is not a greater *good* than his noble death: because virtue admits not of extension or increase. *Socrates* was used to say, that truth and virtue were the same thing; as that increaseth not (in the abstract idea of it) so
neither

neither doth virtue: it is ever complete and full. There is no reason therefore you should wonder at my saying, *All good is equal*; both that which ariseth from design, and that which a sudden exigency requireth. For, if you allow such an inequality, as to reckon the enduring torture with magnanimity, a *less good*, you will also account it an *evil*, and call *Socrates* an unhappy wretch while in prison; and *Cato* no less miserable, when he tore open his wounds with more spirit than he gave them; and *Regulus* the most unfortunate of men, in suffering the severest punishment for keeping his word with an enemy: but no one, even of the most effeminate, have dared to say this: they deny him indeed to be happy, yet at the same time deny him to be miserable. The antient *Academics* confess him to be happy even amidst his torture, but such happiness not to be complete and perfect; which can by no means be admitted: for if a man is happy, he hath reached the *summum bonum*, the chief, or sovereign good; and what is chief and sovereign admits of no degree above it, provided it still adheres to virtue, which no adversity can lessen or destroy; and remains sound, however the body be impaired and bruised in pieces; and it certainly does so remain: for, by virtue, I mean that generous and noble spirit, which is incited in the mind, against every molestation that can annoy it: and this spirit or courage will true wisdom give or infuse into the minds of such young men as are of a generous disposition, and are so smitten with the beauty of an honourable action, as to make them despise all casualties, in the steady performance of it: it will persuade them, that the one only good consists in virtue. And that this can neither be lower'd or heighten'd any more, than a ruler, by the direction of which is drawn a straight line; and which if you vary, the least bend or change will destroy the intention. The same we say of virtue: it is ever right and straight; admits of no flexure; is stubborn, and cannot be bent, or raised: it is a square, by which all other things are measured; itself its own measure. And if virtue itself cannot be more right or straight: neither can any thing effected thereby; for every thing must necessarily correspond and answer to this; and therefore they are *all equal*.

. What then, you say, *is it equal to lie upon the rack, and to feast at a banquet?* And does this seem strange to you? Hear then something
more

more strange: I affirm, that to feast at a banquet is a bad thing, and to be tortured on the rack a good thing; if the former be carried on luxuriously and scandalously; and this endured fitly and honourably. It is not the subject matter but virtue that makes the difference: wherever this is apparent, all things are of equal measure and worth. This doctrine perhaps may offend the man who judgeth of another's understanding by his own: and methinks, I see him ready to fly in my face, for saying, that the *good* is *equal* in him, who manfully bears adversity, and him, who carries himself virtuously in prosperity; or in him, who triumphs, and the unhappy prince, who is carried, in chains, before the triumphant car, with a still unconquer'd mind. They think it impossible for a man to do, what they cannot do themselves, and according to their own poor abilities, bear sentence concerning virtue. Why do you wonder at my saying, that some rejoice in being burned, wounded, bound in chains and slain? Nay, that sometimes they have made it their choice (*o*)? Frugality is a heavy punishment to the luxurious; as labour is to the idle; the nice and delicate pity the industrious; and to the indolent, study is torture: in like manner, we think those things hard and intolerable, which we are too weak and infirm to bear; forgetting that it is even a torment to many, to be debarr'd their bottle, or to be disturb'd at break of day. It is certain these things are not hard and severe in the nature of the things themselves, but we are recreant and wavering. Great things are only to be judged of by great minds; otherwise the fault will seem to lie in the things, which is really our own; thus the straightest stick, if you sink part of it under water will appear crooked and broken. It matters not what you see, but how, or through what medium you see it. Our mind is dim in the investigation of truth: give me a youth, uncorrupt, of good parts, and sound judgment; and I make no doubt but that he will own, he thinks him an happier man, who bears up, with a stubborn neck, the heaviest burden of adversity, than the man whom a prosperous fortune hath satiated with all that he can desire.

There is nothing extraordinary in a man's being firm and unshaken in the calm of prosperity: but he is worthy our admiration, who is exalted, where

where others are depressed; and there stands his ground, where others crouch and lie down. What evil is there in torment, or in other accidents which we call afflictions? In my opinion, no more than this; to despond, to be bowed down, to be vanquished; none of which can fall to the share of the wise man: he stands erect under any weight whatever; nothing can make him less; nothing, let what will happen, displease him: whatever affliction can befall mankind, he complains not of its being his lot: he knows his own strength; he knows that he is subject to misfortune, and must bear it: not that I suppose him to be as insensible of pain as a rock (*p*); no; I consider him as still having his feeling; but as composed of two parts, the one irrational; and this indeed is wrung with grief and pain; the other rational, which in its resolutions remains unshaken, intrepid, invincible. In this part then is placed the *chief good* of man; which, before it is accomplished, is but an uncertain wavering of the mind, but when it is perfected, becomes an immovable steadiness of temper. Therefore a man, when he begins this study of perfection (*q*), and seriously to follow virtue, though he draws near the *chief good*, yet not having put the last hand to it, is apt to stop, and forego something of the intention of the mind; for he has not yet passed the bounds of uncertainty, but walketh still in slippery places: whereas the man, whose wisdom is compleat, is never better pleased with himself than when he can give some generous proof of his virtue: and such things as others dread, provided they are consequences of some just and honest duty, he not only bears, but embraces them with joy; and had rather be called so much *the better man*, than so much *the happier*.

I come now to what I know your expectation longeth for: that our virtue may not seem extravagant, and beyond the nature of things, I own the wise man will tremble, grieve and look pale; for these are the sensations of the body. From whence then ariseth misery? what is truly evil? It is this: when such things distract the mind; when they reduce it to acknowledge servitude, and cause murmur and regret. A wise man indeed overcomes fortune by virtue; but many who profess wisdom are sometimes terrified by her slightest threats: in this respect

it is our own fault if we require from the proficient the same as from the wise man. I am satisfied that what I recommend is praise-worthy, but I still want resolution: and was I fully resolved to put such things in practice, I should scarce find them in such order, and so well exercised as to be serviceable upon all occasions.—As wool will sometime take a certain die at once, but will not imbibe other till after being dipped and soaked several times; so, though a fit disposition may receive certain doctrines at once; yet, even this unless it descends and remains fixed a long while does not ^{exceed} tinge, but only stains, the mind. There is need then but of little time, and few words to shew, that the only good is virtue; at least that there is no *good* without virtue; and that virtue hath its residence in the better part of us, I mean the *rational*.

But after all what is virtue? A judgment true and firm; from whence comes that promptitude of mind, that will strip things of their vain appearances, and will shew them in their proper light: and to this judgment it will be consonant and agreeable, to think all things, that come under the hands, or are the effects of virtue, are *good*; and that all *good is equal*. *Good* belonging to the body is so far good, as it belongs to the body: but not upon the whole: it may have some value, but at the same time it will want *dignity*: for even among these blessings some will be greater, some less: as even among the followers of wisdom, we must necessarily own, there is often a wide difference: some have advanced so far, as to dare to look up to fortune, but not with a steady eye; dazzled with too great splendour, they own themselves vanquished: others proceed so far, as to be able to engage her face to face, and having attained to perfection, are so full of confidence, as never to be cast down. Things not carried on to perfection are never sure; they frustrate themselves, and often fall to decay and ruin. This must certainly be the consequence where perseverance is withheld. If the mind lets go her intention and pursues not her studies faithfully, she has done nothing; nor can what is lost be easily recover'd. We must therefore push on, and strenuously persevere: more remains behind than we yet have encountered: the being willing however to proceed is great part of the way: for my part, I am very sensible of this; and therefore am

4

willing,

willing, yes, I am willing with all my strength and mind: and tis my happiness, *Lucilius*, to see you also, ready, and eager with all your might, so to adapt your actions, to the fitness of things, as soon to reach the desired goal. Let us then hasten; and life will be a blessing; otherwise it will only be lingering here, among those who are doing nothing, or nothing to the purpose of being: and be this our care; that our time may be our own; it cannot be our own, unless we are masters of ourselves. O, when shall we be so happy, as to despise fortune, good or bad! when shall we be so happy, as having subdued all vile affections, and got the mastery over our passions, we may joyfully cry out, *I have conquer'd*. Do you ask, whom or what it is we have conquer'd? Not the *Persians*, nor the far distant *Medes*; nor any warlike people beyond the *Dabæ*: but avarice, ambition, and, above all, the fear of death; which hath conquered the conquerors of nations.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Aristotle, (Ethic. i.) Ἀρ' ἐν καὶ πρὸς τὸν εἶος ἡ γνώσις τῷ τελευτῇ μεγάλῃν εἶχει ῥοπὴν κ. τ. λ. *The knowledge of the end is of great consequence in the conduct of life; as archers having fixed their aim, are more likely to obtain their purpose.* Cic. (de fin.) Quid est in vita tantopere querendum quàm quis sit finis, quod extremum, quod ultimum, quo sint omnia bene vivendi, rectèque faciendâ consilia referenda! *What is there in life so requisite to be enquired after, as what is the end, the last, and chief thing, to which all the counsels of good life and just actions are to be referred?*

(b) This is a principal dogma of the Stoics, to which all the rest are to be referred. See Ep. 74. Lips. Manud. ii. 20.

Virtus omnia in se habet, omnia adfunt bona

Quem penes est virtus. *Plant. Amphit. ii. 2.*

In virtue all things are contain'd; wherever

Dwells Virtue, there dwells every good.

In all stations of life, virtue hath or ought to have the principal command. Quæ homines arant, navigant, ædificant virtuti omnia parent. *Sallust—The arts of agriculture, building, navigation, are all owing to the virtues of industry.*

Scriptura, inquit Ambrosius, nihil bonum nisi quod honestum asserit; virtutemque in omni rerum statu beatam judicat, quæ neque corporis bonis, vel externis, augeatur, neque minuatur adversis. The Scripture, says Ambrose, admits of no good, but what is right and fit; and that virtue renders life happy, in every condition; not heightened by any external good, nor lowered by adversity.—Deut. xxx. 19. I call heaven and earth to witness against you, says Moses to the Hebrews, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore chuse life, by your love and fear of God.—Ps. cxix. 1. Blessed are they that are undefiled in the way, and walk in the law of the Lord. And Solomon, Wisd. vii. 7. I called upon God, and the Spirit of Wisdom came upon me.—All good things together came to me with her, innumerable riches and honour.

(c) Rom. viii. 28. See Epp. 31. 66. (N. k.) 118.

(d) As *Socrates*, *Zeno*, and other philosophers, in the conduct of life.

(e) *Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake: rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.* Matth. v. 2. *If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye, for the Spirit of Glory and of God resteth upon you.* i Pet. iv. 14. And accordingly saith St. Paul, *Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we still intreat.* i Cor. iv. 11.

(f) See this professedly and fully treated of, Ep. 66.

(g) *Cato* was rejected by the underhand management of *Pompey* and *Crassus*; when *Vatinus* was elected prætor in his stead. (See his Life in *Plutarch*.)—"Cato lost the election of prætor and that of cænsul, but is any one blind enough to truth to imagine that these repulses reflected any disgrace upon him? The dignity of those two magistracies would have been increased by his wearing them. They suffered, not *Cato*. Bolingbroke on *exile*.—However, when chosen prætor, the suffering his authority to create in him the contempt and dislike of established customs, so as to appear in public barefooted, and without his robe, and to sit in that condition to hear causes in open court, caused him to be justly reproached with having undervalued and disgraced the dignity of his office by these indecencies. It is said in the following, *Omnia quæ acciderent ferenda esse persuaserat sibi*. But if he knew *patience* was the duty of a philosopher, did he put it in practice when most required? surely not. If I should say, that he ought, in love to his country, to have reserved himself for a better opportunity of serving it;—that it is probable from the events which followed, that he might afterwards have been an instrument of good to it;—that he rashly, and in a passion, judged of what he could not well judge of; that it was a swollen pride of heart not to deign to live, because in one trial his cause had not been successful;—and that a true greatness of soul had been more seen in accepting his life, (if that had been necessary) at the hands of a man, in whose power *Omnipotent Providence*, or *Fate*, (which he believed irresistible) had put it. All this would be hard to refuse upon the principles of any philosophy." See *Watts*, on the unlawfulness of self-murder.

(h) *Cæsar* in a great battle fought near *Thapsus*, took the camps both of *Scipio* and *Juba*, who fled only with a few of their men, and the rest were cut in pieces, *Plut.* ib.

(i) *Lipfius* thinks this to be referred to the Stoic *εὐρυνομία*, conflagration of the world. *Consol.* ad *Polyb.* cxxi. *Lipf.* (Physiol. ii. 22.)

(k) The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.—*Shakeſp.* Tempest.

(l) *As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.* Rom. v. 12.—*It is appointed for all men once to die.* Heb. ix. 27.

(m) *Behold the day of the Lord cometh, when the stars shall fall from heaven, and the constellations shall not give their light, the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine, &c.* Is. xlii. 10. Ezek. xxxii. 7. Joel. ii. 31. Matth. xxiv. 29.

(n) This is likewise a stoical tenet.—So *Cic.* (somn. *Scip.*) *Propter eluviones exustionesque terrarum quas accidere tempore certo necesse est, non modo non æternam, sed ne diutinam quidem gloriam assequi possumus.* When we consider the inundations and conflagrations that must necessarily happen in the course of things, we must be sensible that all the glory we can attain to, far from being eternal, cannot be lasting. See *Lipf.* Physiol. ii. 21.

(o) Others were tortured not accepting deliverance, that they may obtain a better resurrection, &c. Heb. xi. 35. Not only so, but we glory also in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, patience experience, and experience hope. Rom. v. 3.—But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Jam. i. 4.

(p) See Epp. 85. 116. *Lipf.* Manud. iii. 7.

(q) Sc. The *Proscient*. *Lipf.* Manud. ii. 9. See Epp. 72, 75.

E P I S T L E LXXII.

On the Study of Philosophy.

THE solution of the question you proposed to me, *Lucilius*, I should have sent to you, if my memory had not failed me; but it is grown very deficient of late, for want of exercise. It is with me, as with books, that, having been laid by in some damp place, grow mouldy, and the leaves stick together: the mind must be often unfolded: and whatever is deposited therein, must be frequently canvassed; in order to have it ready for use, when called for. We must therefore defer this your request for the present; as what would demand more labour and application, than I can now spare: as soon as I can get more leisure, and can make a longer stay in the same place, I promise you I will take it in hand. For there are some things, which a man may write in his chariot; but there are some that require musing, leisure, and privacy (*a*). Nevertheless something may be done, though the whole day be taken up with business; for when will it be otherwise? As one new business generally creates another; we sow it, as it were, and from one spring many; till at length we recover ourselves; so that when I have finished the work in hand, I will give up my whole attention to your request; and, having got over this troublesome task sit down to my studies.

• But know, *Lucilius*, that philosophy admits of no delays: it is not to be deferred to leisure hours; every thing else is to be postponed that we may apply ourselves closely to this: no time can be sufficient for it. Though extended from youth, to the longest term of human life, with regard to philosophy there is very little difference between omission and intermission; for where it is interrupted, it abideth not; but as some things by being overstretched are broken; philosophy being discontinued returns to its first principles. We must resist all other engagements,

ments, not to be put off for a time only, but quite set aside. There is no time less fit than another for such salutary studies: but many study not for such ends as they ought principally to study.

Should any obstacle interfere, it concerns not the wise man, whose mind in every business is intent, yet ever chearful: such as are imperfect find continual interruptions in their mirth; but the joy of the wise man is firm and lasting (*b*): it has no connexion with chance or accidents; it is always calm and easy: for it depends not upon any thing foreign; nor waits the applause of men, or the smiles of fortune: its felicity is truly domestic and within: it might depart out of the mind, if it had entered in: but it was born there: it is sometimes indeed reminded of mortality by an external accident, but what is generally slight and only grazeth the top-skin: it may be somewhat blasted by a small annoyance, but the *chief good* is still permanent and fixed: some inconvenience, I own, may attend it from without, as in a body otherwise hale and strong, some pustules or small eruptions will break out, that strike not deep enough to do any harm within. This then I say, is the difference between a man of consummate wisdom, and one in his way thereto (*c*); the same as between a man in sound health, and one that is upon the recovery from some grievous and chronic disorder; when instead of health he enjoys only a shorter or less painful fit. Such a one without constant care and application, is now and then afflicted and in danger of a relapse: whereas the wiseman neither fears the return of any former disorder, nor the attack of a new one: to the body a good state of health is but precarious; which though the physician hath restored, he cannot insure: and is often recalled to the same patient: but the mind when healed, is healed once for all.

And I will tell you, *Lucilius*, how you shall know, when a man is thoroughly well;—if he is content and satisfied in himself, if he rests well-assured, and knows that all the desires of mortals, all the blessings that are given or pray'd for, are of no great moment with regard to an happy life. For that to which any accession can be made, is as yet imperfect; that which can lose any thing, cannot be perpetual: he whose
joy

joy is like to be perpetual, for ever triumphs in his own: whereas the things that the vulgar are gaping after, are ever upon the ebb and flow: fortune gives not the conveyance of any thing in perpetuity; yet even these casual things can give delight, when reason hath well temper'd and blended them together: this is what also recommends external things, when they are not too greedily coveted, and if gained, used with discretion. *Attalus* was wont to use this simile: "you have sometimes
 " seen a dog, catching with open mouth a bit of bread or flesh tossed
 " him by his master, whatever he gets, he strait devours, and still
 " gapes in expectation of more: so it is with us; whatever fortune is
 " pleased to throw to us, we swallow it down, without any taste or
 " pleasure, and are still intent and eager after another morsel." This is not the case of a wise man; he is full; if any thing offers, he accepts it without any agitation, and lays it by; his joy is perfect and constant, because it is his own: whereas the man, who, however good his disposition, or whatever progress he hath made, hath not yet reached the summit of perfection, is alternately raised or depressed; one while lifted up to heaven, and now again thrown down upon the earth: nay to the ignorant and unskilful, there is no end of their fall; down they go, as it were, into the *Epicurean* Chaos (or *Vacuum*) that knows no bounds.

There is a third sort of men; who likewise pretend to wisdom; but have not attained thereto: they keep it still in sight, and, if I may so express it, can reach her with their hand (*d*); these stand their ground, so as not to make a slip: they are in the haven but not yet safe ashore. Seeing then there is so great a disparity between the highest and the lowest, and even the middle state is still subject to storms: and still in danger of being carried out to sea again; we must by no means indulge any avocation from this our study; one business will still introduce another without end: we must therefore prevent them in their first rise: it is better and easier not to suffer them to begin; than when once begun to put an end to them.

ANNOTATIONS, &c

(a) *Lectum et otium*] See Ep. 67. (N. c.) Plin. Ep. (4. 5.) *Vivus est sibi jacere in lectulo suo, compositus in habitum studentis. Caius Fannius dreamt that he lay on his couch, in an undress, fit for study, with a desk as usual before him. Orrery.*

Non hæc in nostris, ut quondam scribimus, hortis;
Nec, consuete, meum, lectule, corpus habes. *Ovid.*

*Not in the garden now, as erst, I write,
Nor on my usual couch these lines indite.*

(b) Ep. 27. Aliquod potius bonum mansurum circumspecte; nullum autem est nisi quod animus ex se sibi invenit: sola virtus, præstat gaudium, perpetuum, securum, &c. See also Epp. 23. (N. b.) 59.

(c) This distinction between the *complete* wise man, and the *proficient*, is frequent. See the foregoing Epistle, and Ep. 75. (N. b.) *Lips.* Manud. ii. 9.

(d) Sub ictu habent.] As a mark, at which an archer hath taken aim, but hath not yet let fly his arrow. Or, alluding to the gladiators when they lift up their hands over an adversary, and are ready to strike. So *Lactantius*, vii. 12. Nec vim repellere potest, quia sub aspectum et sub ictum venit. *Gruter.*—Be that as it will, the sense is plain from the like expression in *Sen.* (de Benef. ii. 29) nihil mortale non sub ictu nostro positum—Its contrary we read in l. 7. Deum contra ictum sua divinitas posuit. See also De Vit. beat. c. 12. Ad Marciam, c. 19. *Lucan.* v. 729.

— Quod nolles stare sub ictu

Fortunæ, quo mundus erat, Romanaque fata,
Conjux sola fuit.—

*See what new passions now the hero knows,
Now first he doubts success, and fears his foes;
Rome, and the world he hazards in the strife,
And gives up all to Fortune, but his wife. Rowe.*

EPISTLE LXXIII.

On Philosophers,—considered as Friends to Government.

THEY seem to me, *Lucilius*, greatly mistaken, who think that such as have given up themselves strenuously to philosophy, are stubborn and refractory, despisers of magistrates and kings, and of all that bear office in the administration of public affairs (a). On the contrary, none are more grateful, none more affectionate; and with good reason; for to whom can we be more obliged, than to those by whose means we live in the enjoyment of ease and tranquillity? They therefore to whom a peaceful

peaceful government gives leisure and opportunity of designing to live well and happily, cannot but think themselves obliged to the kind author of this blessing, and honour him as a parent; much more than such as are ever restless and busy in public life; who owe many things to their princes and governors, yet still think them in their debt for more; and whom no liberality can so fully oblige as to satisfy their desires; which are still increasing the more they are indulged: for whoever is thinking upon what he is still to receive, generally forgets what he has already received; nor hath covetousness any greater evil attending it, than that it is ungrateful.

Add, moreover, that none of those who are conversant in public affairs, consider whom they may surpass, but by whom they may be surpassed in dignity; nor is it pleasant to see many below them, as it is grievous to see one above them. Ambition of every kind hath this failing, never to regard what is past: nor is it ambition alone that is thus unsettled; but all manner of covetousness; for wherever it leaves off, it begins again: whereas the man who is upright and sincere, who hath left the court, the forum, and all concern for public business, that he may apply himself to something greater, cannot but have a respect for those who permit him to do this in safety: he acknowledgeth the favour, and is ever ready to give ample testimony of gratitude, as being obliged to them for a blessing, which they *unknowingly* have conferred upon him. As he admires and reverenceth his predecessors, by whose instructions he divests himself of all vice; so does he those, under whose protection he freely exerciseth the discipline of virtue.

But does not a king by his great power protect others likewise? who denies it? But as they, who have traded for the more precious wares on the same seas, think themselves the more obliged to *Neptune* for a successful voyage; and as a merchant pays his vows more heartily than a passenger; and as among the merchants he is more profusely thankful, or has reason to be so, who hath brought over spices, and cochineal, and gold, than those who have freighted a vessel with ordinary things, that only supply the place of ballast; so the blessing of peace

belonging to all in general more deeply affects those, who make a right use of it (*in cultivating the mind*): for there are many in the retinue of the great, who find more work in peace than in war: and do you think they are under the same obligation for the enjoyment of peace, who are given to drunkenness, and riot, and other vices, which war alone can break off? unless perhaps you judge so unjustly of the wise man, as to suppose that he thinks himself in particular under no obligation for common blessings: for my part, I think myself indebted to the sun and moon, though they rise not to me alone; and I own an obligation to the seasons, and the Almighty power that directs them, though they are not appointed to do me any particular honour. The foolish covetousness of mortals makes a distinction between possession and property, nor thinks any thing his own that belongs to the public: but the wise man judgeth nothing more his own, than what he enjoys in common with mankind (*b*): nor indeed could these be said to be common unless every one partook of them: a participation of the least portion whatever creates fellowship. Add now that what is great and truly *good*, cannot be so divided, as that part of it alone can be obtained by any single person: no; the whole of it belongs to every one. A largess is distributed at so much a head; a treat, or dole (*c*), or whatever the hand can receive, may be divided into shares; but of such an individual *good*, as peace or liberty, the whole belongs as much to all as to any single person whatever: therefore the wise man considers by whose assistance he enjoys the benefit of these things, and by whose wise administration he is not compelled to bear arms, or keep watch, or guard the walls, and pay such exorbitant taxes, as necessity requires in time of war; and therefore is thankful to his governor. For this too philosophy especially teacheth; to acknowledge favours; and duly, if possible, requite them; but sometimes a bare acknowledgment serves for payment: he will acknowledge therefore that he is infinitely indebted to those by whose wise administration and forecast he happens to enjoy fattening ease, and to be master of his own time, and to live undisturbed by any public employ.

O melibæ, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit:
Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus.—

This

*This soft retirement some kind God bestow'd,
For never can I deem him less than God.*

Now if such pleasurable times owe much to their Author, the great benefit whereof consists only in this :

Ille meas errare boves, (ut cernis) et ipsum
Ludere quæ vellem, calamo permisit agresti. *Virg. Ecl. i.*
*He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain,
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.*

Of how great value must we think that tranquillity which the gods enjoy, and which of man makes a god! Yes, *Lucilius*, thus it is: and thus in a compendious way, I even call you to heaven.

Sextius was wont to say, Jovem plus non posse quam bonum virum, *Jupiter could not do more than a good man (d)*. *Jupiter* indeed hath the means to be more liberal to man; but among two men that are *good*, he is not the better who is the richer; any more than among two pilots, who are equally skilful in guiding and navigating a ship, you call him the better, who is master of the larger and finer vessel. In what does *Jupiter* then excel a good man? He is *everlastingly good*. The wise man however does not think the worse of himself because his virtues are confined within a narrower space. As of two wise men he that dies an old man is not happier than he whose virtue is terminated within a few years: so the gods excel not a wise man in happiness, though they excel them in the duration of happiness. Virtue is not greater for being of long duration: *Jupiter* possesseth all things, but he obligeth others with the use of them. This one enjoyment then belongs to him, that he is the cause of enjoyment to all others: the wise man likewise is pleased to see others enjoy these things; but despiseth them with as much æquanimity as *Jupiter* himself: and in this admires himself the more, as *Jupiter* cannot use these vanities, and the wise man will not.

Let us therefore believe *Sextius* shewing us the most excellent way, and crying out, *Hac itur ad astra, this is the way to heaven*; this I say,

by frugality, by temperance, by fortitude. The gods are neither disdainful, nor envious; they admit, and reach out their hands to, those who are ascending (*e*).—Do you wonder that men should ascend to the gods? God descends to men (*f*); or rather he dwells within them: there is no good man without God (*g*). The divine seeds are sown in the human breast, which, if they meet with a good husbandman, produce fruits like their original, and a divine crop springs up; but if with a bad husbandman, they die as in a barren and marshy ground; or bring forth cockle and weeds instead of corn (*b*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

/e (a) *Seneca* (de Clem. ii. 5.) observes that this behaviour is frequently laid to the charge of the Stoics (*Scio malè audire apud imperitos sectam stoicorum tanquam nimis duram, et minimè principibus regibusque daturum bonum consilium*) sed nulla secta benignior, leniorque est, nulla amantior hominum, et communibus bonis attentior; ut cui propositum sit, usui esse aut auxilio, nec sibi tantum, sed universis singulisque consulere. *W'bertas there is no sect more kind and gentle; none more a friend to mankind, and attentive to the common good; none more ready to aid and assist their friends when called upon; and to consult the happiness, not only of themselves (like the Epicureans,) but of every individual—Lipsius Manud. l. 151.* enters further into a defence of the Stoics in this respect. But our business is to observe the same of the primitive Christians, whose behaviour and writings sufficiently clear them of the like charge. *Esteem all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the King.* i Pet. ii. 17. *Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For Rulers are not a terror to the evil: Wilt thou not be afraid of the power, do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same: for he is the minister of God to thee for good.* Rom. xiii. 1—8. *I exhort therefore that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for Kings, and for all that are in authority: that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty.* i Tim. ii. 1, 2.

(b) This is another paradox of the Stoics, *Omnia sapientis; the wise man possesseth every thing.* See Epp. 9. 12. 13. 62.—Cic. Parad. vi.—*Empir.* (contr. *Mathem.*) *Qui ea possidet quæ sunt magnæ æstimationis et pretii, est dives, virtus autem est magnæ æstimationis et pretii, solusque sapiens eam possidet; solus ergo est dives: He that possesseth what is of great esteem and value, cannot but be rich; virtue is of great esteem and value; and the wise man alone possesseth virtue; therefore the wise man alone is rich.* See *Lips. Manud. iii. 11.*—And what say the Scriptures to this point? *They that seek the Lord shall not want any thing that is good.* Ps. xxxiv. 10. *Wisdom is a treasure to men, which never faileth.* Wisd. vii. 14, &c. *Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.* Matth. vi. 33.

(c) *Visceratio*] The same word is used in Ep. 19. (see N. i.) but there it relates to a private sacrifice or entertainment; and here to a public one, given by some prince or magistrate. See *Plut. Quæst. Conviv. 11.*

(d) All this is ridiculous vanity, and one of the most objectionable points in the whole system of Stoicism. The comparison however runs smoothly enough under the character of *Jupiter*, whom the

the poets and others made so free with even from his *birth*. But what Christian can bear such expressions as, *Quæris quæ res sapientem efficit? Quæ DEUM*, (Ep. 87) and the like? See Epp. 31. (N. e) 53. (N. k.)

(e) *The Lord is nigh to all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.* Ps. cxlv. 18.

(f) *Deus ad homines venit, imo in homines.*] Though the Stoic means no more here by the word *Deus*, *God*, than *right Reason*, which they held as (*divinæ particula auræ*) part of *God*: in a Christian sense, I think we may justly apply it to that of St. *John*. *The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, &c.* John i. 14. See Ep. 31. (N. d, h.) and particularly the following Note.

(g) *Hereby we know that we dwell in God and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.* i John iv. 13. *We have known and believe the love that God hath to us. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.* Ib. 16. *Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?* i Cor. iii. 16. vi. 19. *For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.* Phil. ii. 13. See Ep. 41. (N. c.)

(b) See the parable of the Sower, Matth. xiii. 18. Luke viii. 5. See Ep. 38. (N. a.)

EPISTLE LXXIV.

On Virtue, and the Gifts of Fortune.

YOUR Epistle, my *Lucilius*, gave me great delight, and roused my drooping spirits: it also refreshed my memory, which now begins to fail me. Why should you not think this persuasion to be the chief means of an happy life, that *virtue is the only good* (a)? He that hath this opinion engraven on his heart, is happy in himself: for he that thinks there is any other *good*, subjects himself to the caprice of Fortune, and the pleasure of others, having no will of his own. Such a one gives himself up to sorrow at the loss of his children; he is troubled at their being sick, and greatly afflicted at their disgrace: you will see him tortured with the love of another man's wife, or perhaps of his own.

own (*b.*) There are those who cannot bear a repulse of any kind, and those whom honour itself fills with vexation.

But the greatest part among the wretched crew of mortals are those whom the expectation of death keeps in perpetual dread; as every where, and from every thing, impendent. Therefore as in an enemy's country a man is obliged to look about him, and apt to be startled at every the least noise, unless the *fear of death* be eradicated from the mind it is impossible to live, but with an aching heart. Here we meet with such as are banished, and turned out of their possessions; in another place with (what is the most grievous sort of indigence) those who are poor amidst plenty of wealth: we meet also with some that have been shipwreck'd; and others that have suffered as great afflictions; whom popular fury (*c.*) or envy (that pernicious plague to the best of men) hath flung down from their height of grandeur, when they thought themselves quite safe and secure; like a storm, that riseth in the sea at the time of an assured calm; or like a sudden burst of thunder, at the sound whereof all things around tremble: for as in this case, he that stands near where the fire falls is not less terrified, than if he had been stricken with it; so, in these forceful accidents, calamity strikes one person, and fear many; and the possibility of suffering affects not less with painful sorrow than the suffering itself: the sudden affliction of others harrasseth the minds of all about them: as the sound of an uncharged sling terrifieth the birds; so are we frightened, not by any stroke, but a mere noise.

No one therefore can be happy without being divested of this timidity: nothing can be happy but what is intrepid: it is a miserable life to live in suspense and fear: who gives himself up to the dread of accidents, creates himself an infinite deal of trouble, very difficult to be got rid of. The only way wherein to walk securely, is to despise all external things, and be satisfied with doing what is right and fit (*d.*). For he that thinks there is any thing that excels virtue, or that there is any other good, opens his breast to the casual largesse of Fortune, and expects it with great anxiety. Form in your mind this picture;
Fortune

Fortune proclaims an holiday; and among the crowd of mortals assembled on this occasion distributes her favours, riches and honours, some of which, among the hands of the scramblers, are torn and greatly abused; other favours are unfairly divided among faithless companions; others prove of great detriment to the receivers; among whom are some who were thinking of nothing less than such favours; others by grasping at too much, get nothing; or by greedily catching at more, lose what they have got; and even they who have happily succeeded, enjoy the fruits of their rapine but a little while. Therefore such as are most prudent, as soon as the *play* begins, quit the theatre, well knowing that such trifles often cost a man very dear. Disdainful of her favours, no one contends with him that retires; no one strikes him who is going off; the contest is there only, where the prize is exhibited. Thus it is with regard to those things which Fortune scatters at random from above. We labour, and sweat, wretched creatures as we are; we crowd; we are torn in pieces; we wish Nature had given us more hands: we look with envy upon one man, and then upon another; Fortune is dilatory; her gifts seem too slowly to fall to our lot; they provoke our appetite; and though few can enjoy them, yet all expect them; we are eager to come in Fortune's way, and rejoice to have got a chance; or are grieved at being disappointed; we suffer some great detriment to obtain a booty, which if obtained deceives us, by being of little or no value. Let us therefore retire from these idle sports, and give them up to the scramblers; let them hanker after these uncertain gifts, and live for ever in suspense. Whoever desires to be happy, let him think that *whatever is, is right*; if he thinks otherwise, he by no means judgeth rightly of Providence; since many inconveniencies happen to just men, and since whatever is our lot, it is but of short duration in comparison of the time past, and to come. From this murmuring it follows, that we are very ungrateful interpreters of divine matters; we are continually complaining, that we enjoy but few things, and them not always, or at best they are uncertain, and of short duration: and from hence it is, that we neither wish to live, nor wish to die: we grumble at life, and are afraid of death: our thoughts are ever wavering, and no felicity whatever can fill our minds with com-

placency and satisfaction. Now, the reason of this is, we are not come to that immense and superlative *good*, where the *will* must necessarily stop; for, beyond the last and *chief good* there is no room for progression.

Do you ask, *Lucilius*, why virtue knows no want? It is because she rejoiceth in what she has, nor hankereth after what she has not: every thing is great to her, because, be it what it will, it satisfies. Set aside this opinion, and there can be no piety, no fidelity; as many things, which are called evil, must be endured by him who desires to perform his duty in these two points; and many things of those we call good, and are therefore fond of, expended: there can be no fortitude, which cannot be known but upon trial: there can be no magnanimity, but when displayed in contemning those things which the vulgar look upon as the greatest blessings; all courtesy is lost, and the requital of a good turn accounted unnecessary labour, if we think any thing preferable to a faithful discharge of duty, and the pursuit of what is best.

But to pass by these, either such things as are good, are not so, or man is happier than God: because the things that are provided for us, God hath no need of for his own use; no inordinate pleasures, no banquetings, no wealth, nor any of those things that decoy and ensnare man with the vile bait of pleasure, belong to God. Therefore either (what is incredible) God must want such things as are *good*; or, this is an argument that such things are not good, because God does not want them. Add also, that of many things which unto man seem *good*, other animals enjoy a greater portion: they eat with a better appetite; they cloy not themselves with love; their strength is greater, and more constantly firm; from whence it would follow, they are happier than man; forasmuch too, as they live without malice, and dishonesty; and enjoy their pleasures more abundantly and easier, without fear either of shame or repentance.

Consider therefore, *Lucilius*, whether that can be called *good*, in which man surpasseth God: no, as the seat of the chief good is in the
mind,

mind, it loseth all its value when transferred from the best part of us to the worst; and even to the senses, which are stronger and more alert in many brute beasts. The sum of our happiness consists not in gratifying the flesh (*e*). That only is the *true good*, which is prescribed by reason; solid, and everlasting; which cannot decrease or be diminished: other things are good merely in fancy and opinion; they may have the name of *good*, but without propriety: let them be called, if you please, *conveniencies*, or, as we say, revenues; but we must consider them as conveyed over to us for a time, not our certain portion; we may have them, but must remember at the same time they are foreign to us; even if we have them, I say, we must look upon them as too low and mean for a man to pride himself in: for what can be more foolish than to vaunt of those things which a man hath not done himself (*f*)? They may come near to us, but not cleave so close to us, as when taken away to distract and tear the man; we may use them, but not glory in them; and we must use them sparingly too, as things deposited with us, only for a season (*g*).

Whoever possesseth these worldly goods, without regard to reason, holds them on a weak tenure; even happiness becomes a burthen to itself, if it be not used with discretion: if it hath trusted in such transitory goods, it soon finds itself deserted; or if not deserted, chagrined and cast down: few men can forego their happiness calmly and gradually; the generality fall at once with all their grandeur; and the very things that exalted them, now serve only to depress them. Providence therefore, which teacheth moderation and parsimony, must be timely applied, because a disordinate liberty hurries on the destruction of its own wealth; nor can ever so great an abundance last long, unless conducted and restrained by instructive reason. This is manifest from what hath befallen many large cities, which, in their most flourishing state, have been ruined by licentiousness, and whose luxury and intemperance have destroyed all that valour and virtue had gained.

We must be guarded against these accidents: but as no wall is impregnable against the power of fortune, we must be well armed within:

if this the better part be safe, a man indeed may be assaulted, but he cannot be taken. And if you desire to know how he must be armed, let him not repent or repine at any thing that may befall him; and know, that those things which seem to hurt *him*, tend however to the preservation of the whole; and without which the order and course of the world would be defective. Let whatever hath pleased God, please man (*b*). Let him admire and reverence himself, and all that belongs to him on this account; that he cannot be overcome; that he is above misfortune; that he can subdue by reason (than which nothing is more powerful) chance, pain, or injury.—Love Reason: the love of Reason will arm you against the severest troubles. Affection for their young, drives the wild beasts into toils; whom otherwise their natural ferocity and rash vehemence render untameable. A thirst of glory hath impelled some young and brave dispositions to the contempt of fire and sword; even the resemblance or shadow of virtue hath forced others upon a voluntary death (*i*). Now by how much stronger and more constant than all these incitements Reason is, by so much the more strenuously will it make its way through all manner of dread and danger. But you will say, that “we contradict ourselves, when we deny there is any
 “ other good but the *honestum*, (*what is right and fit*); or pretend that
 “ this is a sufficient protection against fortune: forasmuch as we allow
 “ a place among good things to dutiful children, affectionate parents,
 “ and a people of good and sound morals; and that we cannot see any
 “ of these in danger without concern: or not be troubled if our country
 “ is besieged, if our children die, or our parents are carried into
 “ slavery.” Now, I will first lay down what answer is generally made for us, to such as make these objections; and then I will add what further answer, I think, may be given them.

I. Very different is the nature of things; some, when taken away from us, substitute in their room what may be disagreeable and hurtful to us; as a good state of health, when impaired, turns to sickness; and the sight of the eyes, when extinguished, affects us with blindness; or if the hamstring be cut, not only our speed is taken away, but perpetual lameness ensues. But there is no such danger in the things before
 spoken

spoken of: if I have lost a faithful friend, there is no reason that perfidiousness should supply his place; or if I have buried a dutiful child, that impiety should succeed him: neither by their deaths have I lost either the friend or the child, but their bodies only. Good is to be lost but one way; by being changed into evil; which is contrary to the nature of things; because every virtue, and every effect of virtue, remain incorruptible. Besides, though our friends, and dutiful children, answering every wish of a fond parent, have died; there is still something to supply their place: even *virtue*, that also made *them* good.

Virtue suffers no vacancy in the place she inhabits; she fills the whole soul; takes away the sensibility of any loss, and is of herself sufficient: for in *her* consists the origin and strength of all *good*. What matters it if a stream be interrupted or cut off, if the fountain from whence it flowed be still alive? You will not call a man more just, more temperate, more prudent, more honest, and consequently a better man, because his children are either alive or dead; a goodly troop of friends make not a man more wise, nor the want of them more foolish; and consequently not more happy in himself, nor more wretched. So long as virtue is preserved entire, you cannot be sensible of any loss. What then? is not a man the happier for being surrounded with friends and children? perhaps not; for the *chief good* is not to be diminished or encreased: it ever remains in its proper station; let Fortune behave herself as she pleases, whether a man hath reached a good old age, or died in his prime, the measure of the *chief good* is still the same, whatever difference there may be in years. Whether you describe a larger circle or a less, the difference relates only to the space, not to the form of it: though one remains a long while, and you obliterate the other, the form was still the same in both: what is right and fit, is not measured by greatness, or number, or time; it cannot be extended or contracted. Reduce a virtuous life, as much as you please, from an hundred years to one day, it is equally a virtuous life. Virtue is, one while, expanded; and displays itself in the government of cities, kingdoms, provinces; it cultivates friendships; and dispenseth its good offices among our neighbours and children; at another time, it is con-

tracted within the narrow bounds of poverty, banishment, solitude; without a child, without a friend; yet it is not the less, for being reduced, from grandeur to a private state; from royalty to a mean condition; or from the enjoyment of a spacious field of liberty, to the scanty boundaries of an house, or a little cell; nay, it is equally great, if, being every where extended, it retires into itself; forasmuch as it still keeps up a great and noble spirit, is strictly prudent, and inflexibly just; consequently is equally happy: for this happiness is situated in one and the same place; it is fixed in the mind, ever steady, grand, and tranquil: which cannot be effected without the knowledge of things both human and divine. But,

II. With regard to what I proposed as a further answer from my own opinion---A wise man is not afflicted at the loss of children or friends, for he bears *their* death with the same firmness of mind that he expects *his own*: he no more fears the one, than he grieves at the other. Virtue consists in the fitness of things, and all her works in their agreement and consonancy thereto: now, this concord is dissolved; if the mind, which ought to be sublime and stately, ever submits to demean itself with grief and sorrow: all manner of trepidation, anxiety or remissness in any action is unfit and dishonourable. For the *bonestum* (*virtue*) is secure, expeditious, unterrified, and prepared against all events. What then? will not a wise man be obliged to suffer something, that looks, at least, like perturbation (!)? Will he not sometimes change colour; his countenance be disordered; his limbs tremble; or whatever else happens, not by command of the will, but by a certain unadvised impulse of nature? It may be so, but still he will retain the same persuasion, that none of these things are evils, nor worthy that a sound mind should grieve, much less despond on this account. All that is possible to be done, or he ought to do, will be performed with earnestness and courage.

It is consummate folly for men to do what they do, with regret, idly and frowardly; to have the body impelled one way and the mind another; and to be distracted with a variety of contrary motions. Hence

it is, that where they expect admiration and honour, they meet with shame and contempt; nor do they undertake those things willingly and with affection, wherein they glory: if any evil is apprehended, they are disturbed with the expectation of it, as if it were really come; and what they are afraid lest they should suffer, they suffer through fear. As in our bodies certain symptoms precede a fit of sickness, a sudden listlessness seizeth upon the nerves, we gape and yawn, and, without any toil, weariness and a shivering run through the limbs; so, an infirm mind, before it is oppressed with any evil, is shaken; it anticipates the evil, and submits to an untimely fall. But what can be more ridiculous, than to be troubled for what is not yet come to pass? not to reserve, as it were, one's self for it; but to provoke misery and call it to ourselves, when it is certainly the best way to put it off as long as possible, though it cannot be prevented? Would you know, why no one ought to torment himself with what is to come? Consider, when a criminal has got a reprieve for fifty years, he is no longer troubled at the thoughts of his punishment; unless he skips over the intermediate space, and flings himself upon anxiety an age beforehand; in like manner it happens, that even former ills, and such as ought to have been forgotten, disturb the minds of those who are voluntarily sick, and catch at every cause of grief and pain: whereas, both the evils that are past, and such as are to come, are alike absent; we feel neither the one nor the other; and there can be no real pain, but from what we at present feel.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) — Neque ulla officii præcepta firma; stabilia, conjuncta naturæ tradi possunt, nisi aut ab iis qui *solum*, aut ab iis qui maxime *bonestatem* propter se dicant expetendam. Cic. (de Off. l. 2.) *Neither can any firm, permanent, or natural rule of duty, be laid down, but by those who esteem virtue to be the sole, or by those, who deem her to be the chief object of desire.* See Ep. 71. (N. b.)

(b) Like *Mæneas*. Ep. 19.. But I believe examples may be found in every age.

(c) As lately in this our metropolis, see Ep. 8. (N. b.)

(d) *He that walketh uprightly, walketh securely.* Prov. x. 9. xxviii. 18. *Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?* 1 Pet. iii. 13.

(e) *It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing.* John vi. 63. *For they that are in the flesh cannot please God.* Rom. viii. 1, 13. *Remember that ye were in time past Gentiles in the flesh, aliens from the commonwealth in Israel, having no hope, and without God in the world. But now ye are*

no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God. Ephes. ii. 11, 19. *See also* Rom. vii. 6. ix. 8. Gal. v. 16, 19. Phil. iii. 3, 11. Cor. vii. 1. i Pet. iv. 2, 6. ii John, 15, 17.

(f)

Nam quæ non fecimus ipsi

Vix ea nostra voco. *Ovid. Met.* 13, 140.*We cannot call another's deeds our own.*

(g) *Convepiencies*, commodæ Εὐχρηστὰ. Thus saith the Lord, *Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his strength, nor let the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that gloryeth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me that I am the Lord.* Jer. ix. 23. i Cor. i. 31. ii Cor. x. 17. *But this I say, the time is short: it remaineth that they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy as though they possessed not; and they that use this world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.* i Cor. vii. 29.

(h) Resting assured, as before, that *whatever is, is right.* Thy will be done. Matth. vi. 10.

(i) I know not but that we may justly apply this to the *Decii, Curtius*, and other antient Heathens, animated with expectation of immortal fame after death; who had some excuse for thus *glorying in their shame*; but are by no means to be set up for our guides or patterns, in the ordinary situation of human life.

(k) Ep. 120. *Magnam rem puta, unum hominem agere.* *D. Ambros.* Ep. 83.—*Vetus dictum est, adfuece unus esse; ut vita tua quandam picturam exprimat, eandem servans imaginem, quam acceperit. Endeavour to be always one and the same; representing a lasting picture.* See Ep. 20. (N. b.)

(l) See Ep. 57. (N. d.) 75. (N. e.)

EPISTLE LXXV.

Our Actions must agree with our Words.—There are certain Degrees in the Way to Perfection.

YOU are pleased, *Lucilius*, to complain, that my Epistles are not so accurate as usual: he that studies to speak accurately, generally speaks affectedly: in the same free and easy stile that I would converse with you, were we sitting or walking together, I would fain write my Epistles; without any thing forced or disguised by art. If it were possible, I should chuse to express my mind rather by signs than words.

Even

Even were I disputing, I would not stamp with my feet or tofs about my hands, or raise my voice; I would leave such gestures and vociferation to public orators, being satisfied with conveying to you my meaning, without endeavouring to adorn, and explain it away: and of this one thing I should be glad to convince you, that I speak as I think; that whatever I advance, I not only *believe* myself, but *love* it also. Men salute not their children with that ardency they do their mistresses, yet even in that sacred and moderate embrace they give sufficient testimony of their affection. However I would not what I write on these great matters should be dry and jejune; nor indeed does philosophy renounce all manner of wit and humour: yet there is no necessity for taking much pains in seeking proper words. Let this be the sum of our intention, to speak what we think, and to think what we speak: let our speech agree with our conduct in life. He hath fulfilled his engagements, who, both when you see, and when you hear, him, is the same man. We shall soon see, what, and how great a man he is, whose importance consists in ever being one and the same (*a*).

Our words must be formed rather to instruct, than to please; yet, if a man is not over-anxious after eloquence, if it flows naturally, without pains or affectation, let him use and employ it on the most worthy subjects; yet so as to display the thing desigh'd, rather than his own vanity. Other arts belong wholly to ingenuity and fancy; but here the very soul is concerned. The sick man enquires not after an eloquent physician, one that can prattle, but one that can cure him. But should it so happen, that the same person who knows how to cure, can also harangue fluently and neatly upon what he is about, let it be taken in good part; there is no reason however the patient should congratulate himself upon the happiness of having so facetious a doctor; for this is no more a necessary qualification in a physician, than for a skilful pilot to be an handsome man. (I should say, were it my case, " why do you tickle my ears? why do you study to delight me? " This is not our present business, I am to be cauterized, to be lanced, " * to be almost starved: you are called in to prescribe such things, in " order to cure an old, stubborn, and grievous disease; you have as
" much

“ much business cut out for you, as for a physician in time of pestilence; and do you think that talking is all you have to do? it will be time enough to talk and even to rejoice, if you can perform a cure.” (Or without a metaphor) When will you learn the many things that are to be learned? When will you so fix them in the mind that they cannot be erased? When will you put them to trial? For it is not enough to treasure up these like other things in the memory; they must be called forth to action. He is not the happy man, who knoweth these things, but he that *doeth* them.

What then, is there no degrees below such a one? Is a man exalted at once to the perfection of wisdom? I think not. For though a man, who has made a beginning, may still be reckoned among the ignorant, yet there is a wide difference between them; as there is even among the proficient themselves (*c*); who are divided, according to some, into three classes: the first are they (*d*), who, though they have not reached wisdom, are come to the borders of it; and being only near, are still *without*: I mean those, who having laid aside all vicious passions and affections, are come to the knowledge of what is right; but they have not put their confidence to trial, nor their good in practice: yet even now, there is no fear of their relapsing into those vices they have solemnly eschewed; they are arrived there, from whence they cannot go back: but this is not as yet manifest to themselves; or, as I have elsewhere expressed myself in a former Epistle, they are *ignorant of their own knowledge*; they are so happy as to enjoy their *good*, but not so happy as to confide therein. Some consider these proficient of whom I am speaking, as men who have escaped the diseases of the mind, but not being as yet entire masters of their affections, they still walk in slippery places, because no one is out of the reach of malignity, but he that hath entirely thrown it off; and no one hath entirely thrown it off, but he that hath substituted virtue in its room.

I have shewn you, *Lucilius*, the difference between the diseases of the mind and the affections (*e*); and shall now remind you of it again. The diseases of the mind are inveterate and stubborn vices, such as avarice, and

and vain-glorious ambition: when they have infected the mind, and begin to fix a perpetual residence therein. In a word, it is a grievous disease, when the judgment is so perverted as to be pertinacious of trifles; as if those things that are attainable by the slightest means were to be pursued with all our might; or thus, if you please:—to desire that over-vehemently, which ought scarcely to be wished for, or perhaps not at all (*f*); and to hold *that* in great esteem, which deserves but little, or perhaps contempt. But the affections are certain motions of the mind, unaccountable, sudden, and violent, which being frequent, and for a while neglected, introduce a troublesome malady; as a small defluxion of rheum, not yet grown constitutional, causeth a cough; but by continuance and neglect brings on a confirmed asthma.

Therefore, they who have made the greatest proficiency in the way we are speaking of, however subject to the affections, yet being free from the diseases of the mind, come nearest to the adepts in wisdom.

The second sort are they who have thrown off the greatest evils of the mind, and all untoward passions; yet not so as to be in full possession of their security; for 'tis possible they may relapse.

A third sort are they who have taken leave of many and great vices, but not all. They avoid covetousness, but are still subject to anger: they are not solicited by voluptuousness, but still are ambitious; they are not much tortured by desire, but they still live in fear; but even amidst their fear, the mind is sufficiently firm against some things, yet yields to others; it despiseth death, yet dreads to suffer pain.

Let us reflect a little upon the last order; it were well if we were admitted even here: by a particular felicity of nature, and by continual study and application of the mind, a place in the second is attainable; yet the third has its merit. Consider what numberless evils are spread around: there is no sin but what you see exemplified: wickedness is daily making greater progress both in public and private life: and you will learn from hence, that it is somewhat commendable, not to be so wicked as the rest of the world. But, you say, you hope to be admit-

ted of an higher order. This indeed is what I could rather wish for ourselves than promise: we seem pre-engaged: we aim at virtue, but are busied in vice: I am ashamed to say it, we follow what is good only as opportunity serves (g).

But how great will be our reward if we throw off our present engagements, and release ourselves from these bonds! So shall no unwarrantable desire nor fear assail us; unharrassed by terrors, uncorrupted by pleasures, we shall fear neither death, nor the power of the gods; we shall know that death is no evil, and the gods too good to be the authors of evil (h): he that hurteth is as weak as he that is hurt: the best things have no noxious qualities. If then we disengage ourselves from these dregs, and rise to the sublime and noble height of wisdom; tranquillity of mind, and absolute liberty, all sin and error excluded, will be our portion (i). And what is this, but not to fear man below, nor dread the powers above; not to will what is base and vile, nor covet superabundance; and especially to have an absolute command over ourselves? for believe me, *Lucilius*, to be master of one's self, is to be in possession of an inestimable treasure.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

I cannot but think, the former part of this Epistle instead of concluding this Volume, would have served very well for a Preface to it; but supposing somewhat more would be required, I endeavour'd to oblige the courteous reader therewith.

(a) See Ep. 20. (N. b.) 35. 74. (N. k.)

* I have somewhere before observed that the *physicians* of old, were likewise *surgeons*. So, in *Homer*, *l.* 832.

Ἰπποὶ μὲν γὰρ ποδολεῖρος ἦδ' Ἰ Μάχαων.—

*Of two fam'd surgeons Podolarius stands
This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon wounded, in his tent,
Now wants the succour, which so oft he lent.* Pope.

Who observes in his Note, that *Machaon* in having cured *Philoctetes*, was an abler physician than *Chiron*, who could not cure himself of the like poisonous wound.

They are still so abroad; as under a print of my friend, the incomparable *Handel's* father, there is a *German* inscription, to the following purpose:

*This print George Handel's pourtraiture displays;
'Tis hard to say, which most demands our praise,
His dextrous hand, or well experienc'd art,
In the physician's, or the surgeon's part.*

(b) See

(b) See Ep. 16. (N. c.) 20. (N. a.) *If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.* John xlii. 17. *Not the bearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified.* Rom. ii. 15. *Be ye doers of the word, not bearers only, deceiving your own selves, &c.* James i. 22. See also Matth. vii. 21.

(c) See Ep. 71. 72. (N. c.) *Nostum vitium est, qui quod dicitur de sapiente, exigimus et a proficiente.* Sen. (de vit. beat. c. 24.) *We are much to blame if we expect from the proficient the perfection of a wise man.*

(d) Stobæ. 101. Ο' δ' ἐπ' ἀρχῶν προκρίτων, πάντα πάντως ἀποδιδόναι τὰ καθήκοντα, κ. τ. λ. *Cbrysippus asserts, that though a proficient of the first class should do every thing, and leave nothing undone, that becomes a good man; yet his life cannot be said to be completely happy, until these ordinary actions are worked up into habits, and a peculiar firmness and constancy of mind.*

(e) *Cicero* often confounds them, and calls *affections* diseases.—Tuscul. iv.—Intelligatur perturbationem (*Seneca*, affectum) jactantibus se opinionibus inconstanter et turbide, in motu esse semper; cum autem hic fervor concitatio que animi inveteraverit, et tanquam in venis medullisque insederit, tum existit et morbus. *Let us then understand perturbation, (called by Seneca affection) to imply a restlessness from the variety and confusion of contradictory opinions; and that when this heat or disturbance of the mind is of any standing, and has taken up its residence, as it were, in the veins and marrow, then commence diseases and sickness, and those aversions which are in opposition to them.*

(f) The like definition in *Laertius*; Νοσῖμα, ἰστίῳ οἰκῇ σπουδα δονήτος ἀρετῆ. *It is a disease, so set so high a value upon any thing, however desirable.*

(g) See Ep. 52. (N. a.)

(b) This reminds me of the extravagant rant in *Randolph's* *Muses' Looking-glass*.—

Apobobos. “What can there be

“That I should fear? The gods? If they be good,

“’Tis sin to fear them: if not good, no gods;

“And then let them fear me.”—Act ii. Sc. 2.

(i) *Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? But if ye suffer for righteousness sake, happy are ye; be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled, but sanctify the Lord God in your hearts, &c.* i Pet. iii. 13.

I shall conclude this volume, with an observation from *Cicero's Lælius*, pertinent to this Epistle. “I would not be thought (says he) to adopt the sentiments of those speculative moralists, who pretend that no man can justly be deemed *virtuous*, who is not arrived at that sort of absolute perfection, which constitutes, according to their ideas, the character of genuine wisdom. This opinion may appear true, perhaps, in theory, but is altogether inapplicable to any useful purpose of society; as it supposes a degree of virtue, to which no mortal was ever capable of rising.—In my opinion, whoever restrains his passions within the bounds of reason, and uniformly acts, in all the various relations of life, upon one steady consistent principle of approved honour, justice, and beneficence, that man is, in reality, as well as in common estimation, strictly and truly *good*: inasmuch as he regulates his conduct (so far, I mean, as is compatible with human frailty) by a constant obedience to those best guides of moral rectitude, *the sacred laws of Nature*.”—So far *Cicero*; and his elegant translator, as a good and grateful Christian, is pleased to add his acknowledgment of the superior excellency of divine revelation; “which not only exhorts to virtue, upon motives far more suitable to the moral constitution and circumstances of human nature, but supplies in the person of its sacred Author, that real and animating example of *consummate* perfection, which the disciples of *Zeno* could only form to themselves in *imagination*.” (Remark, N. 19.)—Moreover, though it is certain, on the Christian scheme, that ever since the apostacy and rebellion in Paradise, *be that faith*
be

T H E
E P I S T L E S
O F
L U C I U S A N N Æ U S S E N E C A.

E P I S T L E LXXVI.

On Wisdom; the chief Good.

Y O U threaten, *Lucilius*, to take it ill, if I do not inform you of my daily transactions. Observe how ready I am sincerely to answer your request. I go to hear a certain philosopher; and it is now the fifth day that I have attended his school, and heard him dispute from the eighth hour of the morning. *At a good age, truly!* Indeed I think so, *Lucilius*, (though you laugh); for what can be more ridiculous than to think, because you have some time desisted from study, you need no further instruction? What would you have me do? mount my horse, and act the young esquire (*a*)? Happy would it be for me indeed, if this (*going to school*, as you call it) was the only thing that disgraced my old age!

The school of philosophy invites men of every age: here let us grow old, and still follow it as earnestly as young men (*b*). Shall I at this age frequent the theatre, and be carried into the circus, and no

two gladiators be matched to fight without my presence; and at the same time shall I be ashamed to attend the lectures of a philosopher? No; a man must still be learning somewhat, as long as there is any thing to be learned; that is, according to the proverb, *as long as he lives* (c). Nor is this more applicable to any other purpose than to the following, *you must be learning as long as you live*, how to live. But know also, that I teach at the same time: do you ask what? why, that old age hath always somewhat still to learn: and indeed in this respect, I am ashamed of the folly of mankind. You know the way to the house of *Metronactes*, is by the *Neapolitan* theatre; this I find always full; and it is debated with great earnestness, who is the best piper. Nay, a Grecian fidler or the common cryer shall gather around them a vast concourse of people: but the place where a man is taught sound morality, very few attend (d); and such as are pleased to attend, are thought by many to have no extraordinary business there; nay are even called idle blockheads. They may laugh at *me* too if they please; the opprobrious language of the rude and illiterate is easily to be borne: and their contempt to be despised by those, whose endeavours aim at what is right and fit.

Go on, my *Lucilius*, and make all the speed you can, that it may not be your case as it was mine, to be obliged to learn in your old age; and hasten so much the more; because you have undertaken that which you can scarce be master of, live you ever so long. What *improvement shall I make?* as much as you endeavour after (e). *What do you expect?* wisdom is not an accidental accomplishment. Riches will sometimes come of themselves, honour will be offered you; favour and dignity, will haply be your portion; but virtue is not to be obtained but by great and incessant labour; but it is worth while so much the more to labour, as this will confer all good whatever: for this indeed is *the only good*. There is no truth, no certainty, in those things, so highly extolled by common fame. But I will now shew you, the *honestum*, or *virtue*, is the *only good*: because you seem to think that in my former epistle I have not executed the said purpose; and that I have exhibited virtue rather as recommended, than proved; and to contract all in a few words.

Know,

Know, that *all things have their proper good*. Fertility recommends the vine, as a fine flavour does the juice of the grape; the excellency in a stag is swiftness; in beasts of burthen, a strong back: an exquisite quickness of scent distinguishes the hound; speed the greyhound; fierceness and courage the bull-dog, or such as are ordained to attack wild beasts (*f*): and what is the excellency in man? *reason*. It is this, wherein man excels the brute creation, and draws near to the gods (*M*). Perfect reason therefore is the proper good of men. Other qualities he hath in common with plants and animals: is he strong? so are lions. Is he beautiful? so are peacocks. Is he swift? so are horses. I do not say how far he may excell, or be excelled in any of these points; for I am not enquiring after what is greatest in him, but what is *his own*. Has he a body? so has a tree. Has he internal power of self-motion? so have beasts, and even worms. Hath he a voice? some dogs have a louder; more shrill is that of the eagle, more deep that of the bull, and more sweet and voluble is the voice of the nightingale. What then is proper only to man? *reason*. This when right and perfect, completes the happiness of man. If therefore every thing that hath accomplished its own proper good, is praise-worthy, and hath reached the end of nature's designation; reason being the proper good of man, if he hath perfected the same, he is then praise worthy, and hath attained the end of being. Now, this reason when perfect, is called *virtue*, or what is *right and fit* in all circumstances. That therefore is the *one* good in man, which is his proper good: for we are not now enquiring after what is good, but what is the peculiar good of man. If there is no other good peculiar to man, then this is the *one good*, in which is comprehended all other.

Further, is any one a bad man, I doubt not but he will be condemned; and if good he will be approved of: that therefore is, the proper and only good in man, according to which he is blamed, or praised. But perhaps you doubt not whether this be a good, but whether it be the *only* good. Surely, if a man hath all other enjoyments of life, as health, riches, statues of his ancestors, and a large levee of his own, but is confessedly a bad man, you will condemn him. Again, if a

man hath none of these things, if he wants money; hath no clients, is not noble: nor can boast a long line of ancestors, yet is a good man; you cannot but commend him. Therefore that is the *only* good of man, which if he possesses, tho' destitute of all other things, he is very respectable, and praise-worthy; and he that hath it not, tho' in full possession of all other enjoyments, is condemned and despised. As the condition of other things; such is that of man. It is called a good ship, not because it is painted with the most brilliant colours; and hath its decks of silver or gold; and its prow decorated with ivory (*b*); nor because it is freighted with royal treasures; but because it is not crank, but firm and steady; well caulked, so as to admit no leak, and with such strong sides, as to defy the violence of the waves; ever obedient to the rudder; and swift and easy to tack about with every wind. You will not call a sword good for hanging at a golden belt, and having the hilt adorn'd with jewels: but because it carries a fine edge for cutting, and a point able to pierce an armour of steel. A ruler or square is not required to be beautiful, but strait and true. Every thing is excellent when adapted to its proper use (*i*). Therefore in man also, it is of little avail, how many acres he ploughs, how much money he hath out at interest; how many salute him by the way; how rich his bed; or how transparent and costly his cup; but how *good* a man he is; now, he ~~is~~ is a good man, whose reason is explicit and right; in all respects adapted to the will of nature. This is all called *virtue*; this is the *Honestum*, and *only* good of man. For since reason alone perfects the man; perfect reason alone hath made him happy; and that is the only good of man, by which only he is made happy.

We likewise call all those things good, which proceed from or are in contact with virtue; they are all her works. But, therefore is virtue *only* good, because there cannot be any good without her. And if all good be in the mind, whatever strengthens, exalts, and enlarges the mind, is good. Now virtue makes the mind stronger, nobler, more extensive. Whereas all other things, which provoke our appetites and desires, depress and weaken the mind; and when they seem to raise, they only puff it up, and delude it with much vanity. Therefore that is the only good,

good, which improves the mind. All the actions of the whole life of man are measured by the moral sense of good and evil, from whence reason takes her directions for doing, or not doing such and such things. I shall further explain this.

A good man will always do what is right and fit, whatever pains it costs him. Again, he will not do any thing, that is base and vile, were he to gain thereby riches, or pleasure or power. He will not abstain from what is right, for any terror; nor, by any hopes whatever, be drawn in to a base action. Therefore as he will follow what is just and fit, he will always eschew what is unjust and vile; and in every action in life, he will have these two principles in view; that there is no good but what is right and fit, nor any evil but what is vile and scandalous. If then virtue alone is pure, and ever of the same tenour; virtue is the only *good*; nor is it possible it should be otherwise than good. Wisdom is not subject to the danger of a change; as it is not to be taken from us forcibly, nor will ever revert into folly (*). I told you, if you remember, that many by a sudden transport of zeal, have contemn'd and trodden under foot things so indiscreetly coveted or dreaded by the vulgar: there have been found those, who would thrust their hand into the flames (†); whose smiles no torture could interrupt (‡), who have not shed a tear at the loss of their children: and have themselves met death with intrepidity. Love, anger, desire, have defied all manner of danger. And if a short obstinacy of the mind, inspired by some sudden impulse could do this, how much more can virtue, which is strong, not by fits, or on a sudden, but with ever-equal steadiness, and whose strength never faileth? It follows then, that such things, as are despised, *sometimes* by the rash and inconsiderate, and *always* by the wise, are in themselves neither good nor evil. The only good therefore is virtue, who proudly marches between good and bad fortune, and treats them both alike with contempt. If you fancy, there is any good, but such as consists in what is *right and fit*, there is no virtue but what will prove defective: for none can be obtained, if it has regard to any thing without, or beyond itself. And were it so, it would be repugnant

to reason, from whence proceed all virtues; and also to truth, which subsists in reason: now whatever opinion is repugnant to truth, is false.

Further, you must grant it necessary for a good man to be truly pious, and to have the highest veneration for the gods; consequently whatever happens to him, he will bear it with a patient and even mind, being persuaded that it proceeds from the Divine Law, which governs the universe. And if so, that will be the only good to him, which is right and fit: forasmuch as it consists in this, to obey the gods, not to fall into sudden passions, nor to bewail his lot, but patiently to abide his fate, and willingly perform what is enjoined by the powers above. Besides, was there any other good than what is right and fit, we should be persecuted with the desire of life, and an insatiable hankering after all the requisites thereto, which is intolerable, infinite, vague: therefore what is right and fit, is the only good, because it hath its certain measure and end.

I have before said, if those things of which the gods make no use, such as riches and honours, were really *good*, the life of man would be much more happy than that of the gods: add now, that if souls, when set free from the body, still exist, they are in a much happier state than when detained in the body (*m*). But if those things be good, which are made use of while in the body, it would then be worse for them to have been set free; but it is not credible that being imprisoned and confined they should be happier than when at liberty to range the universe. I said also, if those things be good, which happen to dumb animals as well as to man, that then even dumb animals live an happy life: which by no means can be admitted. All things are to be endured for the sake of virtue, or doing that which is right and fit; but this would be unreasonable, if there was any other real good but virtue.

Thus, *Lucilius*, have I contracted and run through the several points, which I explained more at large in my former Epistle. But you will never approve of this my opinion or think it true, unless you raise
your

your mind, and ask yourself this question; whether, *if upon an emergency you are required to die for your country, and to redeem your fellow-citizens at the expence of your own life, you would stretch out your neck to the sword, not only with a patient but a willing mind?* If you can do this, there is no other good: you postpone all things to this. See how great is the force of virtue. You will die for the good of the commonweal, though it be not at present required of you, yet whenever it shall so happen. In the mean while, from a good and beautiful action, great joy may be received in a short space of time; and though no benefit from the said action were to accrue to the person defunct, and taken from the world, yet the very contemplation of the good intended gives delight; and the brave and just man, when he hath in view the price and consequence of his death, suppose, the liberty of his country, and the welfare of all those for whom he lays down his life, is in the highest glee, and enjoys his peril. Nay, even he that is deprived of the joy, which the execution of so great an affair would give him, as the greatest and last pleasure of his life, will yet brook no delay, but will rush upon death, well satisfied with doing what is right and fit, supposing it right and fit so to do.

Oppose to this however all that can be objected against it: tell him, *the favour will soon be lost, and buried in oblivion: that the citizens will not make him any return of grateful esteem.* He will readily answer, *all these things concern not my action: I consider it in itself: I know it to be right and fit; therefore wherever it leads or invites me, I come.* This then is the *one good*, which not only a perfect mind, but a generous and good disposition is sensible of. All other things are light and changeable: therefore they are possessed with anxiety, though kind fortune heaped them all upon one man: they become a heavy burden to the owners, they always oppress them, and sometimes weigh them down. Not one of those whom you see arrayed in purple, is happy; any more than those whom you see dressed up for kings on the stage: they strut in their buskins, and look big during the time of action; but having made their exit, they are disrobed, and shrink again to their own stature. Not one of those whom wealth and honours have set on
high

high is a great man. How comes it then that he seems so? Because you measure him base and all. A dwarf is still little though you set him upon a mountain; and a Colossus will maintain his bulk though he stands in a well. This then is the error we labour under: thus it is we impose upon ourselves: we esteem no one according to what he really is in himself; but we add to him all external advantages: but in order to make a true estimate of man, and to know what he really is, view him in himself: let him lay aside his patrimony, his honours, and all the lying ornaments of fortune. Nay, let him throw off the body; inspect the mind alone; examine what, and how great it is, and whether great in itself, or from some foreign good. If with a steady eye he can look upon the drawn sword; if he knows that it is of little concern, whether the soul depart from him naturally, or forcibly from a wound, call him happy. If he is threatened with excruciating torture of the body, either such as is casual or inflicted by the injurious treatment of those in power; if, of chains and banishment, and all the terrors that affright the mind of man, he hears without anxiety, and faith (with *Æneas* in *Virg.* 6. 103)

— Non ulla laborum,

O virgo, nova mi facies inopinave surgit.

Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ipse peregi.

— No terror to my view,

No frightful face of danger can be new.

Innur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,

The Fates, without my pow'r, shall be without my care.

Dryden.

You but now threaten me with these things, but I always threatened myself with them; being a man, I was always prepared against whatever man is subject to; call him happy. The stroke of an evil preconceived, comes easy: but to fools and such as trust in fortune, every change seems new, and comes upon them with surprize; and the greatest part of evil, to the unexperienced and unprepared, is the novelty of it. This you may learn from their bearing patiently such things as they have been accustomed to. Therefore a wise man makes himself acquainted with evils ere they happen, and such as others make light by long suffering,
he

he makes easy by due reflexion. We often hear the unskilful crying out, *I could not imagine that this would ever be my lot.* But the wise man knows that all things are incident to him, and therefore whatever happens he saith, *It is what I expected (o).*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Troffuli] See Ep. 87. *Lips.* Elect. ii. 1. Perf. Sat. i. 81. ubi in N.—Troffulus, vel a Troffulo Tuscorum oppido: vel qu. Torofulus dim. a Torofus, ut notentur homines delicatuli.

— Unde istud dedecus in quo

Troffulus exultat tibi per subfellia lævis?

Whence that disgrace, when the assemblies meet,

To see a coccumb skip from seat to seat?

(b) In hac Senecam, hanc ut juvenes sequamur. *Lipsius* doubts this expression, scholam sequi.—But *Gronovius* proves it just, from *Cicero*, when *sequi* is used in the same sense with *petere*; and adds from *Virgil*, Italiam sequimur.—However, he is not satisfied with the reading, as all the MSS. want the demonstrative pronoun *hanc*; and therefore proposeth the conjecture of *Schrevelius*, In hanc Senecam, ut juvenes sequantur.—Let us old men go thither, that the young men may follow us.

(c) According to that in *Plato* (in amator) τί ὅν ἐστι φιλοσοφῆσαι; κ. τ. λ. *what is it to philosophize? what, but as Solon saith,*

Γηρασκω δ' ἔτι πολλά διδασκαμενος;

I still learn somewhat as I grow in years.

Live and learn, says the English proverb. *Non si finisce mai d' imparare.* Ital.—And very properly, as *Hippocrates* begins his aphorisms with, *Ars longa, vita brevis.* Ray, p. 170. *Lips.* Manud. i. 1.

(d) According to the proverb in *Cicero*, (de Orat. ii.) Discum audire malunt quam philosophum. *They will rather hear the sound of a Coit than a philosopher.* Which *Erasmus* (i. v. 2. 19) thinks may be transferred to (discus escarius) *the rattling of plates for dinner.*

(e) This is according to the Stoical maxim; Velis esse bonus, eris. *If you have an inclination to be good, you will be so.*

(f) So Phocylides. Οταν ἑκαστῷ νῆιμς θεῷ, φωνὴν ἡρώων,

Ὅρνιθι-μὲν πολλὰν ταχυτέτ', ἀλκίῳ τε λευγῇ,

Ταυροῖς δ' αὐτοχυτῆς καρέουσι κέντρα μαλ' ἰσχυρῆς,

Ἐμφυτῷ ἀλκαρ ἰδῶκα. λόγος δ' ἔρμ' ἀνδρωποῖσι.

On every animal hath Nature's God

Its proper useful implement bestow'd.

To all the feather'd choir swiftness of wing,

To bulls their sprouting horns, to bees their sting.

Reason his strength, and surest guard, is giv'n

To man alone, the richest gift of heav'n. M.

Sidon. Apoll. vii. 14. Statum nostrum supra pecudes—Ratiocinatio animæ intellectualis exivit, &c. *Nistorius* Genes. i.

Unumquodque suo donavit munere largus

Armavitque manu, cornu, pede, dente, veneno, &c.

Boetius. iii. 8. Jam verò qui bona prae se corporis ferunt, quàm exiguâ, quàm fragili possessione!

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C

aituntur!

nituntur! Nam etiam elephantes mole, tauros robere superare poteritis? Num tigres velocitate præibitis, &c. *Now is it wel yfene, how litel and how brytel possiſſion they coveten, that putten the goodes of the bodie above her own reason. For mayſt thou ſurmounten theſe oliſaunts in greatneſſe, or in weicht of bodie? or mayſt thou be ſtronger than the bull? mayſt thou be ſwifter than the tyger? &c.*

Chaucer.

Cic. de Nat. Deor. ii. de Fin. v. Sen. Ep. ult.

(g) Deos ſequitur] *Inferieur a un ſeul Dieu.* Vet. Gall.

Puteanus reads it, Diis æquatur. *He is equal to the gods,* according to the infolence of the Stoics. See Epp. 31, 92.

(b) Navis tutela] Gr. Νῆος περιποιον, Lat. Inſigne. *The image,* from whence the ſhip generally had its name.—Tutelæque Deum ſuivant. *Sil.*

—Et pictos verberat unda Deos

Navis tutelam—Ov. de Triſt. i.

Viſa coronatæ fulgens tutela carinæ. *Val. Flacc. i.* Vid. Brodæ, Miſc. i. 10. Turn.

Adv. xix. 2.

(i) See an ingenious modern treatiſe, called *The Analyſis of Beauty*, by Mr. Hogarth, p. 72.

* For according to the Stoics their wiſe man is ever fixed on good.

(k) As *Mutius Scævola*, Ep. 24.

(l) As the ſervant who in revenge of his maſter killed *Aſdrubal*.

(m) This is one of thoſe paſſages, wherein *Seneca* ſpeaks in a clear and noble manner of the happineſs of ſouls after death, when freed from the incumbrance of the body, and received into the place or region of departed ſouls. *Vid. Conſol. ad Polyb. c. 28. Conſ. ad Marc. c. 25.* But eſpecially *Epift. 102*, where he has ſome ſublime thoughts on this ſubject, and among the reſt—*Dies iſte quem tanquam extremum reformidas, æterni natalis eſt. The day which you dread as the laſt of life, is to be regarded as the birth-day of an eternal one*—though it muſt be owned he ſpeaks of this elſewhere with doubt and uncertainty. See *Leland ii. p. 287.*

(n) They ſtrut and fret their hour upon the ſtage,
And then are heard no more.—*Hamlet.*

(o) *Dixit, ſciebam.*] As ſome of the editions want *ſciebam*, I was thinking that if we might transfer the three letters *S. V. B.* which begin the next *Epistle*, and inſtead of *Si Vales, Bene eſt*, they might be allowed to ſtand for *Si Vult (Deus) Bene eſt*, this would make a proper ejaculation not only for a wiſe heathen, but a good Chriſtian; *God's will be done.*

EPISTLE LXXVII.

Against the Fear of Death.

I (*Hope you are well; (a) and*) beg leave to inform you, *Lucilius*, that, this day, ſomewhat unexpectedly appeared in ſight the *Alexandrian ſhips* (*b*), which are uſually ſent before to announce the approach of
the

the whole fleet; they are called packet boats. Very grateful was the sight of them to all *Campania*: The people were standing on the mole of *Puteoli*, and could easily distinguish the *Alexandrian* from the rest of the numerous fleet by their sails; forasmuch as these vessels alone have the privilege of spreading their top-sails, which the other never *hoyst*, but when out at sea: as nothing contributes more to swift sailing, than the top-sail by which the vessel is chiefly carried along; therefore when the wind riseth, and blows too smart a gale; the top-yard is generally struck, whereby the wind hath less force on the body of the ship. Now when they have enter'd between *Caprea* and the promontory, from whence

Alta procelloso speculatur vertice Pallas *,

Pallas looks down upon the foamy deep.

The rest are oblig'd to be contented with the mainsail, and the top-sail (c) is left as a mark of distinction to the *Alexandrian*. In this great concourse of people, that were flocking to the shore, I enjoyed some satisfaction in walking at my leisure, forasmuch as tho' I expected letters from my correspondents; I was in no such great hurry to know their contents, and how my affairs stood at *Alexandria*; having long since been indifferent either to loss or gain. Was I not so old as I am, I should still have thought the same; but much more now, when, however small my stock, I have far more provision left, than way to travel (d), especially too, when on a journey, which there is no necessity I should completely finish. A journey cannot be said to be finished if you stop in the midway, or before you have reached the destin'd place; but the journey of life is such, that it is at all times complete, provided it be just and honorable. Whenever you finish it, if finished well, it will be entire: nay it may sometimes be finished courageously even upon the slightest cause; for in truth there are no other that detain us here.

Tullius Marcellinus, whom you knew very well, a sweet-temper'd youth, but of a crazy constitution, was surpris'd by a disease, not perhaps incurable, but such as was tedious, and very troublesome, and which oblig'd him to suffer much; he therefore was deliberating

concerning death. He called many friends about him: when some of them, of a timorous disposition, persuaded him to act, as they should in the like case; while others, more inclined to sooth and flatter, gave him such advice, as they thought would be most acceptable to him. But at last a friend of ours, a *Stoic*, a most excellent man, and to give him his due commendation, strenuously brave, gave him, as I think, most admirable counsel, when he began as follows; *Be not overmuch concern'd, dear Marcellinus, as if you was deliberating on some affair of consequence; it is no such great matter to live; all your slaves, and all sorts of animals live; but it is a great thing to die honorably, prudently, and courageously. Consider how long you must still be doing the same thing; food, sleep, dalliance, fill up the round of life; so that not the prudent and brave, or the wretched, but even the most delicate and effeminate may well be willing to die:* this he said; when *Marcellinus* stood in more need of an assistant than a counsellor; his servants loved him too well to obey him in this respect; the stoic therefore first endeavour'd to root out their fears; and shewed them, that domestic slaves were then only in danger, when it was uncertain, whether their master came by his death, voluntarily or not (*e*); and besides, that they would set as bad an example, in preventing him, when desirous to die, as in killing him (*f*). And then he exhorted *Marcellinus* himself to a kind and generous action: that, as, when supper is ended, what is left is divided among the standers-by; so, at the conclusion of life, some legacies were due to those who had waited upon him all his days. *Marcellinus* was of an easy and liberal disposition, especially in those things that were properly his own; he therefore parcell'd out some small sums to his servants who stood weeping by; and gave them all the consolation in his power. There was no need of the sword, or shedding of blood: he entirely abstained from food three days; and having ordered his pavilion to be placed in his bed-chamber, as also his bathing tub, he lay therein; and having warm water continually poured over him, he grew fainter by degrees, and as he declared, not without a sensation of pleasure; such as a gentle swooning is apt to bring, and as we have often experienced who have been subject to fainting.

I doubt

I doubt not but that this digression will be acceptable to you; as you will learn from hence, that your friend made not either a painful or miserable exit. For tho' indeed he brought death upon himself, yet it was in such an easy manner, that he rather seemed to steal out of life. The relation likewise of this incident hath its use; as such an example of conduct is sometimes necessary (*g*). We have often reason to wish to die, and yet we are not willing; and when we really die, it is with regret.

No one indeed is so ignorant, but that he knows he must die; yet when the time draws near, he flinches, he trembles, he weeps. Would you not think a man ridiculously foolish, who weeps, because he did not live a thousand years ago? it is equally absurd, for him to weep, because he shall not live a thousand years hence. There is no difference between, *thou shalt not be, and thou hast not been*. In either of these times you have no concern. Your lot is fallen upon a point; which if you would prolong, how many years will you think to prolong it? why do you weep? what do you require? it is to no purpose.

Define Fata Deum flecti sperare precando.

They are settled and fixed; they are conducted by a powerful and everlasting necessity. You will go, where all things go. Is there any thing strange in this? you was born upon these conditions: your parents, your ancestors, and all posterity are subject to the same. A chain of causes, invincible and invariable, binds and draws all things with it. What numbers shall follow you, when you are dead! how many shall accompany you in death! I am persuaded that you would be more contagious, if thousands were to die with you: know then, that, at this very moment in which you make such a difficulty in dying, thousands of men, and other animals, are breathing their last by various kinds of death. And did you not think, you should one day reach the place, to which you have been travelling your whole life? every journey has its end. You perhaps now expect I should strengthen my exhortation by the example of some great man; no, I shall only give you one of a young lad: I mean, that famous Lacedæmonian, who tho' a stripling, when taken prisoner cried out in the *Doric* dialect, *I*

will

will not be a slave; and made good his words; for at the first vile and mean office that he was put upon, (the emptying a close-stool) rather than comply, he dashed his brains out against the wall. When liberty is so near to a man, shall he submit to slavery? had you not rather a son of yours should die so gloriously, than grow old in idleness and dishonour? Why then are you disturb'd at the thoughts of death; when even a child can die so courageously? and what if you are unwilling to go, know you not, that you soon will be compelled! transfer this power, to yourself (*k*). Will you not assume the magnanimity of a boy, and say, *I will not be a slave*? Thou wretch, a slave to men, and, among other things, to life! for life if you have not courage to die, is servitude. Have you any thing more to wait for? you have already enjoy'd those pleasures that make you so dilatory, and still detain you. None of them are new to you (*l*); none, but what are become disgustful from satiety. The taste of metheglin you know; and the taste of wine; no matter, whether an hundred or a thousand rundlets have pass'd through you. You are a mere strainer. No one knows better the flavour of an oyster, or of a mullet: in short, your luxury hath left nothing in store for you to treat your palate with a novelty. And yet these are the things you are so forcibly plucked away from. What else, I say, is there that you complain of being robbed of? your friends, and your country? but did you ever honour them so far as to put off your supper on their account? nay if you could, I believe you would extinguish the sun itself. For what did you ever do that would bear the light! confess, O man; that it is not any respect to the senate, or forum, or to the nature of things that makes you so backward and afraid to die. No; you unwillingly bid adieu to the shambles, though you have left nothing there untasted. You are afraid of death: and yet you seem to contemn it, in the height of your pleasures. You would fain live; for you know what life is, but you know not what death may be; and therefore are afraid of it (*m*). But is not such a life death itself? As *Caligula* was passing along the latin way, an enchained prisoner, who had a beard down to his girdle, asked death of him: *why*, said the Emperor, *do you think then you are still alive*? The same answer may be made to those whom death can in any

any way give relief to. Are you afraid to die? *do you think then you are still alive? yes surely, you will say, and I would still live; for I employ myself in many good and decent actions: I am unwilling to forego the duties of life, which I perform with fidelity and industry.* What then, know you not, that it is one of the duties of life, to die? You forego no duty; for the number of them being uncertain, what was incumbent upon you is already finished (*n*). There is no life, that can be called *long*. For if you consider the nature of things, the life of *Nestor* or *Statilia* (*o*), was comparatively short; though the latter order'd an inscription on her monument, to shew that she had lived ninety nine years. You see how an old woman can glory in her length of days. Surely her vanity would have been insupportable could she have completed her hundredth year. Life is like a play upon the stage; it signifies not how long it lasts, but how well it is acted (*p*). Die when, or where you will, think only on making a good and decent exit (*q*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) S. V. B. Si vales benè. *Muret.* But *Lipfius* rejects this form, as not exhibited in the MSS. nor agreeable to the custom of the times. See the last note of the foregoing Epistle.

(*b*) Vid. *Lipf.* Elect. i. c. 8. de frumentatione.—*Suet.* Aug. c. 98.

* Where stood a temple of *Minerva*, to whom the sailors, as there was danger in weathering the point, made libation, according to *Statius*;

Prima salutavit capreas, et margine dextro
Sparsit Tyrrhenæ Marcotica vina Minervæ.

(*c*) Supparum] al. separum vel sipparum.—*Luc.* v. 428.

Obliquat lævo pede carbasa, summaque pandens
Suppara velorum perituras colligit auras.

When loosing from the shore the moving fleet,

All hands at once unfurl the spreading sheet:

The slacker tacklings let the canvas flow,

To gather all the breath the winds can blow. *Rowe.*

— Summis annectite suppara velis. *Statius.*

— Non invehet undis suppara. *Manilius.* Ubi communiter pro velis. Vid. *Turn.* Advers. xxi. 4.

(*d*) Cic. de Sen. 18. Potest quidquam esse absurdius, quàm quo minus restat viæ, eo plus viatici querere? *Can any thing be more absurd, than the shorter a journey is, to lay in the more provision?—* See the Life of *Seneca*.

(*e*) Upon a debate in the senate, concerning the death of *Afranius Dexter*, mentioned by *Pliny*, Ep. viii. 14, Lord *Orrery* observes, “ the plain and legal question to be decided by the senate was, whether *Dexter* had been killed by his freedmen, from their malice, or in pursuance of his own command: ”

mand: if they were convicted of the former, the punishment was death; if it was proved that they killed him in obedience to his own orders, they ought to have been acquitted. The opinion of *Pliny* therefore is not to be justified. He declares that *the freedmen ought to be put to the question, and afterwards released*. If they were innocent, why should they be punished? If guilty, why released?—Throughout the whole Epistle the quibbles of the lawyers are much more conspicuous than the dignity of the Senator. *Vid. Sidon. Ep. viii. 11.*

/f (f) *Invitum qui servat idem facit occidenti.* Hor. A. P. 467.

For 'tis a greater cruelty to kill

Than to preserve a man against his will.

(g) God forbid that suicide should ever be thought necessary among heathens, much less among Christians. When Nature speaks for herself, even the *Stoics* with whom it was an avowed doctrine, speak in a softer tone. For thus *Epiæetus*, l. i. c. 9. “*My friends, saith he, wait for God, till he shall give the signal, and dismiss you this service; then return to him. For the present be content to remain in this post, where he has placed you. Stay; depart not inconsiderately.*” And again, with an entire resignation to the divine will—*Whatever post or rank thou shalt assign me, like Socrates, I will die a thousand deaths rather than desert thee.* Nor can it by any means be pretended that when we meet with great adversities in life, it is a call from God to quit it; on the contrary, it is a call to the exercise of patience, resignation, and fortitude.

Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam :

Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest.

'Tis easy to spurn life in wretchedness,

But far more brave to triumph in distress. M.

(k) Epp. 24. (N. p. q.) Sen. de Tranq. Animi, 2.

(l) Ep. 24. (N. r.)—*Lucretius* iii. 1095.

Nec nova vivendo procuditur ulla voluptas.

Life adds no new delight to those possess'd.

(m) Aye, but to die and go we know not where?—Ep. 82, (N. f.)

See also the incomparable soliloquy in *Hamlet*.

(n) (Non enim certus numerus quam debeas explere, finitur.) *Pincian.* reads it with an interrogation; *num enim*—*Have you done all that was your duty to do?*

(o) She was of a noble family, the daughter of *Statilius* the Consul, in the reign of *Claudius*. See *Plin. vii. 48*—It may not, perhaps, be right to mention a relation of mine with this noble lady; yet out of respect to the memory of my father's grandmother, Mrs. *Combes*, of Windfor, I cannot help observing that she died of a fall (a violent death) at 107.

(p)

All the world's a stage;

And all the men and women merely players.

They have their exits and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts;

His acts being seven ages.—(incomparably described in *Shakespeare's As You Like It*.

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more.—*Id. Macbeth.*

(q) Which title, the death recommended under the Note (g) can, by no means, lay any claim to, in any Christian or Heathen.

EPISTLE LXXVIII.

On Sicknefs, Pain, and Death.

IT is the more disagreeable to me, *Lucilius*, to hear, that you are frequently troubled with colds, and slight fevers, such as generally attend defluxions of so long continuance, as to become constitutional; because I have been subject to them myself, and have suffer'd not a little by neglecting them at the first attack. The strength of youth indeed could support such violence, and stubbornly bear up against these infirmities; but at length the burden was too great for me, and I fell into a severe disorder of this kind. I was quite emaciated (*a*), and began to think that life was not worth preserving: but the old age of a most indulgent father check'd the daring thought: for I consider'd not so much how resolutely I could die myself; but that the loss of me would necessarily afflict my father. I was therefore determined to struggle for life. For even this is *sometimes* a manly design (*b*). What at that time particularly comforted me, I will tell you, having first premised, that the things which gave me repose of mind, had the real effect of medicine. Just and pleasant consolations are at times the best of remedies; as whatever raiseth the spirits is of great service to the body.

Know then, I found health in study. I am indebted to philosophy for the recovery of my strength. I am indebted to her for nothing less than my life. My friends indeed contributed somewhat thereto; having supported and comforted me, with their good counsel, watchings, and discourses. Nothing, my *Lucilius*, best of men, so revives, and helps a man in sickness, as the affectionate tenders of a friend: nothing so much alleviates, and steals away the expectation and fear of death. So long as these should live, I did not think I could die: I thought, I say, I should still live, if not in their company yet in their

memory; and that I was not pouring out my spirit, but delivering it up to them. From hence I took upon me the resolution of doing what I could for myself, and of enduring patiently all manner of pain. Otherwise, it would have been very miserable, to have no inclination to die, and yet, make no endeavours to live. Apply therefore the remedies prescribed. As to the rest, your physician will direct you how far you are to walk, and what other exercise to take; he will order you likewise not to indulge that listlessness which an ill state of health is apt to bring upon us; to read aloud; and by exercise strengthen the breath, that labours in its passage from the lungs, so choak'd up as not to have free play; he will sometimes recommend sailing to stir the bowels, and procure an appetite; he will instruct you in what food is most proper, and when to refresh yourself with a glass of wine, or when to abstain from it, for fear it should provoke and heighten your cough.

But such is *my* prescription, that it will not only serve for this disease, but the whole life. *Contemn Death.* Nothing is distasteful, when we have got over the fear of death. There are three things, which in every disease are grievous. *The fear of death, the pain of the body, and the intermission of pleasures.* Of death, we have said enough already, I shall only add, that this fear proceeds not from the disease, but from nature itself. A disease hath often prevented death, and the very thoughts of dying have contributed to health. You will die, not because you are sick, but because you live. Be you ever so well recovered, death still expects you. You have not escaped death but only such a fit of sickness. But to return to what is properly disagreeable and irksome in this respect.

A disease is generally attended with great pains, yet some intervals make even these tolerable. And the more intense the pain is the sooner it comes to an end. No one can suffer any torture long. Kind nature hath been so indulgent to us, as to make our pains either tolerable or short. The most severe are felt in those parts of the body that are less muscular, The nerves, the joints, and the finest membranes rage
most

most furiously, when they have contracted a vitious humour. But then these parts are soon benumb'd, and in the agony lose the sense of it; either because the animal spirits, being hinder'd from their natural course, and flowing irregularly, lose the power with which they before strengthen'd and animated the body; or because the corrupted humour, having met with a stoppage, deprives the aggrieved part of sensibility. So, the gout in the hand or foot, and every pain of the *vertebrae*, or nerves, finds intermission, when the part they before racked, is deaden'd. The pricking and shooting of the first attack is generally most painful; the violence goes off in time, and ends in stupefaction. The pain of the teeth, eyes and ears is most acute upon this account, nor less certainly the pain of the head: but the more violent this is, the sooner it turns into insensibility or a delirium. This then is our great comfort, when afflicted with any sore disease, that, if we feel it too much, we shall soon feel it no more. But what greatly adds to the torment of the ignorant, is, that, when the body is afflicted, they have no recourse to the satisfaction of a sound mind: the body engrosseth their whole care: therefore a great and prudent man divests himself, as it were, of the body, and converseth much with that divine part of him, the soul; taking no more thought of that frail, and ever-querulous part of him, the body, than is merely necessary.

But it is very grievous, you say, to remit our wonted pleasures, to abstain from food, and to suffer hunger and thirst. I grant, at first such abstinence is irksome; but the hankering after them grows weaker by degrees: nor do the things themselves retain the same incitement and provocation. Hence the stomach grows morose and squeamish, and a loathing comes on even of what we most greedily coveted. Desires themselves often die away, and we cannot think it hard to be denied that which we no longer covet. Add to this, that there is no pain, but what finds some intermission, or certainly a remission. Add likewise, that a disease may sometimes be prevented, or at least checked by timely medicine: for there is no disease but what hath its symptoms, particularly such as we have been subject to before. In short, any disease may be render'd tolerable, by despising the last extre-

mity that it threatens. Make not therefore thine afflictions more grievous than they are by impatience and heavy complaints : the pain is light, when not aggravated by fancy and opinion. If you can be persuaded to comfort yourself with saying, *It is nothing, or in effect very little, let us bear it patiently*; it will be soon at an end; or this very thought will make it easy and tolerable.

All things depend upon opinion: not only ambition, but even luxury and avarice, refer to it. Pain also is proportioned to opinion. Every one is as wretched as he thinks himself to be (*b*). The complaints of former grievances, especially, I think, are to be forgotten, nor any such acclamations to be heard, as, *no one was ever worse: what afflictions, what tortures have I endured! no one could think that I should ever recover: how affectionately did my friends weep for me! when the physicians gave me over! men upon the rack were never tortur'd more.* Though all this may be true; it is now past and gone. What avails it to reflect upon the pains we have suffer'd, and to make ourselves miserable, because we were once so? Besides there is no one, but who makes some additions to his misfortunes, and often gives himself the lye. Not but that there is a certain pleasure in recounting past sufferings; and it is natural to rejoice in an escape.

There are two things therefore to be particularly renounced, *the fear of what may happen, and the recollection of an evil past.* The one is no concern to me now, nor need I anticipate the other. A man under present difficulties may comfort himself with saying,

—*Forſan et hæc olim meminiffe juvabit.* Virg. i. 207.

An hour will come, with pleasure to relate

Your sorrows past—

But let him strive against them with all his might: he will certainly be overcome if he gives way; but if he bears up with patience and resolution against pain, he will overcome it: but the manner of most men, is, to draw upon themselves that destruction, which resistance might have prevented. That which presseth hard upon you, and is very urgent, if you begin to withdraw yourself, will certainly pursue you,

you, and fall the heavier; if on the contrary, you stand your ground, and seem resolv'd upon opposition, you will drive it from you. How many strokes do the boxers receive on the face and over the whole body! yet a thirst of glory makes them regardless of pain, and patiently bear it; not only because they fight, but that they may fight on. Torture to them is exercise. We likewise may overcome every thing, if we would consider, that the reward proposed to us is not a simple coronet, a palm, or the trumpet commanding silence at the proclamation of our honour; but virtue, strength of mind, and everlasting peace, if in any conflict we have subdued fortune.

But I feel, you say, *great pain*. And how should you do otherwise than feel it, if you bear it like a weak woman? As an enemy is more pernicious to those that fly; so every fortuitous evil presseth hardest upon the submissive coward. *But indeed it is very grievous*; what then? does bravery consist in the sufferance of light things? which had you rather undergo a slow chronic disease, or a sudden, violent, but short, fit? the former can never be so long, but it will have some intermissions, and permit some refreshment; at least it gives time, and must one day come to a crisis, and go off. And a short and violent sickness, will soon, either carry *you* off, or itself. And where is the difference, whether that, or you, shall be no more? in either case, there is an end of pain.

It may likewise be of service to divert the mind with other thoughts, and not so much as to dream of pain. Reflect upon such actions, as were founded upon the principles of honour and virtue: look upon yourself in the best light you can; call to memory such feats as you most admired in other men; and take the bravest of those, whom you know to have overcome pain, for example. There have been found those who could amuse themselves with reading, while their swellings were lanced and scarified: others persisting in a contemptuous smile, while their executioners, the more enraged upon this account, have tried upon them the severest tortures, that cruelty could invent. And shall not reason overcome that pain, which laughter can get the better of?

of? Tell me now what you please of rheums, and the violence of a cough, throwing up part of your lungs; and of a fever burning your heart-strings; of the most painful thirst; and of limbs and joints distorted and dislocated with pain: yet how much more severe is it, to be burned alive; to be torn in pieces on the rack; to have red hot pads of iron laid upon the body; and a pressure made upon the swollen wounds, to renew the pain, and make it pierce the deeper? And yet there have been those who have endured all this without a groan: nay more, they ask'd for no remission: and more, no word could be extorted from them; yet more, they laughed, and earnestly from the soul. After all this, will you not scoff at pain?

But your disease, you say, will not permit you to do any thing; it prevents all manner of business. Be it so; sickness indeed restrains the body but *not the mind*; it fetters the feet of the running-footman and will tie up the hands of the cobbler and blacksmith: but if you have learned the right use of the mind, you will still give advice, teach, hear, learn, be inquisitive, reflect, and the like. Besides, do you think you are doing nothing if you are temperate in your sickness? you will hereby shew that your distemper may be conquer'd, or at least supported with patience. Believe me, *Lucilius*, virtue finds a place even in the sick-bed. Not only arms and battles give testimony of a valiant mind, unterrified by danger; the brave man is alike seen under his coverlet. You have still wherewithal to employ you. Contend strenuously with your disease; if it can neither compel you, nor persuade you, to do an unworthy action, you set a rare example. O how great cause of triumph is it, to be look'd upon with admiration on the bed of sickness! look upon, nor scruple to praise, yourself.

Moreover there are two sorts of pleasure; sickness indeed restrains bodily pleasures, but does not altogether take them away: nay, if you judge rightly it rather enhanceth them: the thirsty have more pleasure in drinking; and food is the more tasteful to him that is hungry: whatever we have been commanded to abstain from we now receive more greedily. But no physician can debar his patient the other pleasures
of

of the mind, which are still greater and more certain. He that follows these, and understands them well, despiseth all the blandishments of the senses. *O, how wretched is a sick man!* and why? because he dilutes not his wine with snow; because he cools not his draught with ice, broken into it, and mixed in a great glass; because no oysters from the *Locrian* lake are opened at his table; because the dining room does not ring with the noise of the cooks that are bringing in their stew pans and chafing dishes. For this too hath luxury introduced; that the meat may not grow cool; that it may be hot enough for the palate, now grown callous; the whole kitchen attends at supper.

O how wretched is the sick man! he must eat no more than he can digest; he shall not see a whole boar, messed up and set upon a side table, as coarse commons; nor shall he have the breasts of fowls (for it is not the fashion to see them whole) heaped up for him in different dishes in the larder. And what harm do you suffer in all this? you shall sup as becometh a sick man: nay, sometimes, as if really in good health. But we shall easily endure these things, weak broths, warm water, and whatever the delicate, and luxurious, and such as are rather sick in mind than in body, think intolerable; if we once get over the horror and fear of death: and this we certainly shall do, if we rightly distinguished the ends of good and evil: for by this means neither life would seem tedious or distasteful, nor death terrible. For a life, taken up with reflecting on things so various, so great and divine, can never be cloy'd with satiety. Ease and idleness only are wont to give it a disrelish. Truth never fatigues the mind when traversing the nature of things; it is falsehood alone that gives it a disgust.

Again, if death makes his approach, and calls upon us, though somewhat immaturally; nay, though he cuts us off in the flower of our age, yet the fruit of the longest life may yet have been gathered. Nature for the most part is open to the knowledge of the wise man; who plainly perceives, that virtue (or *what is right and fit*) is not enhanced by length of days. But every life must necessarily seem short to those who measure it by their pleasures, vain, and therefore infinite.

Comfort:

Comfort yourself, *Lucilius*, with these reflections, and at leisure peruse my Epistles. The time will come when we may meet again and converse together: how short soever that time may be it may be lengthen'd by knowing how to use it well. For, as *Pofidonius* writes, *Unus dies hominum eruditorum plus patet, quam imperiti longissima ætas, One day enjoyed by the Literati, is of longer duration than whole years among the ignorant and unlearned (†)*. In the mean while adhere stedfastly to these precepts; not to yield to affliction nor put your trust in prosperity; to set the whole power of fortune before your eyes; and to suppose that she will do, what she can do. An evil that hath been long expected, gives the milder stroke when it happens.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) In the time of the emperor *Caius*, who dreading his eloquence, was determined upon his destruction, but he was saved by the declaration of an old woman, *that he was in so deep a consumption it was impossible for him to live long.*

(b) It is always so.—*Pliny* (Ep. l. 22.) speaking of his friend *Titus Aristo*, says, “ He desired us “ to inquire of his physicians into the nature of his distemper, that if it was incurable he might “ chuse an immediate death: but if only stubborn, and tedious, he might stand firm and struggle, as “ he ought; for he thought it not allowable, to frustrate the prayers of his wife, the tears of his “ daughter, and the hopes of his friends, if there were any grounds for these hopes, by putting an “ end to his own life. A noble determination; and always proper!—

/f

(c) Si possis sanum fingere, sanus eris.

Think yourself well, and all complaint will cease.

/o

(d) From this saying of *Pofidonius*, *Muretus* supposes that *Cicero* took in his *Tusculan questions*, *l. v. Unum bene et ex philosophiæ præceptis actum, esse pœne toti immortalitati anteponendum; One day spent well, and agreeable to the precepts of philosophy, is preferable to an eternity of sin.* But more just and sublime is that of the royal *Psalmist*, *One day in thy courts, O Lord, is better than a thousand, Ps. 84. 10.* /n

EPISTLE LXXIX.

On Wisdom. All wise Men equal.

I Expect letters from you, *Lucilius*, with an account of what new things you observ'd in your voyage round *Sicily*; and particulatly what you have learned of certainty concerning *Charybdis*. I know well enough that *Sylla* is a vast rock, and consequently very terrible to sailors, but I should be glad to be inform'd whether the stories related of *Charybdis* have any foundation; and if you have observ'd, (for 'tis a thing worthy to be observed) whether it is one particular wind, that forms these hideous whirlpools, or whether every tempestuous wind alike disturbs that boisterous sea: and whether it be true, that whatever is sucked in, is carried under the water many miles, and flung up again in the *Tauromenitan* bay (a). When you have oblig'd me herein I will make bold to desire the favour of you to ascend mount *Ætna*; which some have supposed to have been somewhat consumed and lower'd by degrees; as they were wont to shew it formerly to passengers at a greater distance than they do now (b). Though this might happen, not because the mountain's height is lowered, but because the fires are weaken'd and do not blaze out with their former vehemenence: and for which reason it is that such vast clouds of smoke are not seen in the day time. Yet neither of these seem incredible: for the mountain may possibly be consumed by being daily devoured: and the fire not be so large as formerly: since it is not self-generated here, but is kindled in the distant bowels of the earth and there rages, being fed with continual fuel: not with that of the mountain, through which it only makes its passage. In *Lycia* there is a famous territory, which the inhabitants call *Hephæstion*, where the soil is perforated in many places (c). From whence breaks forth a lambent flame, that is not in the least detrimental; the country therefore is still pleasant, and fertile, with good herbage, as the flame does not scorch it,

but only makes it shine with a faint and glimmering brightness. But for the present we shall wave this matter; and resume it again when you have inform'd me how far from the orifice of *Ætna* are those heaps of snow which the summer itself does not dissolve: so little danger are they in, from the neighbouring heat.

Now, there is no reason you should say that I impose this work upon you; for I know, you would indulge your poetical vein herein, though no one required it of you; nay, it would be in vain to pretend to bribe you, not to undertake a description of *Ætna* in verse, or not to treat on a subject that has been thought so worthy the pen of all the poets: For tho' *Virgil* had before elegantly and fully described it; this did not prevent *Ovid* from the attempt; and neither of them debarred *Cornelius Severus* from writing on the same subject. It is a subject moreover so happily copious, that they who have gone before, seem by no means to have exhausted it, but to have opened matter for further explanation. There is also a great difference, whether you undertake a subject that is quite exhausted, or such a one as only exhibits a rough draught; for this daily increases, and supplies room for farther invention. Add likewise that the last writer hath generally the greatest advantage. He finds words already prepared, which, under a different arrangement, put on the semblance of something new; nor does he use them as the property of another, but as things in common; and the lawyers say, *that what is in common no one can claim as his own property*. If I know you then, *your mouth waters, as they say*, at a description of *Ætna*: you long to write something great and sublime, and to shew yourself at least equal to those who have wrote before you. For your modesty will not permit you to hope any thing more: nay, it is so great, that I verily believe, you would check your genius in its career, if there was any likelihood of excelling them. Such respect you pay to your predecessors.

Be that as it will; know, that wisdom hath this peculiar good, among many other, that not one professor of it can excell another, but in the time and act of ascending: when they once come to the summit of perfection, there is no room for any advantage of one above another. There

is a full stop to advancement. Can the sun receive any addition to his greatness? or the moon make a further progress than usual? the seas still keep their bounds: and the world maintains one constant order and measure. Such things as have attained their just and proper magnitude, can rise no higher.

All men that are truly wise, are equal and alike; though each may be endowed with a peculiar gift; as one may be more affable, another more expeditious; another more prompt in declaiming; and another more eloquent; but the particular under consideration, *what constitutes the happy man*, will be equal in all. I know not whether your *Ætna* will sink and be consumed; or whether the fire by degrees will first eat away its lofty summit, now so conspicuous many leagues at sea: but this I know, that no flame, no ruin can ever subdue virtue. The majesty of this alone is not to be depressed, no nor exalted nor perverted. Her magnitude is fixed like that of the heavenly bodies. To this then let us fashion ourselves; we have gone a great way towards it already; a great way, did I say? I am mistaken. To confess the truth, we have advanced but a little way as yet; It is not goodness, to be better than the worst: who can boast of those eyes, that can behold and admire the brightness of the sun only through a cloud; though in the mean time it is some satisfaction not to be in the dark; yet we enjoy not the pure benefit of light. Then will the mind have wherewithal to congratulate itself, when, set free from the darkness wherein it is now involved, it shall see things as they are; not with these dim visual rays: but a full and continual day, without night, shall shine upon it; and, returning to its own heaven, it shall be restored to the happy mansion, from whence it came into the world. Its first original summons is to soar aloft; it may be there even before it is set free from this prison of clay; when it has thrown off all vice, and shines out pure and splendid with the brightness of divine contemplation.

This then, dearest *Lucilius*, is what we must do. To accomplish this we must use our utmost endeavours: though few men know it and scarce any can see it. Glory is the shadow of virtue; and

attends on its professors whether they will or not. But as sometimes our shadows go before, and sometimes follow us: so glory sometimes precedes, and is visible to all; at other times it stalks behind us, and is so much the larger, as it is later, ere envy is quite destroy'd. How long was *Democritus* taken for a madman? Fame scarce took any notice of *Socrates*. How long was it ere *Rome* knew the value of *Cato*? She even rejected him and knew him not, till she had lost him. The innocence and virtue of *Rutilius*, had never been known, had he not been treated injuriously; but having been wronged, his glory shone out; and he could not but thank his fortune, and enjoy his banishment. I am speaking of those, whom fortune honoured, while she persecuted them. But how many are there, whose merit was never published, till after their decease! how many, whom fame passed disrespectfully by, while living, and raised them, as it were, again, when dead! you see *Epicurus*, whom not only the better learned, but the most ignorant rabble now admire. He was scarce known at *Athens*, where he lived and died in obscurity. He survived his friend *Metrodorus* many years, and making grateful mention, in an Epistle, of their friendship, he added in the conclusion, that *as they had happily partook of manifold blessings in life, it was of very little consequence, that so renowned a country as Greece, should not only pretend not to know them, but scarce ever to have heard of them.* May he not therefore be said to have been found when he was no more in being? and did not his opinion and reputation still grow more famous? this is also what *Metrodorus* confesseth in a certain epistle, that *himself and Epicurus were not indeed as yet sufficiently known, but that the time would come when they both should be readily and highly extolled among those especially who would walk in the same steps.*

No virtue can lie unconcealed long: and even to lie concealed is no detriment thereto. The day will come that shall draw it from the obscurity, wherein through the malignity of the age it is hid and oppressed. He is born but to few, whose thoughts are taken up with those only of his own time. ~~Many thousand years, many thousand people~~ shall come after us. Let these have your regard. Though envy hath enjoyed silence to all your cotemporaries, another race will spring up, that

that shall judge you without prejudice or partiality. And if fame be any recompence for virtue, it will not soon die. 'Tis' true, what posterity will say of us, will not concern, or perhaps reach us. Yet ignorant as we may be of what they are doing, it may please them to reverence our memory, and do us honour. Not that there is any man whom virtue hath not recompensed and dignified, in life as well as in death; provided that he followed her with sincerity and integrity; that he dressed not up himself with a painted outside; that he was still the same man, whether upon warning given, or set upon unprepared, and suddenly surprised. Dissimulation profiteth nothing. A feigned countenance occasionally and lightly put on, can impose upon but very few. Truth is always the same; turn her which way you will. But there is no solidity in falsehood. A lye is generally so thin, that it is transparent, and easily seen through, when narrowly inspected.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) According to Sallust—Ea (absorpta) circa Tauromenitarum litus egerit. Vid. Strabo, l. vi.

2 / Dextrum Sylla scus, laevus implacata Charybdis.
Obsidet, &c. Virg. iii. 420.

Far on the right, her dogs foul Sylla hides,

Charybdis roaring on the left presides:

And in her greedy whirlpool sinks the tide:

Then spouts them from below, with fury driv'n,

The waves mount up, and wash the face of Heav'n's

But Sylla from her den, with open jaws,

The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,

Then dashes on the rocks:—Dryden.

(b) Ælian. Var. Hist. l. i. c. ii.

(c) Plin. l. iv. c. 27.

EPISTLE LXXX.

True Felicity lies in the Mind.

I Am entirely my own master to-day, *Lucilius*, not only at my own request, but a great match at ball (*a*), hath withdrawn all troublesome visitants. No one breaks in upon me to disturb my thoughts: which from this assurance now take a larger range. My door has not creaked as usual; nor has the curtain been lifted up. I can now think as I please; which you know is agreeable to one who loves to have his own way. Do I then not follow the ancients? yes certainly, in some things; but I take the liberty to find out something myself; to change or leave what I dislike; I am not a slave to them, but a follower. But I said too much when I promised myself an uninterrupted privacy. For lo; a great noise reaches me from the *Stadium*, which does not indeed take me from myself, but transfers all my contemplation to the sports there going on. I consider with myself, how many there are who exercise their bodies and how few the mind: what a concourse of people flock to these fights, vain and trifling as they are; and how deserted are the liberal sciences; how weak they are in understanding, whose broad shoulders and brawny limbs we are apt to admire.

But this I chiefly reflect upon, that if the body may be trained up to such hardiness as to bear the blows and kicks of more than one man (*b*); and a man, besmeared with his own blood and dust, can endure all the day long the scorching heat of the sun (*c*), as reflected too from the hot sands; how much easier would it be for him so to strengthen his mind, as to be invincible against the strokes of fortune; and though flung down and trod upon, to be able to raise himself up again, and conquer! The body wants many external things, to render it firm and strong: the mind grows great of itself; is its own nutriment, and exercise: the body ~~wants~~ meat and drink to support it; much oyl to make it lightsome;
and

and much labour to make it hardy; whereas virtue is attainable without any apparatus or expence. What can make you good, is ever in your own power. And what is that? why, *the will*.

And what can you *will* better, than to deliver yourself from the servitude, which tyrannifeth over the world: and which even slaves of the meanest sort, and who were born to this vile condition, endeavour by all means to cast off? All the little stock of cattle which they can pick up, by pinching their own bellies they are ready to give up, for *liberty*. And will not you, who thinkest thyself a free-born man, desire this attainment at any rate? why do you cast a look upon your coffers? it is not to be bought. It is an idle thing therefore to set the name of *liberty* in the tables of manumission; since neither the buyer nor the seller are in possession of it. It is a good which you must bestow upon yourself; *there* apply for it. And first of all extricate yourself from the *Fear of Death*. This is what lays upon us the first and heaviest yoke (d).

Proceed next to discharge the *Fear of Poverty*. If you would be certain that there is no great harm in this, only compare the countenances of the rich and the poor: and you will find that the poor man laughs more frequently and more heartily. No anxiety racks his bosom: whatever befalleth him, it passeth away like a light cloud. Whereas the gayety of those we call happy, is all feigned. Sorrow lies heavy and suppurates at the bottom; and so much the heavier is it, as they cannot give it vent, and dare not discover their wretchedness; but amidst the sorrows that are preying upon their hearts, they are obliged to set a face of felicity upon discontent. I often make use of this example, nor can any other so well express this farce on the stage of life (e), wherein are assigned to us our several parts, which we act so awkwardly (f). The fellow who struts about the stage, and with his head aloft bellows out,

En! impero Argis, regna mihi liquit Pelops,
Quâ Ponto ab Hellès, atque ab Ionio mari,
Urgetur Isthmos—(g)

is but a needy slave, that hath five bushels of corn and five *deniers* for his pay (*b*): and he that so proudly boasts his strength, saying,

Quòd nisi quieris, Menelae hac dextrâ occides,

Be satisfied, Menelaus, or this hand

Shall strike thee dead—

is but a poor weak wretch, that hath his daily allowance, and lies upon a truckle bed in a garret (*i*). We may say the same of all those delicate minions, who are carried on a litter above the heads of the people, and the gazing mob. Their felicity is all personated, you would utterly despise them were you to take off the mask. When you would buy a horse, you strip it of the saddle and furniture (*k*): you likewise order the slave you would purchase to be turned out naked; lest any blemish of the body should be concealed: and do you estimate a man in all his trappings? nothing is more common than for jockeys and dealers of this kind to hide by some artful sleight, whatever might discredit the thing upon sale: therefore all external ornaments are to be suspected by the buyer. Should you see a leg or an arm bound up, you would immediately desire it to be unswathed, that you may inspect the whole body. Behold that King of *Scythia* or *Samaria*, with the royal diadem glittering on his head; would you know him thoroughly, take off his diadem, and you will find much mischief and cruelty beneath it. But why speak of others? If you would duly weigh yourself, throw aside your wealth, your fine seat and outward dignity: consider yourself within: you now trust to others, who do not so well know you, and therefore cannot shew you, what you are.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Sphæromachiam] not the common play at ball, like our *foot*, which would scarce have drawn a concourse of people together, but Sphyromachiam, as *Pincian* writes it, *i. e.* calcium et talorum pugnam, *inf. foot-ball*. Vid. Steph. Epist. ad *Dalech.* 34. P. Fab. l. 1. c. 6. *Agonist.* Polluc. l. 9. Præf. Stat. Silv. 4.

(*b*) They generally fought in pairs, but sometimes a mixed battle, or what we call a *battle royal*; which is here alluded to.

(*c*) So *Cicero*, Pugiles inexercitati, etiamsi pugnos et plagas ferre possint, solem tamen sæpe ferre non possunt. *Boxers, not thoroughly exercised, may endure thumps and blows, when they cannot bear the violent heat of the sun.*

(*d*) This

(d) This is the true liberty; the end of all philosophy; and to which alludes that paradoxical decree, *Solum sapientem liberum esse; that the wise man only is free.*

(e) Augustus is said, when dying, to have asked, *Whether he was thought to have acted his part well on the stage of life.*

Συνη παῖς ὁ βίος, καὶ παρρησιον, καὶ μάθε παίζειν,

Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταδεῖς, ἢ περὶ τὰς ὁδύνας. Anthol.

Life is a farce; hence learn to play thy part;

Be cheerful; and despise a gloomy heart.

It is impossible here not to be reminded of the wretched if not wicked Epitaph, bestowed on the late Mr. Gay in *Westminster Abbey*.

Life is a farce, &c.

(f) Laertius in Zenone; *Εἶναι γὰρ ὁμοίον τῷ ἀγαθῷ ὑπεκρίτῃ κ. τ. λ. The wise man is like a good actor, who whether he represents Theirtes or Agamemnon, is alike careful to play his part well.*

(g) Taken from the *Atreus* of *Attius*.

Of Argos I am king: Pelops, my fire,

Bequeath'd me kingdoms, whose vast bounds extend

From Hellepont to the Ionian sea.

(b) *Muretus* supposeth this to be the monthly pay.

(i) In *cænaculo*] As *Jupiter* says jocosely of himself in *Plautus*:

In superiore qui habito in cænaculo.

(k) *Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur, apertos*

Inspiciunt—Hor. l. i. 2. 86.

Our jockeys when a horse is set to sale,

Examines him, unclotb'd, from head to tail.

Sic *Macrob.* Saturn. i. 11. *Quemadmodum stultus est, qui empturus equum, non ipsum inspicit, sed stratum ejus et frænum. Sic est Qui hominem ex veste aut conditione, quæ modo vestis nobis circumdata est, æstimandum putat. As a man is a fool, who when he is to buy a horse examines no further than the bridle or saddle; he is no less who estimates a man by his outward appearance and condition in life.*

EPISTLE LXXXI.

Of Ingratitude.

YOU complain, *Lucilius*, that you have met with an ungrateful man. If this is the first time, you ought to thank either your good fortune, or your own care and diligence. But care and diligence can do little or nothing in this respect, unless it were to make you malevo-

lent. For in order to shun this danger, you must never confer a benefit while you live. And so lest benefits should be lost upon others, you will yourself lose the satisfaction of conferring them. However, it would be better they were never recompensed, than not conferred. The husbandman must sow again, though he had a bad crop last year. Oftentimes the plenty of one year makes up for the long unfruitfulness of a barren soil. It is worth while, to make trial of ungrateful men, in order to find one grateful. No one is so certain in the benefits he is pleased to confer, but that sometimes he may be deceived. They must often miss a mark, ere they hit it (*a*). Men venture again to sea after a shipwreck. The usurer still lends his money, though he hath suffered loss by a bankrupt. Life would soon grow dull and stupid in fruitless indolence were we to meet with no rubs in our way. But let this very accident make you kind and generous. For where the event of any thing is uncertain, frequent essays must be made if you desire an happy issue.

But I have said enough of this in my *treatise on benefits*. Our present enquiry, in a point not as yet, I think, sufficiently discussed, seems to be this, *whether he that hath done us some service, and afterwards injured us, hath not balanced the account between us, and released us of our debt?* Suppose likewise this, if you please, *that he hath done us more prejudice than he ever did us good.*

If you apply to the judgement of one somewhat rigid in his disposition, he will release them respectively; and will say, “ though the
 “ injury done preponderates, yet what is over and above on this side,
 “ must be given to the benefit. He hath indeed hurt you, but here-
 “ tofore he was serviceable to you. The time therefore of either must
 “ be brought to the account. And it is too manifest to need any par-
 “ ticular admonition, that you ought to enquire, how willingly he served
 “ you, and how willingly he did any thing to your prejudice. For
 “ both injuries and benefits are to be measured by the intention. You
 “ may say, perhaps, I should not have been so bountiful, but I was pre-
 “ vail’d upon through fear of shame, or by the pertinacy of the im-
 “ fortunate

“portunate supplicant, or by hope. Every obligation arises from the mind with which a benefit is confer’d: nor is the greatness of it consider’d, but the will of the person conferring it. Let all conjecture now be laid aside, and in the case before put, the benefit will appear as such, and all beyond it, an injury; but a good man in settling the account, will condescend to cheat himself, by adding to the benefit, and subtracting from the injury.”

A more candid judge in this matter would act, as I should chuse to do in the like case; forget the injury, and be always mindful of the benefit. “It is certainly, he will say, consonant to justice, to give every one their own, to repay a favour, to retaliate an affront, or at least to take it ill”. All this will be true, where one man does an injury, and another confers a favour; but where they both come from the same man, the strength of the injury is extinguished in the benefit. For if it is generous to forgive a man, even though he has not really deserv’d it by any past favours, somewhat more than pardon is due to him who hath injured us, after having confer’d a benefit upon us. I estimate not both alike; but take more notice of a benefit than of an injury. Few know how to repay a kindness gratefully. Even an ignorant rude and vulgar fellow can return a favour, when he hath received one, upon the spot, and in some measure recompense the same; but he knows not his obligation (*b*). It is the wise man alone, who knows what value is to be set upon every thing: the fool I was speaking of, however good his will may be, either repays not as much as he owes, or does it so awkwardly or at such an improper time or place as lavishly to throw away the intended recompense.

There is a wonderful propriety in certain words, and the usage of the antient form of speech points out some things in the most significant and instructive terms. We are wont to say, *Ille illi gratium retulit*, *such a one* hath requited *a favour*. Now, *referre, to requite*, is to give voluntarily what you owe. We do not say, *gratiam reddidit*, *he hath restored a thing given*; for they may *restore* a thing, who are demanded so to do, or unwillingly, or just when they please, or by another hand: neither

do we say, *Reposuit beneficium aut solvit, he hath remitted or repaid a kindness*; for no word that signifies the payment of a debt, as of money, pleaseth me in this respect. *Referre, to requite*, is gratefully to bring somewhat to him, from whom you have received: it signifies a voluntary retribution. He that hath *requited* another, hath appealed to, and summoned himself.

A wise man will weigh every circumstance with himself. He will consider what he hath received, from whence it came, when, where, and in what manner. And therefore we deny, that any one, save a wise man, knows how truly to requite a favour. As indeed no one but a wise man knows how to confer a benefit; he, in truth, who rejoyceth more in what he gives, than another does in what he receives. This some perhaps will reckon among those positions that are thought strange and extravagant, and by the *Greeks* called *Παράδοξα, Paradoxes*; and they will say, *what, does no one but a wise man know, how to requite a good turn? you may as well say, that no one but the wise man, knows how to pay a just debt; or, when he buys a thing, to pay a just price for it?* That no blame however may be laid upon us for advancing this seeming paradox, know, that *Epicurus* says the same thing; and *Metrodorus* expressly, *solum sapientem referre gratiam scire, that the wise man alone knows how to love (c) affectionately; and no one but a wise man can be a true friend*. But it is undoubtedly a part of love and friendship to requite a benefit. They may likewise wonder at our saying, *that fidelity is only to be found in the wise man*; as if they themselves did not say the same thing. Do you think a man can possibly be faithful, who knows not how to requite a courtesy? Let them cease therefore to defame us as if we had advanced what is not credible: and let them know that all that is great and honourable is to be found in the *wise man*; and nothing but the resemblance and appearance of it in the vulgar.

No one, I say, knows how to requite a good turn, save the wise man. A fool indeed may do the same to the best of his knowledge, and ability: when knowledge rather may be wanting than good will: for good will is natural and not acquired. The wise man will compare all things
with

with themselves; for the same thing is render'd greater or less by circumstances, according to the time, place, or manner. It often happens that a thousand pence, given opportunely, does more good than a mass of treasure would at another time. For there is a great difference between giving and succouring: between having saved a man from ruin, or aggrandized him, by your bountiful kindness. A gift may be small, but the consequences of it very great. But what difference is there between a man's retaking what he before had given, or receiving a benefit in order to grant one? Not to return however to those points, which have been sufficiently discussed already, I shall only observe that a good man in comparing benefits with injuries, will judge what is most *right and fit*; will always have his eye upon benefits, and will be more inclined to favour them. Now, the person of the receiver, whether it be of an injury, or a benefit, is of the greatest moment in this affair: for instance; you have done me a kindness indeed in my servant; but you have injured my father; you have preserv'd for me a son, but you have deprived me of a fire; consequently he will pursue and examine all other circumstances, from which every comparison is formed; and if there shall appear but a small difference he will overlook it; or should the difference be great, he will pardon it, provided he can do it without the breach of piety and fidelity; i. e. if the whole of the injury appertains only to his own person (*d*).

The sum of the whole matter is this; he will be easy and gracious in commuting; he will suffer rather more to be set to his account than ought to be; he will be unwilling to discharge a favour upon the consideration of a receiv'd injury; such his inclination, and such his endeavours that he may manifest his desire not only to acknowledge a favour but to requite it. For the man judgeth wrong, who is more solicitous and glad to receive a benefit, than to confer one (*a*). By how much the man is happier who pays, than he that borroweth; so much more joyful ought the man to be who hath discharged a vast debt, incurred by benefits received, than he that lays himself under the greatest obligation in receiving them. For in this also, the ungrateful are deceiv'd, in thinking they have done a great thing, when they have repaid a creditor

creditor somewhat more than his demands; and in supposing that benefits exact no interest. Whereas they certainly encrease by delay of a return: and so much the more is to be paid the longer the payment has been neglected. He is ungrateful who returns a benefit, without some addition, when it is in his power. This therefore is to be taken into the account, when we compare the things received with disbursements.

Every thing, in short, is to be done, that we may appear as grateful as possible. For this is our *own good*: and not, like an act of justice, as is thought, the concern of others. The best part of a benefit returns upon the benefactor. There is no one, who hath done good to another but hath done good to himself. I do not mean that a man having been assisted will be ready to assist, or having been protected will protect, others; or because a good example returns upon him, who sets it, as bad examples generally revert upon the authors; nor does any one pity those, when they suffer injuries, who by their actions have taught others to commit them; but because the value of every virtue subsists within itself. They are not practised with a view to a reward. The reward of a good action, lies in the performance of such an action. I am grateful, not in order to excite others to be more liberal to me, having set such an example, but because it is most agreeable, and very right. I am grateful, not because it is expedient, but because it gives me delight and satisfaction. To convince you of this I assure you, that could I not express my gratitude, otherwise than by a seemingly ungrateful action, I should have recourse to the honest counsel of an upright mind, notwithstanding in so doing I should run the risque of losing a good name. No one seems to have a greater veneration for virtue, no one to be more devoted thereto, than the man who rather than make shipwreck of his conscience is determined to hazard the reputation of a good man. Therefore, as I have before observ'd, thou art grateful, more for thine own good than another's. For nothing but what is ordinary and common happeneth to a man, who only receives what he had given; but to you, somewhat great, and flowing from the most happy temper of the mind, *to have been grateful*. For if the doing evil makes men miserable,

ferable, and virtue renders them happy; and if to be grateful is virtue; though you have done nothing extraordinary, you have attained what is inestimable, the consciousness of a grateful heart, which is not attainable but by a divine and happy disposition.

The contrary affection is for ever attended with extreme infelicity. The ungrateful man will be always miserable: I except not the time present. Let us therefore avoid being ungrateful for our own sake, if not for the sake of others. The least and lightest consequence of wickedness falls upon others, the worst and heaviest part of it stays behind and afflicts the doer. As our *Attalus* was wont to say; *Malitia ipsa maximam partem veneni sui bibit, malignity generally drinks the greatest part of its own poison (f)*. The venom, which serpents throw out to destroy withal, and yet retain without prejudice to themselves, is not like this: for this torments the possessor. The ungrateful man torments and racks himself. He hates the gift he hath accepted, for fear of the obligation of a return; and consequently undervalues it; but exaggerates and magnifies an injury. And what can be more wretched than the man who forgets a benefit, and dwells upon an injury? On the contrary, wisdom extolls a benefit, recommends it to herself, and delights in the daily commemoration of it. The pleasure the wicked enjoy in the reception of a benefit, is but one and short; whereas the pleasure it gives a wise man, is large and perpetual; for he not only feels a delight in receiving, but in having received, which is continual and immortal. He contemns an injury, and forgets it; not through negligence, but wilfully. He takes not things in the worst light: nor does he enquire on whom to lay the blame: but rather imputes the errors and miscarriages of men to misfortune, than to maliciousness. He takes no exceptions either to the words, or to the look of a man. Whatever happens he extenuates by some kind interpretation, and is ever more mindful of a favour than of offence. As far as it is in his power, he fixeth his mind on some former and better object; nor changeth it against those, who have once well deserved: unless the evil far surpass the former good deeds; and the difference is palpable, though he shuts his eyes; and then goes no farther, than, to appear, after an injury, the

same he was before he receiv'd the benefit. For when the injury is equal to the benefit, there will still remain some spark of benevolence in his mind. As a culprit is acquitted when the opinion of the judges is equally divided: and in all doubtful cases, humanity is always inclined to the merciful side: so the mind of the wise man, where merit is equal to demerit, ceaseth to be really indebted, but ceaseth not to acknowledge an obligation; as one, who after an acquittance in full, still thinks himself in debt.

No one however can be grateful; but who despiseth those things that so greatly affect the vulgar. In order to return an extraordinary favour, you must defy banishment, shed your blood, endure want, and even suffer innocence to be traduced, and subject to the most unworthy reports. It costs a man no small matter to be grateful. But we are apt to think nothing so precious as a benefit when we ask it, and nothing cheaper when we have received it. Do you ask what it is that makes us forgetful of a benefit received? the desire of still receiving more. We reflect not upon what we have obtained, but upon what we still hope to obtain. We are drawn from the right path, by riches, honours, powers and the like: which are dear and precious in our opinion, but in themselves vile and of little value. We know not to estimate things rightly: concerning which we ought not to consult fame and report, but the nature of the things themselves. The things before mention'd have nothing really great in them, to attract our minds, but forasmuch as it is customary to admire them. For, not because they are desirable, are they praised, but because they are praised, they are coveted. And when the error of particulars hath caused a general blindness, to this at the same time may be refer'd any particular error. But as in some things we believe the vulgar, let us take this also upon the same credit, that *nothing is more just and honorable than a grateful mind.*

All cities and nations, in the most remote and barbarous regions, will join to condemn ingratitude. The good and bad all agree in this. There are some who prefer their pleasures: others take more delight in labour and industry; some think pain the greatest of all evils: others
scarce

scarce look upon it as an evil; some think riches the most sovereign good, others look upon them as the *root of all evil* in human life; and think that no one can be more happy than the man for whom fortune cannot find out an acceptable gift. Now various as the opinions of men are in these respects; yet all, with *one mouth*, as they say, declare, *that a grateful return is due to the well-deserving*. In this the very rabble, however dissentient in other matters, all agree. And yet we are apt to repay favours with injuries; and the chief reason that any one gives for ingratitude, is, that it was not in his power to be sufficiently grateful. Nay, the madness of mankind is such that it is the most dangerous thing in the world to confer an extraordinary benefit. For, inasmuch as a man thinks it scandalous not to make some return, he wisheth his benefactor out of the world. But whosoever hath been benefited by me, let him enjoy what he hath received. I ask it not again: I insist not upon a requital. There is no hatred more pernicious than that of a man, who is ashamed of not having repaid an obligation.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) *Aberrent*—*al. non errent*,—*ut aliquando hæreant*.] *Hæſere omnia tela haud difficili ex propinquo in tanta corpora istu. Liv. l. 27.*

—*Pars ad fastigia missas*

Exultant hæſſe faces,—*Stat. Theb. l. 10.*

—*non exiſſe*.—*Gronovius.*

(b) He may return the like favour; yet not make ample amends; for in a favour conferred, other things are to be considered; as *the intention of the mind*; the *propriety of time and place*, &c. as is afterwards observed.

(c) *Epictetus* likewise mentions this among the philosophical paradoxes, and has bestowed a dissertation on the subject, l. 11. c. 22.—*Cic. de Amic. Hoc primum sentio, nisi in bonis amicitiam non esse; Let me premise this, that no friendship can subsist but among the good.* Where by good, *Lipsius* tells us we must understand *the wise man*. So *Seneca*, de Benef. vii. 12. *Inter sapientes tantum amicitia est; cæteri non magis amici sunt, quàm socii. Friendship is only to be found among the wise; others are to be looked upon rather as companions, than friends.* *Cic. ib. Est autem amicitia nihil aliud nisi omnium divinarum humanarumque rerum, cum benevolentia et caritate consentio. Friendship is nothing, but the complete harmony of all divine and human considerations, with kindness and endearment.* See Ep. 5. 9. 35. *Lips. Manud. iij. 16.*

(d) Then came *Peter* unto him, and said, *Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? 'till seven times?* *Jesus* saith unto him, *I say not unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven.* *Matth. 18. 21. Luke 17. 4.*

(e) *It is more blessed to give than to receive.* *Act. 20. 35.*

(f) Thus *Hicra*x, the Pythagorean, *Οὕτω καὶ πᾶς ἀδίκος, αὐτοῖς τῆς κακίας πρῶτος γεύεται, πρὶν εἰς ἄλλους ἐκίῃναι.* Every unjust man has the first taste of his own malignity, before it reacheth others.

EPISTLE LXXXII.

On the Study of Philosophy, Virtue, and the Fear of Death.

I AM no longer, my *Lucilius*, under any great concern for your welfare. What *God* then, you say, do I depend upon for your safety? Why truly on one that deceiveth no man; viz. *A mind, that pursues what is right and fit with pure affection.* Hence the better part of you is in full security. Fortune perhaps may do you some mischief; but what is of much greater moment, I have no fear lest you should prove your own enemy. Go on as you have begun. Fix yourself in such a habit of life as may shew complacency, not effeminate delicacy. I had rather, you should live *ill*, than in soft idleness: by *ill* I mean here, an hard, rough, and laborious life. We often hear the lives of some men praised, (being much envied too) after this sort, such a one lives most *delicately*. Now, what is this but saying *He is a bad man*? For the mind is rendered effeminate by degrees, and soften'd down, as it were, into the likeness of that indolence and idleness wherein it lies buried. And would it not be better for a man to be quite stiff, and senseless? But the delicate are afraid of death, howeverlike it they render life: though I allow there is some difference between repose and the grave. And is it not better, perhaps you will say, so to live, than be tossed about in the whirlpools of officious business? They are indeed alike fatal, both the convulsion of the nerves and the languor of the mind. I think him as truly dead, who lies buried in his perfumes (*a*), as he that is drawn about the streets with a hook (*b*). Retirement without study is death, and the sepulchre of a living man.

Besides, what does it avail a man to have retired? As if the causes of solicitude and trouble would not follow him, even beyond the seas? What so secret place is there, excludes *the fear of death*? What place
of

of rest so well guarded as to be raised above the dread of pain and grief? Wherever you hide yourself, human miseries will alarm you. There are many external things which surround us, and either deceive us, or press hard upon us: there are many internal passions which enflame us in the midst of solitude. We must therefore throw ourselves into the arms of philosophy; it is an impregnable wall (*c*), which fortune with all her engines cannot penetrate. The mind that hath once disclaim'd all external things, and is determined to quit the field, stands upon an insuperable eminence, protecting itself in its own citadel: while every hostile weapon falls beneath it. Fortune hath not such long hands, as she is generally suppos'd to have; she seizeth on none but such as willingly cleave to her. Let us leap from her as far as we can. But it is the knowledge of self and nature that can enable us to do this. Let a man therefore know and consider, from whence he came: and whither he is going; what is good for him, what the contrary: what to pursue, and what to avoid: what ~~that~~ reason is which can distinguish between such things as are desirable, and such as are to be eschewed: and which can assuage the madness of lust, and soften the severity of fear.

There are some indeed who think that even without philosophy, such a mastery is to be gained over the passions; but their security being once put to the trial, they are forced too late to confess the truth. Their big words fail them, when the executioner takes them by the hand, and death stares them in the face. We may justly say to them; *'Twas an easy matter to bid defiance to absent evils: behold the pains now threaten which you boasted were tolerable: behold death, against whom you have often spoke so courageously: the whips jerk; the sword glitters;*

Nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo.

Now is the time firm courage to assume. Virg. Ib. 261.

And nothing but daily meditation can inspire this constancy; if you exercise not the tongue, but the mind; if you are prepared against death; which you cannot be sufficiently exhorted or strengthen'd against; by those who, with certain cavils would fain persuade you, that *Death is no evil.*

And here, *Lucilius*, best of men, I have a mind to ridicule some trifling argumentations among the Greeks, which, as much as you wonder at them, I have not quite discarded: our *Zeno*, for instance, thus argues syllogistically;

No evil is glorious,

But Death is glorious;

Therefore, *Death is no evil.*

You have prevailed, *Zeno*, you have deliver'd me from the fear of death. I shall most willingly stretch out my neck to the sword. Will you not speak more seriously, but make even a dying man to smile? But truly I cannot easily say which I take to be the more silly of the two: he who thought by this question to extinguish the fear of death, or he who pretends to answer it, as if it was at all pertinent to the matter.

Nay, he himself, hath oppos'd thereto a contrary argument, taken from our placing death among things indifferent, which the *Greeks* call *adiaphora*:

Nothing that is indifferent is glorious:

But Death is glorious;

Therefore *Death is not an indifferent thing.*

You see where this question halts, and would impose upon us. *Death in itself* is not *glorious*; but to die bravely is *glorious*. And when he saith, *nothing that is indifferent is glorious*, I grant it, but with this restriction, that nothing is *glorious* but what hath some connection with things indifferent: by *things indifferent*, I mean such, as are neither good nor bad, consider'd in themselves, as sickness, pain, poverty, punishment, death: and I maintain, that none of these things are *glorious*; but may be made so by their connexion. Poverty is not commendable; but it is commendable not to be dejected and bowed down by it: so neither is banishment; but he that is not grieved at suffering it, is praise-worthy. No man praiseth death; but he is justly praised, who is deprived of life, before death could give him any perturbation.

All these things therefore are neither honourable, nor *glorious* in themselves; but whenever virtue joins herself thereto, and hath the management

management of them, they are indeed both honourable and glorious. They are, as it were in common, and have no other difference than what they obtain by their connection with virtue or the contrary disposition. For death which in *Cato* was glorious, was soon after vile and shameful in *Brutus*: I mean *that Brutus* (*d*), who when he was about to die, fought all possible means to delay the time; nay he pretended to go aside to ease himself (*e*), and when called forth to die, and commanded to lay his head upon the block; *I will*, says he, *so I may but live*. What madness is it to fly when it is impossible to escape? *I will bow my neck*, says he, *so I may but live*: he had almost said—even a slave to Anthony. O worthy man to have thy life given thee! but as I was saying; from hence you may observe, that death, considered in itself, is neither good nor evil; seeing that *Cato* made a glorious use of it; and *Brutus* a most dishonourable one.

Every thing not honourable in itself is ennobled by the accession of virtue. We say such a room is light and magnificent: but how dark and dull is the same by night? It is the day that gives it all its splendour, which the night soon deprives it of: so of those things which we call common and indifferent, as riches, strength, beauty, honours, a kingdom; and on the other hand, banishment, sickness, pain, death, and the like, which we dread more or less, a virtuous or vicious behaviour under them, gives them the title of good or evil. A mass of iron, is neither hot nor cold in itself. It grows hot in the furnace, and is soon made cold by being thrown into the water. Death is honourable, through such means as are honourable, in virtue: and a mind exalting itself above the gifts of fortune. There is also, my *Lucilius*, a great difference even in these common things; for death is not so indifferent a thing, as whether our hair be cut even or not. Death is one of those things, which are not evil, but have the appearance of evil.

There is implanted in every breast a certain self-love, an innate desire of self-preservation, and a dread of dissolution; which threatens to deprive us of many good things, and the enjoyment of such as we have been long accustomed to. This also is what alienates our minds from death; we know the things we enjoy at present; but we know

not what we shall meet with, whither we are going (*f*), and always apt to dread things unknown. Besides, nothing is more natural than the fear of darkness; and this is what death seems to threaten us with. And therefore, however indifferent a thing death may be, yet it is not to be reckon'd among those which may easily be slighted and contemn'd: the mind must be strengthen'd and harden'd by continual exercise against the sight and approach of death; not that it ought to be dreaded so much as it generally is. Many strange things are believ'd concerning it, and many a genius hath been employ'd in encreasing the infamy (*g*). What a terrible description is given of the infernal prison, and the dismal region that labours under perpetual night, where the monstrous keeper of Hell-gates

Ossa super recubans antro semesa cruento. Virg. 8. 297.

Æternum latrans exanguis territat umbras. 6. 401.

The triple porter of the stygian seat,

Now seiz'd with fear forgot his mangled meat—

Still may the dog his wandring troops constrain,

Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train. Dryden.

Nay, though you should be persuaded that these are mere fictions and idle stories; and that the dead have nothing to fear, yet very far is this persuasion from taking away all fear; for men are as much afraid of annihilation, as of dwelling in the infernal region. Seeing then that these thoughts often assail us, which long persuasion hath made habitual, to suffer death courageously, cannot but be glorious, and worthy a place amongst the strongest efforts of the human mind. The mind can never rise to virtue, so long as it thinks death an evil: but thither it will rise, if it looks upon death merely as an indifferent thing.

It is not in the nature of things for any one to address with magnanimity what he thinks an evil; slothful and dilatory will be his approach thereto. Now, *that* cannot be glorious, which is done untowardly, and with an unwilling mind. Virtue does nothing by constraint. Add also that nothing can be done decently and well, to which the whole mind hath not bent its strongest application and efforts, and is in no respect whatever repugnant. But when an evil is set before us, it often happens, that the patient suffering of one single evil, shall be swallow'd up,

up, either in the fear of something worse, or in the hope of some good, which is thought worthy of pursuit. Hence the thoughts of the agent are at variance: and there is something that urgeth him on one hand, to execute his purpose: and on the other hand, what draws him back, and deters him from the suspected peril; therefore, I say, he is distracted in his thoughts: and where this is the case, all glory is lost: for virtue ever performs her resolutions with a steady and constant mind: she is never afraid to enter upon action: Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito (*b*).

But thou secure of soul, unbent with woes,

The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose. Dryden.

But you cannot go on so boldly, if you think them real evils. This notion therefore must first be rooted out, otherwise suspicion will traverse and stay thy course: or the mind will be *forced* upon that, which it ought to have undertaken willingly.

The Stoics indeed seem to think the question, as first put by *Zeno*, true; but the other in opposition to it, false and vain. For my part I am not for treating these things *logically*; or having recourse to the knotty quirks of idle sophistry. I think all this kind of business ought to be discarded: wherein he, to whom the question is put, is suspicious of a fallacy, and being brought to confession, answereth one thing, and thinks another. Truth is to be dealt with in a more plain and simple manner; and in order to root out all fear, we must deal more openly and manly. The things which by these sophisters are involv'd in such intricacies, I had rather solve and explain; that I might persuade, and not impose upon, the hearer. When a general is leading an army into the field, there perhaps to die for their wives and children, in what terms will he exhort them! Look upon the *Fabii* (*i*) transferring the whole war of the republic upon one family. Look upon the *Lacedæmonians* in the streights of *Thermopylæ* (*k*); without any hopes of victory or a return; when that place seem'd their destin'd grave: what will you alledge in order to intice them to sacrifice themselves for the republic; and rather part from their lives, than their stand? you will say;

What is evil is not glorious,

But Death is glorious.

Therefore *Death is no evil.*

O most powerful harangue! who after this, would scruple to give himself up to the drawn sword, and die upon the spot? But what a noble speech was *that* of *Leonidas*, when he said, *so dine my fellow-soldiers, as if ye were to sup in another world*(1) They snapped up their meat; scarcely staid to chew it; nor did any fall from their hands. They went cheerfully to dinner, and to supper both. And how did that brave *Roman* General address his soldiers, whom he ordered to take a certain place, which they could not come at, but by forcing their way through the vast army of their enemies? *There is a necessity, my fellow-warriors, for your going thither, but none for your coming back.* You see how plain and imperious, virtue, or true valour is. What mortal can your circumlocutions make more valiant, more firm, and steady? Such amusements are apt to break the mind, which ought by no means to be contracted and driven into difficulties, at a time, when it ought to be the more enlarged for some great enterprize.

But the fear of death ought to be rooted out not only from the minds of a few hundred, or of an army, but of all men in general. And how will you teach them, that it is not an evil? How will you overcome the prejudices of men, in every age, imbibed from their very infancy? What help will you find? What remedy will you propose for the weakness of human nature? What will you say to animate men so, as to make them rush into the midst of danger? With what harangue will you avert this universal fear? With what strength of reasoning will you dissuade mankind from a persuasion, so universal, and determined against all you can say? Will you study captious words, and form petty questions? Know that mighty monsters are not to be quelled but by mighty weapons. In vain did the *Roman* soldiers discharge their slings and quivers against that large and cruel serpent in *Africa*, which was more terrible to the *Legions* than war itself. Like the *Python* he was invulnerable, when from the vast and solid bulk of his body, the steely weapon, or whatever else was thrown by mortal hand, rebounded; but at length he was crushed by mill-stones(*n*) And do you now throw such petty weapons against death? Will you encounter a lion with a bodkin? They are sharp things which you advance. And what is sharper than the bearded ear of barley? But their own fineness makes some things useless, and ineffectual.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Theognis, v. 1193. Ασπαλαδοὶ δὲ ταπηνὸν ὁμοῖον στρώμα θάβοντι.

————— to the dead,

To lie on thorns or tapestry, is the same.

(b) As they treated criminals, both before and after execution.

(c) So *Antisthenes* ap. Laert. Τῶχῃ κατασκευαστίῳ ἐν τοῖς ἡμῶν ἀναλωτοῖς λογισμοῖς. For as it was said with great applause on the stage——

—— Si regnum a me Fortuna atque opes

Eripere quivit, at virtutem non quit.

Fortune may rob me of my wealth and throne;

She can no more: still Virtue is my own.

(d) This must be understood of *Decius Brutus*, who, as *Vellius* writes, flying for shelter to the house of one *Capennus*, a nobleman, was there slain by those whom *M. Anthony* sent in pursuit of him. For this contemptuous relation will by no means suit with the story of the famous *Marcus Brutus*, the friend and assassin of *Cæsar*. See *Valer. Max.* l. 9. c. c. 13.

(e) For this anecdote we must give credit to *Seneca*, as not related elsewhere. *Lipfius* gives you the like story of one *Cnæus Carbo*, from *Valer. Max.* l. 19. 13. who mentions the death of *Brutus*, but without this circumstance.

(f) Aye, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown, with restless violence, round about
The pendant world, or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thought
Imagines howling!—'tis too horrible.
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear in death.—*Shakesp.* Measure for Measure,

(g) *Plato* also highly inveighs against the poets for making Death, terrible enough in itself, much more terrible by such their fictions and idle stories. *Vid. de Republ.* l. 3.

(h) To which some copies add that unnecessary hemistich——

Quàm tua te Fortuna sinet——not in *Virgil*.

(i) *Fabius* (so called from *fabæ*, a *bean*, being the first planter of beans in *Italy*) with his family and children, 300 in number, waged war with the *Veientes*, and were all slain to one man: from whom was descended this noble family down to the celebrated *Fabius Maximus*, Consul with *Julius Cæsar*, *Ann. M. C.* 709.

(k) Thermopylæ] The straits between the mountains of *Theffaly* and *Phocis*; where *Leonidas*, King of *Sparta*, opposed a vast army of the *Persians*.

(l) As I think it is somewhere said by *Cæsar*, *Fight on, my brave fellow-soldiers, you will either conquer or sup with Jupiter.*

(m) *Ne Python quidem vulnerabilis---al. invulnerabilis---ne pilo quidem vel ne publis---Eras.* *ne Pythio* (i. e. *Apollina*) *Suret.* But I am more apt to think, with *Pincian*, that the whole sentence is not genuine. Or, if I may not be allowed the sense given it in the translation, I should sooner prefer *Erasmus'* *pilo*, (i. e. *he was invulnerable to the pike or spear*) than either *Python* or *Pythio*.

EPISTLE LXXXIII.

On Drunkenness.

IT seems you are inquisitive, *Lucilius*, to know how I spend my time, even my whole time; and are pleased to entertain so good an opinion of me as to think, that I desire not to conceal any part of it from you. Indeed we ought so to live, as in the sight of man; and so to employ our thoughts, as if the inmost recesses of our hearts were open to some inspector. They certainly are so: for what avails it to keep any thing secret from man; when we can hide nothing from God! He is intimate to our souls (*a*); and interposeth himself in our common thoughts; so indeed as never absolutely to leave us. I will oblige you therefore in your request, and will transmit to you in writing how I pass my time, and after what method I generally act. I will, forthwith, make some observations on myself; and what is truly useful and of consequence, review the day past.

Nothing contributes more to the making men worse, as to their morals, than their not regarding their past conduct. We think indeed upon what we are about to do; though this but seldom; and what we have done, is entirely forgotten. Good counsel however for the future depends, in a great measure, upon the experience of what is past. This, my *Lucilius*, hath been a complete day with me (*b*): not a person hath broke in upon a moment of it. The whole was divided between my
couch

couch and reading-desk: very little allowed for exercise of the body: I am oblig'd to old age for this; it puts me to very little trouble in this respect; when I stir, I am soon tired. But this is the common end of exercise, even to the strongest. Would you know, who are my companions (*c*) herein? One is enough for me, *Eurinus*, an amiable boy not unknown to you. But I must change him. He grows too robust for me. He says indeed, that we are both at the same crisis of age, forasmuch as we are shedding our teeth; but the young rogue runs too fast for me; I can scarce overtake him; and in a few days I shall not be able; so much he gains upon me by daily exercise. In a very short time there is a great distance between two that are travelling different ways. As he is going up, I am going down: and you know how much swifter the one travels than the other. Did I say, I was *going* down? I was mistaken; for my age is such I am not *going*, but *falling* down. But would you know how ended this day's contention between us? why, as seldom it does between two racers, neither of us beat (*d*).

From this, rather a fatigue, than exercise, I go into the cold bath; I do not mean such as is extremely cold: for I (who took so much delight in bathing and swimming that even on the *Kalends of January*, I would leap into the coldest pond; and as I was wont to begin the new year (*e*) with reading, writing, or dictating something, as a foretoken of success; so began I to bath, by plunging into spring water) first moved my tent to the river Tyber (*f*), and afterwards had recourse to the bathing tub: which, as I am yet pretty strong, and would have all things done as should be, the sun alone sufficiently warmeth for me. I spend not however much time in bathing; and after that, I eat a piece of dry bread, or biscuit, and dine without a table; nor have I any occasion to wash my hands after dinner. I sleep a little while: you know my custom: my sleep was always very short; I rest, as it were a while (*g*); and think it enough not to be broad awake. Sometimes indeed I know that I have slept; but sometimes I only think so. Lo! the noise of the *Circus* is continually buzzing in my ears, and sometimes strikes them with a sudden and universal shout: however it does not chase away my thoughts: nor even interrupt them. I bear the clamour most patiently: and the many voices, that are joined together in one con-

fused sound, are no more to me than the rolling of a wave, or the rustling of wind through a wood; and the like insignificant noises.—And what of all this? why, I will tell you now, what I was meditating upon. For I am still reflecting upon the same to-day as yesterday: *what those wise men could mean, who in some serious matter, used the most trifling and perplexing arguments: which however true were to be suspected of a falsity.*

Zeno, (*b*) for instance, that most extraordinary man and the founder of the bravest and most religious sect, proposed to deter man from drunkenness. And you shall hear in what manner he proves that a good man will never be drunk.

No one trusts a secret to a drunken man:

But a good man is trusted with secrets.

Therefore, *A good man will not be drunk.* (Ebrius.)

But observe now how you may play upon him with the alike-form'd syllogism: for one of many will serve our present purpose:

No one commits a secret to one that is asleep,

Secrets are committed to good men:

Therefore, *A good man will not sleep.*

Pofidonius endeavours, as well as he can, to defend our Zeno herein: but, in my opinion, he makes but a poor defence of it. For, he says, that a man may be called *a drunken man* two ways; the one, when he is overcharg'd with wine, and not master of himself; the other, when he is subject to this vice, and only now and then gets drunk. Zeno here means the latter, one that is subject to be drunk, not one that actually is so; and *such a one*, he says, *no one will trust with a secret* lest he should blab in his cups. But this is false. For the former syllogism absolutely includes the man that *is drunk*, not one that may be so: as there is a great difference between (*Ebrium* and *Ebriosum*), *one that is drunk*, and *a drunkard*. For it may be that he who is now drunk, was never so before: and he that is a drunkard may often be sober; therefore by the word, *Ebrius*, I must understand what is generally meant by the same, *one that is drunk*; especially as the word is used, by a man of learning, and profess'd diligence in weighing well his expressions. Add likewise, that Zeno, if he understands him, hath left

room for a fallacy, by using an ambiguous word, which by no means becomes a man, who is in search of truth.

Be this as it will; he could not but know that the major (first) proposition is false, *no one trusts a secret to a drunken man*. For consider how many soldiers, who are none of the soberest people, are trusted with secrets by their general, the tribune or centurion. *Tullius Cimber* was trusted with the secret of a conspiracy against the life of *Cæsar* (I mean *Caius Cæsar*, who having overcome *Pompey* seized upon the government) as well as *Caius Cassius*. *Cassius* had, all his life, drank nothing but water: *Tullius Cimber* was scarce ever sober, and a prattler. He used often to jest upon himself, saying, *How can I carry any one, who cannot carry my wine?* Let any one now name those, whom he thinks worthy to be trusted with a secret, but not with wine. I will give you one example, that recurs to me, before I forget it. For life is best instructed by some famous example; nor need we always have recourse to antiquity. *Lucius Piso* (*i*), The warden of the city, after he was once drunk, spent the greater part of the night in banqueting and riot: and then would he sleep 'till noon the next day, which was generally his morning. Yet was he very diligent in the administration of his office, wherein depended the security and welfare of the city: even the god-like *Augustus* entrusted him with secret orders, when he gave him the government of *Thrace*, which he had subdued. And *Tiberius*, when he was going into *Campania*, and leaving *Rome*, in suspicion and disgust, yet, I suppose, because drunkenness had no worse an effect upon *Piso*, made *Cossus* (*k*) governor of the city in his absence. Now *Cossus* was a grave and moderate man, but would sometimes get so very drunk as to be carried out of the senate, (when he was come thither from some banquet) overwhelm'd with so sound a sleep, that it was impossible to wake him: yet to this man did *Tiberius*, with his own hand, write many things, with which he was afraid to trust his own ministers: and never did a secret, either of a public or private nature, drop from *Cossus*.

Let us hear no more then those frequent declamations,—*the mind has no command of itself, when fetter'd with drunkenness.*--As barrels are burst
with

with new wine, and the lees are thrown to the top by fermentation; so when wine boils within a man, and stupefies the brain, whatever secret is hid in the heart, it is thrown up and made public.--I own this may sometime happen, yet it also happens, that we scruple not to consult even in serious and necessary matters with those, who are given to wine. This is false therefore what is here set forth as an indisputable maxim, that *a secret is never entrusted to a man who is subject to drunkenness*. How much better is it openly and plainly to accuse, and shew forth the vice and folly of it; which even a decent man would avoid, and much more one that is wise and perfect: who is satisfied with quenching his thirst; and who, at a time of mirth, though it be carried to a great height upon some extraordinary occasion, still refrains from drunkenness.

We shall dispute hereafter, whether the mind of a wise man may be disturb'd by too large a dose, and whether he will act as drunken men generally do. In the mean while, if you would prove that a good man ought never to be drunk, what need is there of having recourse to syllogism? Rather shew, how ridiculous and vile a thing it is, for a man to pour down more than he can hold, and not to know the strength of his constitution.--How many things drunken men are apt to do, which when sober they would be ashamed of.--And that drunkenness is nothing else but a voluntary madness.--And, suppose this evil habit to grow upon a man (*l*), can you doubt of its being somewhat more than madness, even rage and fury? The fit is not less though it be shorter.--Declare how *Alexander*, King of *Macedon*, slew at a banquet *Clytus*, his dearest and most faithful friend; but being made conscious of the fact, when sober, he desired to die, and indeed he deserv'd no better (*m*).

Drunkenness heightens and displays every vice. It takes away modesty, the usual restraint upon every bad intention. For many, it is to be feared, abstain from vice, more through the dread of shame, than their own good will. When the strength of wine hath overpower'd the mind, whatever evil lay conceal'd therein, is apt to emerge. For
drunkenness

drunkenness does not so much create faults as it betrays them; for then it is, that the libidinous stay not for the privacy of a chamber, but as far as they can, indulge their desires without delay: then it is, the debauchée confesseth openly his disease: and the petulant and wanton, give a loose to their vicious inclination: the pride of the insolent, the savageness of the cruel, and the malice of the spiteful, grow stronger hereby: in short, every vice shews itself in its proper colours.

Add that stupidity and ignorance of a man's self; his stammering and unintelligible way of speaking; his eyes see double; the roof seems to shake, and the whole house to run round: the stomach is sick and painful, while the wine is fermenting therein, and preying upon the vitals: however tolerable it may be while there is any strength left in the liquor, what must it be when corrupted by sleep? and what was drunkenness before, is now become an intolerable crudity.

Think also what cruel slaughters public riot and debauch have sometimes occasion'd. This is what hath given up the most fierce and war-like nations into the hands of their enemies; hath broken down walls, that were defended with a most stubborn war for many years: this hath drove into captivity the most brave and resolute contemners of subjection; and hath conquer'd the unconquerable in battle. *Alexander*, whom I before mention'd, and who was carried safe through so many journeys, so many engagements, so many winters, in which he overcame the difficulties of both time and place, through so many rivers whose sources were unknown, and through so many dangerous seas, was at last overthrown by an intemperate draught; and that *Herculean* (n) and fatal cup quite buried him.

What glory is there in being able to hold a great deal? When you have gained the victory; and your fellow-fots, overcome with sleep and nauseousness shall refuse to pledge you any more; when you alone survive the whole company; when you have conquer'd them all with most magnificent valour (o); and you boast that no man can carry so much wine as yourself? Lo! you yourself are overcome by (or cannot carry so much as) an hoghead.

What

What was it else but drunkenness, and the love of *Cleopatra*, no less strong than wine, that destroy'd *Mark Anthony*, (a very great man, and of most noble endowments) and led him into foreign manners, and vices not his own, nor of Roman growth? It was this, that made him an enemy to his country, and his enemies an overmatch for *him*: this taught him cruelty; when he ordered the heads of the princes of the city to be brought to him at supper; when amidst the most exquisite dainties that luxury could invent, or royal affluence administer, he took pleasure in beholding the scalps and hands of the proscribed; when full of wine, he yet thirsted for blood. It would have been intolerable in him to have done what he did, had he been sober; but how much more intolerable was it for him to do these horrid things in a drunken riot? Cruelty commonly attends upon drunkenness. For the sanity of the mind is hereby disturb'd (*p*) and exasperated. As long diseases make the eyes so weak as not to endure the least glimpse of the sun; so, an habit of drunkenness weakens the mind: for as men are often not masters of themselves, being inured to such vices as are conceived by lavish drinking, they are apt to perpetrate the same without the instigation of wine.

Declare therefore that a wise man ought never to be drunk; show the deformity and indecency of it, not by words only, but from fact, which is very easy to be done. Prove that these which are called pleasures, when they exceed the proper mean, become punishments. For if you will argue that a wise man may perchance be intoxicated with wine, and yet not err, or go astray; you may as well say, that a man will not die, though he hath drank poison;—that opium will not make him sleep; nor *bellebore* purge him.—But when his feet trip, and his tongue falters, why should you think him only half-gone, or fuddled? *He is drunk.*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Epistetus* to the same purpose (l. 11. c. 8.) *What you would not do before the statue or image of a God, that you dare do, notwithstanding God certainly sees and hears every thought, word and deed. Thou wretch, ignorant of thine own nature, and hateful to the Gods!* But our business is with the holy Scriptures, where this sentiment is so frequently and particularly inculcated. 1 Sam. 16. 7. 1 Kings, 8. 39. 1 Chron. 28. 9. Job, 26. 6. 28. 24. 31. 4. 34. 21. 43. 2. Ps. 7. 9. 44. 21. 139. 4. 11. 12. Prov. 5. 21. 15. 3. Jer. 11. 20. 16. 12. 17. 10. 20. 12. 3. 19. Zeph. 1. 12. Eccles. 17. 19. Luk. 16. 15. Act. 1. 24. 15. 18. 3 Joh. 3. 20. Rev. 2. 25.— See Ep. 41. De Benef. l. 4. c. 8.

(b) *Hodiernus dies solidus est.* Hor. l. 1. 20. *nec partem solido demere de die spernit.*

Vid. Sidon. Apoll. p. 402.

(c) *Progymnasias*] *Murel.*—Which word is used by *Plato* and *Xenophon*, in the same sense with *Syngymnasias*, i. e. eos qui unâ cum aliquo exercentur. *Poll.*

(d) *Hieram fecimus*] We both come equally tired to the middle line of the race, which line is called *hierâ*; so neither of us beat. By *ispâr* (Subaud. *symples*) is meant a vehement and most laborious race, as the mariners say, *sacram anchoram*, and the physicians *sacram dosin*, *ispâr* *πρωγῶν*. *Erasm.*

(e) On this day the *Romans* generally began what they intended for the chief employ of the ensuing year, by way of good luck.

Quisque suas artes ob idem delibat agendo,

Nec pluraquam solitum testificatur opus. *Ovid.*

Each gives this day a specimen, in part,

Wherein he's destin'd to display his art.

(f) As being somewhat warmer than spring water.

(g) *Quasi interjungo*, al. *intervigilo*. They are said, *interjungere*, when on travelling they take off their horses to give them a bait. *Horace* calls it, *iter dividere*,

Hoc iter ignavi divisimus.

So *Varro*, *Diem dividere*,

Exarfitque dies, et hora

Interjungit equos meridiana.

Quidam medio dic interjunctum et in pomeridianas horas aliquid levioris operæ distulerunt. *Sen. de Tranquil. l. 1.*

(h) *Zeno* was owner of a thousand talents, when he came from *Cyprus* into *Greece*; and he used to lend money on ships at an high interest. He kept in short a kind of an insurance-office. He lost this estate perhaps when he said, *Rectâ senectute Fortuna, quæ nos ad philosophiam impellit, I am greatly obliged to Fortune, for reducing me to the study of philosophy.* Afterwards he received great presents from *Antigonus*. So that his great frugality and simplicity of life was the effect of his choice, and not of necessity. *Idem, Lucr.*—He rejoiced that he had been thrown by shipwreck on the *Athenian* coast, as he owed to the loss of his fortune the acquisition which he made of virtue, wisdom, and immortality.—*Bolingbroke* on Exile.

(i) The Emperor *Tiberius*, at the very time he was reforming the manners of the people, gave up one night and day to drinking and feasting with *Pomponius*, *Blaccus*, and *Lucius Piso*, to one of which he gave the province of *Syria* immediately, and to the other the government of the city.

(k) *Lipſus* doubts whether this was *Cornelius Coffus*, who was consul under *Augustus*, ann. 752, or his son, consul under *Tiberius*, ann. 778—most probably the latter.

(l) *Extendē in plures dies illum ebrii habitum.* MS. In some copies the word *dies* is wanting, in others it is written in *plures vires*.

(m) *Facinore intellecto mori voluit, certē debuit.* *Muret. al. mori voluit.* *Certē eruit omne vitium ebrietas—al. certē delituit.* And indeed *Alexander* is said to have kept himself many days within, after this fact, discovering hereby how much he was ashamed of it. See *Quint. Curt.*

(n) *Herculeanus scyphus*] *Plutarch*, in his Life of *Alexander* informs us, “ that, at an entertainment given by *Medius*, *Alexander* drank all that night and the next day to such excess, as put him into a fever, which seized him, not as some write, after he had drank off *Hercules’ bowl*; nor was he taken with a sudden pain in his back, as if he had been stricken with a lance; (for these are the inventions of some authors, who thought it became them to make the conclusion of so great an action as tragical as they could.) *Aristobulus* tells us that in the rage of his fever and a violent thirst, he took a draught of wine, upon which he fell into a frenzy, and died, æt. 32. The large glasses were called *Herculean*, from the use of them, by *Hercules* the *Bæotian*, always used as the *finishing glass* after supper. *Και τον σκυφον εἶχον ἀτὶ ἐπισειπνιον τον Ηρακλειου.* *Nicet.*

(o) *Hi sunt, quorum laudari audis—inter vina Victorias.* *Sidon. Apoll. l. 5. 7.* Vid. *Not.* ubi, *D. Ambrosius*, ibi unusquisque pugnas enarrat suas, ibi fortia facta prædicet, narrat trophæa. Et, *Polycrat. l. 8. c. 6.* Sine mensura bibitur ad mensuram, is cæteris prævalet, qui aut gulâ, aut dolo, stravit aut vicit compotatores.

(p) *Violatur—sanitas mentis*] *al. Vallatur.* MS. *Villatur, vilatur, bellatur, bullatur, unde Pincian, belluatur, i. e. in bellæ naturam transit, is made a beast.* *Lipſus, fellatur, aut biliatur.* *Gronov. libatur, i. e. vexatur, carpitur, vel vexatur, ut mentem vexare mariti.* *Juv. 6. 610.*

(q) *Plato* (in *Cicerone*) *Σωκρατης ἐν ταῖς ἐνωχίαις, κ. τ. λ.* *Socrates was not fond of drinking at an entertainment, and when obliged by the company, he was generally too strong for them, so that none can say, they ever saw Socrates drunk.*

Not but that, if a wise man should be overtaken, as it was by chance, not by intention, *Lipſus* thinks it excusable.

EPISTLE LXXXIV.

On Reading, and the Study of Wisdom.

I THINK, *Lucilius*, that the little excursions I make in my chariot by way of exercise, are of great service to me, both with regard to my health and studies. You plainly see wherein they are beneficial to my health, forasmuch as the love of learning and constant application there-

to,

to, would make me sluggish and careless of my body, I am hereby roused by the help of others: and I will now shew you wherein they are of service to the studious mind. I abstain not entirely from reading. For reading is absolutely necessary. First, that I may not rest only upon my own opinion; and then, that having learned what others have been in search after, I may the better judge of such things as have already been, or may yet be discover'd. Reading nourisheth the fancy, and wit of man; and even refresheth him when fatigued with study, and yet, still it may be study. For we ought not to be always reading, nor always writing: the one will weary and exhaust the strength: I mean continual writing: and the other dissolve and dissipate it. They are to be used alternately (*a*), and the one moderated with the other; that whatever hath been collected from reading, may be digested and reduced into form by writing. We ought, as they say, to imitate the bees who fly about (*b*) and cull such flowers as are most proper for making honey; and then they deposit their several charges in proper order, and distribute them throughout the comb, as our Virgil saith—
Liquentia mella

Stipant, et dulci distendunt nectare cellas. G. i. 164.

Some purge the heav'nly nectar, some condense,

And some the liquid in void cells dispense. Lauderdale.

It is not certain whether they extract any liquid from the flowers, which liquid immediately becomes honey; or whether by a certain mixture and peculiarity of their breath, they change what they have gather'd into this tasteful substance. For some think, they have not the skill themselves to make honey, but only gather it; as in the Indies pure honey is found in the leaves of certain reeds (*c*), which honey is made of the dew of that climate; or of the sweet and fatty moisture of the reed itself: and that in some of our herbs is found the like substance, not altogether so manifest and notable, but such as an insect, made for this purpose, is wont to search after, and collect together. Others think that by their mixing and disposing of such matter as they have gather'd from the tenderest of plants and flowers, not without a sort of leaven, if I may call it so, which blends things together of a different nature, it receives this quality.

But not to digress farther from the business in hand, I say, we ought to imitate bees: and whatever things we have extracted from different books, first, to separate them; for being distinct they are the more easily remember'd; and then to apply ourselves with the utmost care and strength of mind, to transform these various dainties into one dish; that even if it should appear from whence it was taken, it may yet appear a very different thing to that from whence it was taken. This is what we daily see perform'd by nature in our bodies, without any assistance from us. The aliments which we receive into the stomach, so long as they retain their own qualities, and float intire therein, are a load to it; but being digested and changed from what they were, they pass into our substance and blood. We must do the same, by those things, with which we nourish and strengthen the intellectual faculties: we must not keep them intire, as we received them; for so they will not be ours, but we must digest them, or else they will only be a charge upon the memory, without improving the understanding. We must sincerely give our assent to them, and make them our own: that one certain thing may be made of many; as from several figures ariseth one certain number; and one single computation includes many less and different sums.

And this likewise is what the mind must do; it must conceal as much as possible the helps it hath been oblig'd to; and only make shew of what it hath done itself. Should there still remain the resemblance of some one, whom admiration hath fixed deeper in your mind, and made so strong an impression, that you cannot easily quit it: I would have it to be such a resemblance as is that of a son, rather than that of a stupid and lifeless image. And what then? you will say: will it not be known, whose style you imitate; whose arguments, whose sentiments? perhaps not; if you follow some great man; who in his compositions hath not distinguish'd what he hath taken from others, by any particular mark, so as to exhibit a sameness (*d*).

Do you not observe that a choir consists of many voices? yet from all ariseth but one harmonious sound. One voice is treble, another
base,

base, another the mean or tenour; the voices of women are joined to those of men: and the flutes and other instruments are likewise added: yet the tone of no voice or instrument is heard in particular, but they are all happily blended in one: I am speaking of such a choir, or musical performance, as was known to the antient lovers of Music. At the representation of a play we have as many singers as in the Theatres formerly they had spectators (e). And yet when every avenue is filled with singers, and the whole pit is surrounded with clarinets, and from above in the galleries is heard the sound of the organs, and other wind instruments; even from such dissonant tones ariseth harmony. Thus, I say, I would have it with our minds; there should be many arts, many precepts, the examples of many ages, all lodged therein, and yet all conspiring together to constitute one form, or manner of life. But how is this to be done? why, by care and the steady pursuit of rational principles. If we do nothing but what our reason directs; if we attend to the dictates of this alone; she will say to us; leave those things which you now so greedily pursue; give up riches,—which either endanger, or are a burthen to their owners; renounce the trifling pleasures both of the body and mind; they serve to no other purpose but to lull you into softness and effeminacy: forsake ambition; 'tis a quality, light, inconstant, full of pride and vanity; it knows not where to rest; and is alike troubled in following as in preceding others: it labours under two sorts of envy: and you know how wretched a man must be who is both envied himself and envieth others. Behold those palaces of the great! How are their doors pester'd with the squabbling throng of Leveé-Hunters! what affronts must you submit to, before you gain admittance? and how many more when you have crouded in? pass therefore regardless, by the steps, and lofty terrace (f) that leads to the rich man's door; in such their court-yards, you will not only be raised aloft, but stand on slippery ground.

Hither then chuse to direct your course; even to the house of wisdom aiming, at the same time, to enjoy both the most quiet situation and the most noble. Whatever things seem excellent, in worldly affairs, though they are really small and of no account, but in comparison with the most

most vile and abject, yet to attain them is still a difficult and arduous task. The way to the summit of dignity is rough and craggy. But would you climb the Hill of Wisdom, to which I invite you, and to which fortune submits with all her treasures, you shall see all those things, which are in highest estimation lie beneath you, nor shall you complain of having reach'd the top, but by a smooth and easy path.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Ep. 15.

(b) See the following as transcribed by *Macrob.* Saturnal. 1.

(c) *Strabo* l. 15. *It is said they extract honey from the reeds, where they have no bees.* But this is to be understood of what we call, by the ARABIC name, *saccharum*, *sugar*.

Quique bibunt tenera dulces ab arundine succos. Luc. 3. 237.

Who quaff rich juices from the luscious cane.

(d) See Sir John Hawkins on Music, vol. iv. p. 272.

(e) (f) In *comessationibus nostris*] *In our feasts.* But *Lipius* thinks it stretching the point a little too far, to say, that *in their feasts they had more fingers, than the ancient theatres had spectators.* He therefore reads it as here translated, in *comissionibus nostris* sc. *ludorum.* *Lipf. Epist. Qu. iii. 9.*

At tuba comissos medio canit aggere ludos.—Virg. iii. 113.

The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims;

And all prepare for the appointed games. Dryden.

(f) *Magno aggestu suspensa vestibula*]—*aggestu* (*Spoliorum* sc. *quæ postibus affigi solent.*) *Lipf.* But *Gronovius* more rightly understands it of the structure itself.

EPISTLE LXXXV.

*Virtue alone sufficient to make Life happy. **

I HAVE hitherto spared you, *Lucilius*, and not troubled you, with such points as seem'd knotty and difficult; contenting myself with only giving you a taste (a) of the arguments, alledg'd by the *Stoics* to prove, that *virtue alone is sufficient to procure an happy life.* But now you require

quire me to collect whatever traditionary proofs and deductions they have advanc'd, to confirm this their opinion: which, was I to undertake, I should be oblig'd to send you a book, instead of an Epistle. I again and again protest that I am no admirer of such kind of syllogistical reasoning. I am ashamed to enter the lists, in behalf of a cause that concerns both heaven and earth, armed only with a bodkin: as thus:

*He that is prudent is temperate;
He that is temperate is constant;
He that is constant is undisturb'd;
He that is undisturb'd knows no sorrow;
He that knows no sorrow, is an happy man;*

Therefore *The prudent man is happy; and prudence alone is sufficient to the attainment of an happy life.*

Now, this collective syllogism (c) is answer'd by some of the Peripatetics in this wise: they conceive, that, when we talk of a man, *undisturb'd, constant and sorrowless, a man is undisturb'd who is disturb'd very seldom, or in a small degree, not one, who is never disturb'd at all: and that a man may be said to be sorrowless, who is so circumstanc'd as in a great measure to be free from sorrow; nor is often, or in any great degree subject to this passion: for, say they, it would be to deny the nature of man, to suppose the mind of any one to be absolutely free from sorrow. They grant that though a wise man may not be overcome with grief and pain, yet it is impossible that he should not feel it.* Such are the allegations of these philosophers, and of all who espouse their sect: They take not away the affections, but only moderate them. But how little honour do we pay the wise man, if we only suppose him stronger than the weakest; merrier than the most disconsolate; more temperate than the libidinous; and greater than the meanest. What if *Ladas* (d) was proud of his own swiftness, when he only compared himself with the lame and weak?

*Illa vel intactæ sogetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec cursu teneras læsisset aristas,
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tument
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas (e).*

Laß

—*Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came—
Outstript the winds in speed upon the plain;
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain;
And while her course she bends o'er raging waves,*

Her nimble feet no saucy billow laves.—Dryden. *Lauderdale.*

This is swiftness indeed, consider'd in itself, and not estimated from a comparison with the flow of foot. What if you call him sound who has a slight fever? a gentle fit is by no means sound health. But says the *Peripatetic*, a wise man is said to be undisturb'd; as we say, fruit is not stony, or unkernell'd, (*f*) not because it has no kernels but because it has only a few, and those not hard. This is false, for in a good man, I do not suppose a diminution of evil, but an entire exemption from it; there ought, I say, to be none: not the least imaginable: for if there be any, they may possibly encrease, and give him trouble. As a large and confirm'd cataract quite blinds the eye, so a small film darkens it. If you allow passions to the wise man, it is possible that reason may not be able to master them, and he may be carried away by them, as with a torrent; especially when you suppose him struggling, not with one passion only, but with a tribe of them: be they as small as they will, the strength of a multitude can do more, than one alone, however great and violent (*g*). He is covetous, but in a moderate degree; he is ambitious, but not very eager: he is passionate, but soon appeased; he is inconstant, but not vague and roving; he is libidinous, but not furious; be it so, he however is more easily managed, who is subject to one vice alone, though entire and in full force, than one, who is subject to every vice, though in a light degree. But in truth, it signifies not how great or little the passion is, when it knows not how to obey, nor will admit any counsel; as no four-legg'd animal, be it wild or ever so domestic and tame, will attend to the voice of reason; it is the nature of them to be deaf to persuasion; so is it with the passions, they will not hear you, however weak they are in degree. Tygers and Lions throw not off entirely their natural fierceness, though they sometimes submit; and when you least expect it, their ferocity, however soften'd for a while, is exasperated.

Moreover

Moreover, if reason prevails, passions will never rise; and where they rise against reason, they will persevere against it. For it is much easier to check their beginning than to restrain their course, when they have once set out. Their mediocrity therefore with regard to passion, is false and useless: it is the same as if we should say a man is *moderately* mad, or *moderately* sick.

Virtue alone is subject to government; and not any evils of the mind; which it is much easier to get rid of, than to govern. Can there be any doubt, that the inveterate, and harden'd vices of the human heart, which we call the diseases of the soul, (*b*), such as covetousness, cruelty, unruliness, impiety, and the like, want moderation? therefore the passions also are immoderate and excessive, for by these are we led to the former. If you give any loose to sorrow, fear, base desire, and other vicious and depraved affections, they are no longer governable. And why? because the things whereby they are provoked and enflamed are without us: therefore they encrease more or less, according to the causes of incitement. Fear, for instance, encreaseth, when it beholds the dreaded object either greater than as at first imagin'd, or nearer: desire is more eager, as the object of its hope seems more valuable. If it be not in our power to be absolutely free from passions, neither is it in our power to say how far they will go: if you have once suffer'd them to begin; they will proceed, being urged on by their causes, and will rise in proportion, to any degree whatever. Add then, that how small soever you suppose them, they are liable to be made greater; destructive things never observe a mean. Though slight the beginning of diseases, they grow upon us; and sometimes the least accession of illness, quite sinks the diseased body. What madness is it to think that the ends of such things are in our power, whose beginnings are uncertain? how is it possible for me to put an end to that which it was not in my power to prevent at first? it is much easier to exclude than sup-press an unmanageable guest.

Some distinguish after this manner; *a temperate and moderate man is calm in the disposition and habit of his mind; though not so in the event;*

forasmuch as in his natural temper he is not disturb'd with fear or sorrow; but that many things happen from without, which cannot but give him some perturbation. Which is as much as to say, that such a one is not a choleric man, though he happens sometimes to be angry; or that he is not timorous, though he is sometimes afraid; i. e. He is free from the malignity, though not from the passion of fear. Now, if this be allow'd, frequency will convert fear to vice; and anger once admitted into the breast will quite dissolve the frame of an impassionate mind. Besides, if a man despiseth not causes from without, and is at any time afraid, when he ought boldly to advance against the weapons, and fire of an enemy, for his country, his laws, and liberty, he will but faintly set forward, and play the coward in his heart. But a wise man is never so unsettled in his temper.

This too, I think, is further to be observ'd, lest we should confound two things, which ought to be proved severally. It is self-evident that *what is right and fit is the one only good*; and likewise, *that virtue is sufficient to make a man happy*. Now if that which is right and fit be the only good, it necessarily follows, that virtue is sufficient to render life happy. On the contrary, it does not follow, that, if virtue alone can make a man happy, what is right and fit, is the only good. *Zenocrates* and *Spensippus* think that a man may be happy (i) by virtue alone; yet that, what is right and fit is not the only good. *Epicurus* likewise thinks, if a man be virtuous, he may be happy, but yet that virtue itself sufficeth not to make him so; because the *pleasure*, that ariseth from virtue, and not virtue itself, may make a man happy. An idle distinction! for *Epicurus* himself denies that virtue can ever be without *pleasure*; and if *pleasure* always attends virtue, and is inseparable from it, virtue is then sufficient of itself; for it carries pleasure with it, and without it, it cannot be virtue, though it be said to be alone.

It is also absurd to say, (*with the academics*) that *a man may be happy by virtue alone, and yet not perfectly happy*. For I cannot see how this can be possible. For an happy life contains in itself perfect and insuperable good; and if so, it must be perfectly happy. If the life of the *Gods*

knows nothing greater or better, and an happy life is a divine life, there is nothing that can exalt it higher. Besides, if an happy life wants nothing, every happy life is perfect; and the same is happy, most happy. Can you doubt that an happy life is the sovereign good? if then it be the sovereign good it must be supremely happy; being supreme it will admit of no addition, (for what can be higher than the highest?) and such is an happy life, seeing that it wants not the highest good. If you suppose any one still *more* happy, you will make the degrees of *the chief good* innumerable; whereas I mean by the *chief good*, that which hath no degree above it. Or, if you suppose any one *less* happy, it follows, that he will desire the life of one who is more happy than himself; but the happy man prefers not the life of another, whatever it be, to his own. Both these things are incredible; either, that there is something which an happy man wisheth for, more than what he hath; or, that he should not wish for that which is better than what he himself enjoys. For the wiser or more prudent a man is, the more will he extend his views to that which is best; and desire by all means to obtain it. But how is he an happy man, who still desires, or indeed ought to desire, any thing more?

I will shew you from whence proceeds this error, (*in the distinction of happiness*). Men know not that there is but *one* happy life; the quality whereof, not the greatness, constitutes it such. Therefore it is the same thing whether it be long or short (*k*); more diffused, or narrow; distributed in many places, and many parts, or contracted in one. He that judgeth of it by number, measure, or parts, deprives it of its chief excellency. For in what consists the chief excellency of an happy life? In that it is full. The end, suppose, of eating and drinking is satiety; but one eats more, another less; what then? they both are satisfied. One man drinks more, another less; what then? they both have quenched their thirst. One man hath lived many years, another but few; and what then; if many years made the one no happier than a few years did the other? The man you call *less* happy, is not *truly* happy. This title admits no diminution.

He that is brave knows no fear;

He that is without fear, knows no sorrow;

He that knows no sorrow, is happy.

Thus argue the Stoics; to which some endeavour to reply, saying, *that it is begging the question to affirm that a brave man knows no fear. For why? say they, will not a brave man be afraid of imminent danger? not to fear in such a case is the part of a madman, and of one out of his senses, not of a brave man. He indeed fears, but in a moderate degree, as it is impossible, in such a case, to be absolutely void of fear.* Now they that say this, fall again into the same absurdity, to take the less flagrant vices for virtues. For he that fears indeed, however seldom or in a small degree, is not free from passion, though not greatly troubled therewith. *But is he not afraid of imminent danger?* Yes, I own he is, if they are real evils that he fears; but if he knows them not to be evils, and judgeth rightly, that a base and vile action is the only evil he ought to fear, he will look down upon danger undauntedly, and despise such things as the generality of people are apt to dread: or if it is the part of a fool or a madman not to fear evils, the wiser and more prudent a man is, the more will he be afraid of them.

But, say they, *according to your opinion a wise man will thrust himself into danger.* No; though he will not fear danger, he will avoid it. Caution becomes him, though fear does not. What then? say they; *shall he not fear death, chains, fire, and other hostile darts of malignant fortune?* No; for he knows that these are evils but in appearance only. He looks upon these things as the bugbears of human life. Set before him, captivity, stripes, chains, want; the racking of the limbs, either by disease or violence, and what else of this kind you are pleased to name; he numbers them all in the list of imaginary fears; to be dreaded only by a coward mind.

For can you think *that* an evil, which we must sometimes suffer voluntarily? You ask then *what is evil?* To yield to those things that are commonly called evils; to give up our liberty itself rather than endure them; even that liberty for whose sake we ought to endure every thing. There is an end of liberty, if we despise not those things that bend us to the yoke. These very men would no longer doubt what a valiant man ought to do, if they but knew what true valour is. For,
it

it is not an unadvised rashness, nor a love of danger, nor a thirst after terrible enterprizes; no; it is a science that distinguishes good from evil; it is a noble fortitude, that is ever diligent in self-defence; and at the same time most patiently endureth those things (*I*), if necessarily required, that carry a false appearance of evil. *What then? if the sword be brandished over the head of a brave man; or, if first one, then another part of his body, be pierced through; if his bowels tumble out, before him; if, at intervals, to encrease his torment, he is smitten again and again, and the blood is made to flow afresh from the wounds, that are scarce dry; will you say that in such a case a man will not fear, will not feel pain?* There is no doubt but that he feels pain, for no virtue deprives a man of his feeling; but yet he fears not; while with an invincible heart he looks down, as it were, from on high, on his pains. And do you ask, *how his mind is disposed at such a time?* why the same as when they take upon them to exhort and counsel a sick friend.

What is evil hurts a man, and what hurts a man makes him worse;

But pain and poverty make not a man worse;

Therefore, Pain and poverty are no evils.

Thus, again, the Stoics. To which it is answered, that *the major proposition is false: for a thing may hurt a man, and yet not make him worse: storm and tempest hurt the pilot, or master of a ship, but they make him not a worse pilot.* And to this some of our Stoics reply; storm and tempest really make him worse; forasmuch as he cannot effect his purpose, nor hold on his course: he is not made worse as to his skill, but only as to the exertion of it.—To which rejoins the *Peripatetic*, *Therefore pain, and poverty, and the like, make a wise man the worse; forasmuch though they take not his virtue from him, they hinder the operation of it.*

And this indeed would be saying something, if the state of a pilot, and of a wise man, were alike in all respects. It is not in the purpose of a wise man, to effect that infallibly which he essayeth to do, in the transactions of life; but it is the purpose of a pilot to carry his ship into the designed haven. The Arts are servants, and ought to perform what

what they promise; but Wisdom is a mistress and governess. The arts administer to life, but wisdom governs it. I think it proper therefore to give a different answer, and affirm, that neither the skill of a pilot is rendered worse by a storm, nor even the administration of it. For why? The pilot did not promise you a prosperous voyage, but only his endeavour for it, by his skill in navigating the ship: and such his skill is more apparent, the more any casual force opposeth it. He that could say, O Neptune, *nunquam hanc navem nisi rectam, O Neptune, the ship was always right (m)*, hath done all that was in the power of art to do. The tempest does not hinder the work of the pilot, though it may prevent success. What then? you will say, *does not such an accident hurt the pilot, which forbids him to reach the designed haven; which renders all his endeavours ineffectual; which carries him back, or despoils him of his implements?* No; it hurts him not as a pilot, any more than as a mariner, and is so far from hindring him, that, as before observed, it shews his skill. For *in a calm*, as they say, *every mariner is a pilot*. The person of a pilot must be considered in two respects; the one, as common with all that are aboard the same ship; and the other as peculiar to himself under the character of a pilot. Now, the storm hurts him as a passenger, but not as a pilot. Besides, the art of a pilot is an external good; it is for the service of the whole crew; as the art of the physician is for the good of his patients. But wisdom is a common good, of service both to the wise man himself and to all that are conversant with him. A pilot therefore may be hurt, whose promised service to others is hindered by a storm; but a wise man is not hurt by poverty, by pain, or other the like storms of life. For he is not prevented in all actions relating to himself, though he may be in such as relate to others: he is always in the sphere of action; and then shews himself greatest, when Fortune the more oppresseth him; then indeed is he employed in the work of wisdom itself, which we before observed to be good; and of consequence both to himself and others.

Moreover, however he may be oppressed himself by cruel necessities, he is not hereby prevented from being serviceable to others. Poverty

(or

(or low condition) indeed may disqualify him, for want of opportunity, from teaching what is to be done in the administration of public affairs; but it by no means hinders him from instructing a man how to behave under the like stroke of poverty. Nay, in every part of life he can still find business; so that no fortune, no incumbrance can exclude the action of a wise man: for he does that very thing which restrains him from doing any thing amiss. He is prepared against, and exerts himself in both conditions of life; he moderates the good, and overcomes the bad; he is so disciplined, I say, that he can shew forth his virtue, as well in prosperity as adversity; not regarding the subject of virtue, but virtue itself: therefore neither poverty, nor pain, nor any thing else that usually keeps back the ignorant and unskilful, or drives them headlong, can hinder the progress of the wise man. Do you think him to be pressed down by misfortunes? No; he enjoys them, and turns them to advantage. *Phidias* could make a statue not only of ivory, but of brass; was you to give him marble, or some viler stuff, he would yet form as complete a statue as could be made of it; so a wise man will display himself, if he may, in the management of wealth; if not, in poverty; in his own country, if he can, if not in banishment; as a general, if such his appointment; if not, as a common soldier; as a sound and hale man, if such his constitution; if not, as weak and infirm. Whatever his condition of life may be, he will do something notable. There are certain men who make it a trade to tame wild beasts, and who make fierce animals, that terrify us at the sight of them, to bear the yoke; nor are they satisfied with making them throw off their savageness; they so tame them, as to make them sociable: the keeper puts his hand into the mouth of lions, and kisseth the tyger: the *Æthiopian* stroller makes the elephant stoop upon his knees, or walk upon ropes (*n*): like these, the wise man hath the art of taming all manner of evils; pain, want, ignominy, a prison, banishment, and the like horrible things, all of which become mild and sufferable, under the management of a wise man.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* *Muretus* observes, that much is said concerning this opinion of the Stoics in *Cicero's* books, de finibus, and in the fifth of his *Tusculan Questions*; but there is extant a most learned commentary, by *Alexander of Aphrodisia*, a famous Peripatetic, professedly against this magnificent and boastful maxim of the Stoics.

(a) Gustum tibi dare] Euripides. Γεύμα τὴν ὥνιν καλῶ.

(b) Quicquid interrogationum, i. e. syllogismorum] Whatever questions, i. e. syllogisms. For such as argued scientifically, as the mathematicians, (saith *Muretus*) laid down their premises in an absolute manner, not concerning themselves whether their antagonist would allow them or not; but such as argued logically, put questions to their antagonist, and used only such positions as were granted them, as *Socrates* frequently does in *Plato*. Hence these *dialectic* syllogisms were called *questions*; wherefore *Lucian*, bantering after his manner, a certain sophister, who attempting to write an history made frequent use of syllogisms, saith ἐν ἀρχῇ μὲν γὰρ εὐθύς ἐν τῇ πρώτῃ περιόδῳ συνῆρτησε τὴν ἀναγινωσκόντα. ἔτα μετὰ μικρὸν ἄλλος συλλογισμὸς, ἔτα ἄλλος, καὶ ὅλως ἐν ἅπαντι σχηματὶ συνῆρτητο αὐτῷ τὸ ποιῆμιον.

(c) Cicero calls these syllogisms, brevia et confectaria Stoicorum, the *briefs and corollaries of the Stoics*.

(d) This word was first restored by *Lipsius*, Elect. i. 16. it being commonly read laudans.—*Ladas* was the famous running footman of *Alexander*. His name became proverbial, Lada perniciosior. Erasim. 9, 8, 91.—Pauper locupletem optare podagram

Ne dubitet Ladas—Juv. 13, 96.

Would starving Ladas, had he time to chafe,

And were not frantic, the rich gout refuse?

(e) Volscâ de gente Camilla Virg. 7. 803. See also Virg. xi. 535, 569.

(f) Apyrina vel Apyrena; Plin. 13, 19. as a thing is said to be ἀπὸ δα, without feet, not because it hath no feet, but only such as are remarkably small.

(g) Συμφερτῇ δ' ἀρετῇ πλεῖν ἀνδρῶν καὶ μάλα λυγρῶν. Il. v. 237.

Not vain the weakest if their force unite. Pope.

Σμικρὰ παλαιὰ σωματ' ἐυναζέειροπῇ. Soph.

Small inclination lulls old age to sleep.

(h) See Ep. 75.

(i) Beatum, sed non beatissimum; happy, but not most happy; and herein, says *Lipsius*, they differ from the Stoic.

(k) Quicunque fuerunt sapientes, pares erunt et æquales. All men truly wise are alike and equal. Ep. 74. Summum bonum nec infringitur, nec augetur. The chief good is neither diminished nor increased, &c. *Stobæ*. Πάντα τον καλὸν καὶ ἀγαθὸν ἀνδρα τέλειον εἶναι, κ. τ. λ. Every good and wise man is perfect; because he is destitute of no virtue; and therefore the good are altogether alike and always happy.—Laudaudeque velle

Sit satis et nunquam successu crescit honestum. Cato op. Lucan.

If truth and justice with uprightness dwell,

And honesty consists in meaning well;

If right be independent of success,

And conquest cannot make it more or less. Rowe.

(l) This

(l) This principle is most admirably exemplified in the feigned history and character of *Sir Charles Grandison*, by my late friend Mr. *Richardson*.

————— 'Tis not the appetite
Of things that carry horror, makes men valiant,
But patient bearing of afflictions,
That are necessitated.—*Microsm.* Act i. Sc. 5.

(m) Sic in Telete; καλῶς τὸ τῷ κυβερνήτῃ, ἀλλ' ἔν γε, ὃ Ποσειδῶν, ἐρδῆν. κ. τ. λ. So a good man may address Fortune, saying, Do as you will, you shall still find that I am a man, and not a poltroon. *Senec.* ad Marc. c. 6. nec gubernatoris quidem artem, tranquillum mare, et obsequens ventus ostendit, adversi aliquid occurrat oportet, quod animum probet; A pilot cannot display his art in a calm and favourable wind; he must be tried by a storm, which may be so violent as to overcome his art, without any detriment to his character, as a pilot.

(n) The Emperor Galba was advanced into places of trust, before the age appointed by law; during his prætorship, amongst the solemnities and sports called Floralia, he introduced a new kind of entertainment, which was elephants walking upon the rope. *Sueton.* in Galba, c. 6.

EPISTLE LXXXVI.

On the Luxury of the Times; and of Husbandry with regard to the Olive and Vine.

I WRITE this, *Lucilius*, from the famous villa of *Scipio Africanus* (a), having first paid my devotions to his memory at the altar (b); which I take to be the sepulchre of that great man (c). Nor did I in the least doubt but that his soul returned to heaven, from whence it came; not because he was the leader of great armies, (for this is no more than what was done by the furious *Cambyfes*, and who was sometimes in his rage successful) but for his excellent moderation and piety, which were more admirably conspicuous when he left his country, than when he defended it. Either *Scipio* must be deprived of *Rome*, or *Rome* of liberty (d). I would by no means, says he, derogate our laws or civil institutes. Let every citizen have an equal right; enjoy without me, O my country, the good turn I have done you; I have been the cause of your liberty; and will give you a proof of it myself; I leave you, since I am greater than is expedient for such an equality to be preserv'd, as I sincerely wish you to enjoy. How is it possible for me not to admire such great-

ness of soul? He departed into voluntary banishment, and disburthened the city of their apprehensions on his account; for things were come to that pass, that either liberty must injure *Scipio*, or *Scipio* liberty. Neither of which was to be done; he therefore gave place to the laws, and retired to *Linternum*, as willing to ascribe the banishment of himself, as of *Hannibal*, to the commonwealth.

I found this his villa built of square stone, and a wood enclosed with a wall; a turret on each side of the front, by way of bulwark; a large reservoir under the buildings and green walks, sufficient to supply with water a whole army; a bath narrow and somewhat dark after the antient custom; for our ancestors thought it could not be warm enough, unless it was close.

It was therefore a great pleasure to me to reflect upon the custom and manners of *Scipio* compared with our own. In this little nook was that great man (the dread of *Carthage*, and to whom *Rome* was indebted for having once taken it) used to bathe his body, when fatigued with rustic labours. For he daily exercised himself in husbandry, and tilled the ground with his own hands, as was customary among our forefathers. Under this low and sordid roof stood *Scipio*. He disdained not to tread so vile and mean a floor. But who is there in our time that would condescend to bathe in like manner? A man thinks himself poor and mean, unless the walls are decorated with large and precious embossments (*e*); unless *Alexandrian* marble (*f*) is pointed and inlaid with *Numidian* rough-cast; unless a rich and curiously variegated plaistering be spread upon them in picturesque (*b*); unless the roof is covered with glass-work (*i*), unless the *Thasian* stone, once reckoned a scarce and rare ornament even in some temples, now compass about our ponds; where we bathe our bodies, when enfeebled (*k*) with much sweating at some trifling sport; in short, unless the water is conveyed through a silver spout (*l*). I am speaking as yet of common stoves; but what shall I say when I come to speak of the baths of our freed-men? What noble statues! what vast pillars supporting nothing; but placed there for mere ornament, and the vain ostentation
of

of expence! What large and far-sounding cascades! We are arrived to such a pitch of delicacy and extravagance, that we cannot tread but upon precious stones (*m*).

In this bath of *Scipio* there are some chinks rather than windows, cut out of the stone wall, to let in the light without injuring the strength of the building. But now we call the baths *stab-houses* or dungeons; if they are not so contrived as to admit the whole day's sun through the most spacious windows (*n*); whereby men were tanned as well as washed; and from the bathing vessels they have a prospect both of the meadows and of the sea. So that those baths, which, at their first dedication, called together a vast concourse of people (*o*), and filled them with admiration, are now rejected as poor antiquated things; while luxury is daily inventing some novelty, that must at last prove its own ruin. Formerly there were but few baths, and those not ornamented with any costly decorations; for to what purpose is it to adorn a common room, open to any that paid their farthing; and which were built for use, not for pleasure? It was not usual to have the water sprinkled, or poured in upon us, nor did it always run fresh, as from a warm spring; nor did they think it at all material, how clear the water was wherein they were to wash off their filth. But, O ye gods, how delightful was it to go into the baths, dark as they were, and covered over with a common cieling of mortar, which you knew that *Cato*, when *Ædile*, or *Fabius*, or some of the *Cornelian* family, had tempered with their own hands! For these most glorious *Ædiles* vouchsafed to enter these places of public resort to examine whether they were kept clean and well aired with a wholesome and proper heat, not such a one as is now used, which is more like fire than water: so that to punish a slave convicted of any heinous crime, you need only to set him therein, and boil him alive. They seem to me to make no difference between a warm and a scalding bath.

Some would now condemn *Scipio* for not admitting the sun into his warm baths by large casements (*r*), and because he would not be sodden'd in open light; nor regarded whether his meals were fully digested

in a bath. *Poor man!* say they, *he knew not how to live!* He washed not himself in clarified water, but was content with such as was thick, and oftentimes, after a great shower, muddy. Nor did he care whether he so bathed or no; for he came not to wash away ointment and perfume, but sweat. And what do you think some of our young gentlemen will say? why that *they should not have envied Scipio; for he truly lived in banishment who had no taste in bathing.* Nay, to tell you the truth, we did not use to bathe daily. For, as they say, who have written on the antient customs of the city, they daily indeed washed their legs and arms which were made dirty by toil and labour, but they never washed the whole body above once in nine days. No doubt but that hereupon some one will say, *surely our ancestors must have been great slovens.* But if they smelled of any thing, it was of military duty, hard labour, and manliness. For my part I think men are more nasty, and smell worse, since the invention of these fine and clean baths. For what says *Horace* in his description of an infamous young spark, that was remarkable for his delicacy?

Paſtillos Ruſillus olet—Ruſillus ſtinks of the waſhball.

Take now some *Ruſillus*, and ſmell him: he ſtinks worſe than a goat, or like that *Gorgonius*, whom *Horace* in the ſame verſe ſets in oppoſition to *Ruſillus*, (*Gorgonius hircum*)—A man uſeth not ointment enough now-a-days, unleſs he be perfumed twice or thrice every day, leſt it ſhould ſoak into his ſkin, and be loſt: nay more, they glory in the ſmell as if it was natural.

If what I have ſaid, *Lucilius*, ſeems too ſevere, you will pleaſe to impute it to the villa from whence I am writing; where I have learned from *Ægialus*, a moſt excellent huſband, and who is now in poſſeſſion of this farm, that a ſhrub, be it ever ſo old, may be tranſplanted. This is neceſſary, I think, for us old men to learn, ſince there is ſcarce any one of us, but who is planting olive-grounds for the uſe of others. I have ſeen *Ægialus* in autumn tranſplant trees of three or four years growth; ſo that a tree ſhall give ſhade to you, which otherwiſe

Tarda venit, ſeris factura nepotibus umbram, ii. 57.

*The plant which ſhoots from ſeed, a ſullen tree,
At leiſure grows, for late poſterity.* Dryden.

As our *Virgil* saith in the *Georgics*, who, by the way, was more concerned to speak what was elegant than what was strictly true; and studied more to delight the reader than instruct the husbandman: for to pass by other things, I shall only take notice of one, which I am this day convinced deserves reprehension:

Vere fabis satio est; tunc te quoque, medica, putres

Accipiunt fulci; et milio venit annua cura. G. i. 216.

Sow beans and clover in a rotten soil,

And millet, rising from your annual toil. Dryden.

Now whether these things are to be set or sown at the same time of the year, or whether the spring time may be the more proper (*s*), you may judge from hence; it is now about the latter-end of *June*, and this very day did I see men gathering in their beans, and sowing millet. (*s*)

But to return to the olive trees. I have seen them transplanted two different ways; *Ægialus*, having cut off the branches around the trunks of the great trees, so as to reduce them to about a foot in length, hath transplanted the remainder; having also pared the roots, leaving only the head from whence they sprung; and then encompassing this with dung, he set it in a trench sufficiently deep, and not only heaped the earth upon it, but trod and pressed it down; affirming that nothing could be more effectual than thus ramming it close, as it excludes both the cold and wind: it is likewise hereby kept steady, as it permits the growing roots to burgeon and fasten in the earth, which otherwise being tender and having but slight hold, every breath of wind would be apt to tear it up. But before he covers it in, he scrapes the bottom of the trunk, because from every part so bared, the new roots shoot more easily. But you must observe that the trunk above ground ought not to exceed above three or four feet; for it will be soon clothed from the bottom; and not have any part of it scorched or dried, as we see them in some of our old olive-yards. Another way of managing olive-trees was this: they cut off some of the larger branches, that are strongest, yet such whose bark was not yet harden'd, but soft as they generally are in young trees, and then set them as before described. These indeed are slow of growth, but when once they are come a little forward, and have taken root, they are fair and pleasant.

I have

I have often seen an old vine transplanted. They bind up as well as they can the small strings and threads that are about the root, and then spreading the vine more freely under ground, they cover it so, that roots may sprout from the stem itself. And I have seen them not only thus set in *February*, but by that time *March* is over, clinging to and twisting about elms they never knew before. Now all these trees, which are of a larger stem, are best water'd, he says, with cistern water: if so, we have, at any time, rain at our command. I think it not proper to give you any further instructions, lest as *Ægialus* hath made me his rival, I should make you mine.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Ep. 51. (N. i.)

(b) Manibus ejus, *his spirit or genius*, et ara; which others, with *Lipsius*, read arca, *the chest containing his ashes*; on account of his being of the *Cornelian* family. *Plin.* l. 1. In gente Cornelia nemo ante Syllam Dictatorem traditur crematus, idque voluisse, veritum talionem, ~~Arto~~ C. Marii cadavere. *In the Cornelian family, no one is said to have been burned, before Sylla the Dictator, who appointed this for fear of retaliation, having before dug up, and exposed the body of C. Marius.*

(c) Why *Seneca* should make any doubt of it, arises from its being said by some, that *Scipio* died and was burnt at *Rome*, by others at *Linternum*. *Liv.* 38. Africanum alii Romæ, alii Linterni, et mortuum et sepultum tradunt. Utrobique monumenta ostenduntur et statux; *his monuments and statues were shown at both places.*

(d) Many are the various readings here as usual; but they all tend to the same purpose, viz. that it seemed as if *ισονομία*, *equity*, could not be maintained at *Rome*, while *Scipio*, by reason of his great actions, and noble spirit, was so adored by the people, that they would not permit him to answer for himself upon the accusations of the Tribunes against him.

(e) Pretiosis orbibus. So *Juv.* 11, 173. Lacedæmonium—orbem.

(f) There were many sorts of marble brought from *Alexandria* and *Egypt*; as the black *Luculleum*, brought to *Rome* by *Lucullus*; the spotted *Ophites*; and the red *Porphyry*; or perhaps it may be a particular sort of marble called the *Alexandrine*.

(g) Vid. *Sidon.* Epist. ii. 2. *Plin.* xxxv. 1.

(h) In *Mosaic* work.

(i) Statius Effulgent cameræ vario fastigia vitro.
The ceilings shine with variegated glass.

(k) Corpora exinanita] Epist. 108. Decoquere corpora, et fudoribus exinanire.—al. corpora exsanata.

(l) Argentea Epistomia; *the cocks*, through which the water was conveyed into the baths.
Statius—in balneo Etrusco.

Nil ibi plebeium nusquam Temesæa notabis
Æra, sed argento felix propellitur unda,
Argentoque cadit, labrisque nitentibus instat.
*Nothing was vulgar; nothing seen of brass;
Through silver pipes the happy waters pass.*

(m) Nisi gemmas calcare] Statius in *Tiburtino Manki* calcabam nec opinus opes; *I trod regardless on a mass of wealth.* Plin. 23, 12. *Strata argento balnea mulierum; the baths for the ladies were floored with silver.* Sen. de irâ, iii. 35. *Qui nolunt domi nisi auro pretiosa calcare. Who designed not to tread upon any thing in their houses but cloth of gold.* Ep. 16. *Non tantum habere, sed calcare divitias; not contented with only having riches, they trod them under foot.*

(n) Lucian commends a bath, for being τὰ σὺπερρυς, *very luminous: so Statius, Multus ubique dies.* Plin. Ep. i. 3. *Balneum plurimus sol implet et circumit; a bath open to the sun on every side.* Martial, on *Tucca's* bath:

Lux ipsa est ibi longior, diesque

Nulla tardior a loco recedit.

The light continues longer here; and day

Flies not so late, from any place, away.

(o) They were generally dedicated and appropriated to the use of the public.

(p) These were the *Curule Ediles*, who were elected out of the nobility to inspect the public games—and besides their proper office, they were to take care of the building and reparation of temples, theatres, baths, and other notable structures. *Kennet.*

(q) Formerly, says *Plutarch*, (Sympos. 8. 9.) *they used such mild, gentle baths, that Alexander the Great, being feverish, slept in one; and the wives of the Gauls carry their pots of pulse to eat with their children while they are in the bath; but our own baths now inflame, wellicate and distress; and the air which we draw in is a mixture of air and water, disturbs the whole body, tosses and displaces every atom, 'till we quench the fiery particles, and allay their heat.*

(r) Latis specularibus] *Martial.*

Hibernis obiecta notis specularia pueros

Admittunt soles et sine face diem.

The windows broad admit the solar ray,

Drive back the wintry winds, and give a warmer day.

(s) *Pliny* (18. 7.) places it among those things that are sown thrice a year, in spring, summer, and winter.

EPISTLE LXXXVII.

On Frugality. The Sufficiency of Virtue. Casual Things not to be reckoned good.

I HAVE been shipwreck'd, *Lucilius*, before I went aboard. How this could happen, I intend not to tell you, that you may place this likewise among the Stoical paradoxes (a): which receive as you will, I
am

am ready to prove, that not one of them is false; nor indeed so extraordinary, as it appears at first sight; and this, when you please; nay, whether you are pleased or no.—In the mean while let me inform you of what I have learned from this journey: what abundance of superfluous things we make use of, and which we might most judiciously throw aside, since they are such, that if necessity should at any time deprive us of them, we should not be sensible of the loss.

With no more servants than one carriage could hold, and no manner of luggage, not the least thing but what was on our backs, have my friend *Maximus* (*b*) and I spent two most agreeable days. A mattress lies upon the ground, and I upon the mattress. Of two cloaks, one serves for an under-blanket, the other for a coverlid. Our repast was such, that nothing could be spared from it, nor did it take up much time in dressing (*c*). I am satisfied with a few dried figs and dates. When I have any bread, the figs serve me for a dainty dish; when I have no bread, they supply its place (*d*). They make me fancy it to be New-year's day (*e*); which I endeavour to render auspicious and happy, by harbouring good thoughts, and keeping up a greatness of soul; which is never greater, than when it hath withdrawn itself from all external things; and hath obtained for itself peace, by fearing nothing, and wealth by coveting nothing. The vehicle I ride in is plain and of the country-fashion. The mules shew they are alive only by their walking (*f*). The muleteer is without shoes, but not because the weather is warm. And indeed I can scarce prevail upon myself to submit to the being thought the owner of so mean a carriage. I have not as yet thrown off that perverse bashfulness, which is ashamed of doing what is right. For as often as I fall into company with any one who has a more splendid equipage, I cannot help blushing against my will; which is a manifest sign, that those things which I approve and commend, have not as yet got a sure and steady hold *. He that is ashamed of a mean chariot, would be proud and vain of a rich one. I have made but a small progress in philosophy, since I dare not openly profess frugality, and am under a concern at the opinion of every one that passeth by. Whereas we ought to exclaim against the opinions of the

the whole world, saying, “ ye play the fool; ye are mistaken; ye doat
 “ on vanities; ye esteem no man for what he can call his own; when
 “ ye come to consider patrimony, ye are most diligent reckoners; and
 “ rate every one according to their abilities, that ye may know where
 “ to lend, and where to give: for this also ye set down in the account:
 “ such a one hath large possessions, but he is greatly in debt; and
 “ such a one indeed has a very fine house, but he purchased it with
 “ other people’s money: you will not easily find any one, who shews
 “ so splendid a retinue; but he does not pay his debts; was he to
 “ satisfy every creditor, he would not be worth a penny.”

Now this is what ye ought to do with regard to other things; to examine what a man possesseth, that he can properly call his own. You think such a one rich, because he carries a load of plate with him, when he travels; because he hath a landed property in many provinces; because he hath a large rent-roll (g); or because he is the landlord of so much ground in the suburbs, as would almost be envied in the deserts of *Apulia*. And after all, he is but a poor man. Why so? because he is in debt. What then, do ye say, does he owe? Why, all that he has; unless you think it makes a difference whether a man borrows from his neighbour, or from Fortune. What avails it, that his mules are so sleek and fat, and all of one colour? or that his chariot is finely carved?

— Instrati ostro alipedes, pictisque tapetis.

Aurca pectoribus demissa monilia pendent;

Tecti auro fulvum mandunt sub dentibus aurum!

The steeds caparison’d with purple stand,

With golden trappings, curious to behold;

And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold. Dryden.

These things make not the owner a better man, nor his mules more serviceable.

Marcus Cato, the Censor, (whose birth was truly of as great advantage to the *Roman* people, as that of *Scipio*; for as the one waged war against our professed enemies, the other set himself to oppose the depravity

pravity of our morals) *Cato*, I say, generally rode upon a gelding, with his bags (*b*) acrofs, to carry fuch things as were neceffary. O how glad fhould I have been to have feen him meet in the way one of our foppifh cavaliers (*i*) with running footmen and his blacks (*k*), driving a cloud of duft before him! Undoubtedly fuch a one would appear more fpruce and better attended than *Cato*; though at the fame time amidft this fplendid equipage he greatly doubts whether he fhall not let himfelf out *to engage with men or beafts at the public fhews* (*l*). But how did it redound to the honour of that age, that a General, who had triumphed, had been Cenfor, nay (what is above all) that a *Cato* fhould be contented with a fingle horfe, and indeed fcarce that, for the bags on either fide took up part of it? And would you not then prefer this one ftrong gelding, which *Cato* deigned to curry and rub down with his own hands, to all thofe plump eafy pads, Spanifh genets (*m*), and ambling nags, that are of little other fervice than for mere fhew? But I find I fhould not know when to end this fubject, unlefs I refolved with myfelf fo to do; and fhall therefore fay no more of thefe things, which no doubt he forefaw would prove juft what they now are, who firft called them, impedimenta, *ufelefs incumbrances*.

I will now lay before you, *Lucilius*, a few more queftions, as maintained by our feft, in relation to *the fufficiency of virtue to render life happy*. What is good in itfelf makes men good; as, what is truly good in mufic, makes a man a good mufician. Cafual things make not a good man, therefore they cannot be reckoned good. Now in answer to this the Peripatetics fay, that *our firft propofition is falfe; forasmuch as that which is good, does not always make men good. There is fomething good in mufic, as the flute, the harp, or other instruments adapted to accompany the voice; but none of thefe things accomplifh a mufician*. Whereunto we reply, you do not rightly underftand the queftion, with regard to what we fuppofe good in mufic, for we call not that good in mufic which helpeth, or instructeth, but what completes, the mufician; whereas you confider only the instruments belonging to the profeflion, and not the profeflion itfelf. Now whatever is good in the art of mufic

music itself, it is that which maketh a good musician. But I will endeavour to make this plainer. That which is good in the art of music, is said to be so in two respects; the one as promoting the effect, the other as assisting the art of the musician. Now the instruments such as the flute, the harp, the organ, belong to the effect, and not to the art itself. For without these a man may be well skilled in music, though without them he cannot display his powers. But good is not alike twofold in man; for good both of the man and of life is still the same good. What may befall the most contemptible and vilest of mankind is not good; but riches may fall to the share of a bawd, or a prize-fighter; riches therefore in themselves are not good.

Again, the Peripatetics say, *our proposition is false*: for in *Grammar*, and in the art of *physic* or of *government*, we see that good befalleth even those of the lowest rank. Be it so, these arts profess not any greatness of mind; they rise not above the common pitch; they disdain not casual things; whereas Virtue raiseth a man on high; and even exalts him above all that is dear to mortals; neither anxiously desiring those things that are called good, nor dreading those things that are called evils. *Cbelidon*, one of *Cleopatra's* eunuchs (*n*), possessed a large estate. And it is not long since one *Natalis* (*o*), a man no less wicked than abominably foul-mouthed, was heir to many, and left many heirs. What then, shall we say that money made him pure, and not rather that he polluted money? which so falls upon some, as a piece of silver thrown into the common shore.

Virtue is seated far above these things; she reckons them not among her treasures; but rates every thing as herself is rated, according to its real worth; not judging any of these things good, fall they how or where they will; whereas physic and politics blend these things together, and forbid not their professors the pursuit of them. He that is not a good man, may yet be a physician, a pilot or a Grammarian, as well indeed as a cook. You will not rank him among others, who hath some quality which others have not (*p*). What any man hath in possession, such is the man. The exchequer is rich according to what

it has; yet all that it hath is but adventitious: no one sets any price upon a full bag, but upon what is contained therein. The same happens to the owner of a large estate: it is still but an accession or appendix to the man. Why then is a wise man great? Because he hath a great soul; and not on the account of any external things. It is therefore true, that what may befall even the most contemptible of men, is not to be called good. Accordingly I will not allow freedom from pain and sorrow a good thing; since this is no more than what a grasshopper or a gnat may enjoy. Nor will I affirm that rest, and having nothing to trouble us, are good, since what can be more free from trouble than a worm? Do you ask then what it is that constitutes a wise man? The same that constitutes *a God* (*q*); you must grant him something divine, heavenly and truly noble. Good falls not to every one's share, nor is indifferent to every possessor. Observe,

Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quod quæque recusat.
 Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ;
 Arborci fœtus alibi; atque injussa virescunt
 Gramina, nonne vides croceos ut Tmolus odores
 India mittit ebur, molles sua tura sabæi?
 At Chalybes nudi ferrum.—

*The culture suiting to the several kinds
 Of seeds and plants; and what will thrive, and rise,
 And what the genius of each soil denies:
 This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
 Another loads the tree with happy fruits;
 A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:
 Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd:
 India black ebon, and white ivory bears,
 And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears.—Dryden.*

Now these wares are distributed in different countries, that men might be constrained to traffick; as one wants what another enjoys. The chief good hath also its proper seat. It springeth not where ivory or iron is found. Would you know its situation? It is in the mind. Unless this be pure and holy, it is not fit for the residence of God (*r*).

Good

Good cometh not of evil : riches spring from covetousness : riches therefore are not good. But some one will say, *It is not true that good cometh not of evil ; for money is got by theft or sacrilege. However bad then theft or sacrilege may be, it is therefore bad only as it doth more evil than good ; for it procureth gain, though it be with fear, anxiety, and torment both of body and mind.* Whoever saith this, must admit, that as sacrilege is bad, because it doth many bad things ; so likewise it is good, because it doth some good : but can there be a more monstrous opinion, than to rank sacrilege or theft, or adultery, among good things ? certainly not : yet how many are there who are not ashamed of theft, and even glory in adultery ? for small sacrileges are severely punished, while great procure a triumph (s). Add moreover, that if in any wise sacrilege be good, it must also be a fit and commendable action, for it is a man's own act and deed : but surely this is what no mortal can admit ; therefore I conclude that good cannot come of evil ; for if, as you say, sacrilege is only on this account evil, because it bringeth much evil ; if you remit the punishment, and promise security, it will be altogether good. By no means : for the greatest punishment of evil deeds lies in the deeds themselves. You err, I say, if you put them off to the executioner or the jailer. They are punished immediately, as soon as they are done ; nay, while they are doing. Good therefore springeth not from evil, any more than a fig from an olive-tree. Every leaf and fruit answers its own seed : that which is good cannot degenerate : as what is fit and honourable cannot rise from what is wrong and vile ; so neither can good spring from evil : for fit and good is the same thing (t).

Some of the Stoics answer this as follows : *Suppose money to be good in itself, come how it will ; it follows not that it hath sacrilege in it, though it be taken by sacrilege : as thus, in the same urn are both gold and a viper ; if you take the gold from the urn, it follows not that the urn giveth gold, because it hath a viper ; but it giveth gold, though it also contains a viper. In like manner, gain cometh from sacrilege, not as sacrilege is vile and wicked, but as gain attends it ; as in the urn, the viper is a bad thing, not the gold, which lies with the viper ; so in sacrilege, the heinousness of the fact is bad, but not the gain.* To which it is replied, the cases are by

no means similar; for in the one, I can take the gold without the viper; but in the other, I cannot make gain, without committing sacrilege: this gain is not added to, but mixed and blended with, the guilt.

Again, *if, in order to purchase a thing we fall into many evils, that thing cannot be good; but in the pursuit of riches we fall into many evils, therefore riches are not good.* But this proposition *it is said*, hath a twofold meaning; the one is, that in pursuit of riches we run into many evils; *but so we do even in the pursuit of virtue; as some in making a voyage, in order to get knowledge, have suffered shipwreck or been taken prisoners.* Another meaning is, *that thing whereby we fall into mischief cannot be good.* But it will not follow from this proposition, that in pursuit of riches and pleasures we must necessarily fall into mischief; or, that, if by riches we fall into evils, therefore riches are not only not good but bad; whereas ye only say *they are not good.* Moreover it is said, *ye cannot but grant that riches have some use; ye reckon them among the advantages of life (u),* but by the same way of reasoning, they will not be even an advantage, since many inconveniencies flow from them. To this again some make answer, *ye are mistaken if ye impute any inconveniencies to riches; they hurt no one.* Every one is hurt or prejudiced, *either by their own folly or the wickedness of others; just as a sword kills no one of itself, but is the instrument in the hand of him that killeth.* Riches therefore of themselves do not hurt a man, though they may prove the cause of his being hurt.

Pofidonius, I think, argues better, who saith that, *Riches are the cause of evil, not because they do any thing of themselves, but because they invite others thereto (x).* For the *efficient* cause, which must necessarily and immediately do hurt, is one thing, and the *precedent* cause another: Now riches have in them the precedent cause: they puff up the mind, they contract envy, and so far alienate the mind, that the fame of being rich, however it may hurt, delights us. But good things ought to be free from all manner of blame: they are pure; they corrupt not the mind, nor disturb it: they raise indeed and dilate it, but without puffing it up. Things that are good, create confidence, but riches bold-

ness; the former cause a greatness of soul, but riches insolence. Now insolence is nothing else but the false appearance of such greatness.

From hence then you will say, it is plain that *riches are not only not good, but evil*. They would indeed be evil, if of themselves they were hurtful; if, as I said, they had in them the efficient cause; but they have the precedent cause, and such indeed as not only incites, but forcibly attracts the minds of men; forasmuch as they make a certain shew of goodness very probable and credible to many. And even Virtue hath a precedent cause that induceth envy; for many are envied on account of wisdom, and many on account of justice; but then it hath not this cause in itself, nor the likelihood of it; for, on the contrary, it is more likely that the form, which Virtue sets before the minds of men, should incite love and admiration.

Poſidonius saith, the question ought to be thus stated: *Such things as give neither magnanimity, nor confidence, nor security to the mind, are not good*; but riches, health and the like, have not this effect, therefore they are not good. And this argument he further amplifieth in this manner: *such things as give not magnanimity, nor confidence nor security to the mind, but on the contrary create insolence, haughtiness, and arrogance, are evil: but by casual things we are drawn into these vices, therefore casual things are not good*. For the same reason it is said, *that such things are not even convenient*. But the condition of things convenient and of things good, is not the same. A thing is convenient that hath more profit than disadvantage; but good ought to be entirely so, and pure in all respects. For that is not good which profits, but which only profits. Wherefore what is convenient may belong to brute animals, to imperfect men, and to fools. And therefore annoyance may be mixed therewith; but it is called convenient, being estimated by its greater part; whereas good belongeth to the wise man alone, and ought to be inviolate.

Be of good courage, *Lucilius*, I shall start but one difficulty more, though I must own it is an *Herculean* one, not very easy to be determined.

mined. *Good cometh not of evil; but from many poverties (or the poverty of many) are riches derived; therefore riches are not good.* The Stoics acknowledge not the question as thus stated; the Peripatetics both form it in this manner, and likewise solve it. But *Pofidonius* saith, that this sophism, which runs through all the schools of the logicians, is thus refuted by *Antipater*. *Poverty is said to be such, not from position (y), but from subtraction, or, as the antients express it, by deprivation: the Greeks say, κατὰ στέρησιν; it is called such, not from what it hath, but from what it hath not. As from many vacuums nothing can be filled; many things, not many wants, make riches.* For poverty is generally misunderstood. That is not poverty which possesseth a few things, but that which possesseth not many. I could express what I mean was there any Latin word to answer the Greek εὐφία (z); by which *Antipater* assigneth poverty. But for my own part, I cannot see that poverty is any thing else but the *possession of little*. However no more at present; we shall conclude this matter when we have full leisure to consider what is essential to riches, and what to poverty; when we shall also consider whether it be not better to alleviate poverty, and take superciliousness from riches, than to dispute about words, as if we were fixed in our judgment concerning things.

Let us suppose ourselves called to a public assembly; a law is propounded for abolishing riches. Now shall we either persuade or dissuade, from the foregoing questions? Shall we by these puzzling deductions cause the *Roman* people again to wish for and admire poverty, the source and foundation of their empire? to dread the consequences of their immense wealth? and to reflect upon their having gained it all from conquered nations? That from hence, ambition, bribery, and tumults have crept into the most holy and temperate of all cities? that they make too splendid and luxurious a shew of the spoils of nations? that it is more easy for all nations to retake that from one people, which one people at different times have took from them? It is better to persuade them of these things, and teach them to conquer their affections, rather than pretend to exterminate them entirely by dint of argument. If it be in our power let us speak more boldly; if not, at least more freely and openly.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) A paradox, *what is strange but true*. Cleanthes, παραδοξα μὲν ἢ παραλογα. *I have for amusement, says Cicero (Pref. Parad.) digested into common places those topics, which the Stoics, even in their literary retirement, and in their schools, find difficult to prove. Such topics they themselves term paradoxes, on account of their singularity and disagreement with the general sense of mankind. Lips. Manud. iii. 2.*

(b) *Cæsonius Maximus*, a particular and faithful friend, for which he suffered, as mentioned by *Tacitus*, (Annal. 15) and *Martial*, (l. 7. 43) from whom likewise we learn that he was of consular dignity.

Maximus ille tuus, Ovidi, Cæsonius hic est
Cujus adhuc vultum vivida cera tenet.
Hunc Nero damnavit, sed tu damnare Neronem
Ausus es, et profugi, non tua, fata sequi.
Æquora per Scyllæ magnus comes exsulis isti
Qui modo nolueras consulis ire comes.
Si victura meis mandantur nomina chartis
Et fas est cineri me superesse meo;
Audiet hæc præsens venturaque turba, fuisse
Illi te, Senecæ quod fuit ille tuo.

Ib. Ep. 44.

Facundi Senecæ potens amicus,
Caro proximus, aut prior Sereno,
Hic est maximus ille quem frequenti
Felix litera pagina salutat, &c.

(c) Non magis hora paratum fuit] *Muretus* knew not what to make of this expression, and as he found it in one of his books, sine magis hira, he conjectures, sine magiro, *without a cook*, using the Greek word μαγειρῶν, for a cook, because Greek cooks were then as fashionable among the Romans, as French cooks among the English.

(d) Plin. xv. 21. Ficus panis simul et obsonii vicem siccatae implent; utpote cum *Cato* cibaria ruris operariis iusta ceu lege farciens, minui jubeat per fici maturitatem. *Cato de re rusti* c. 56. Familiae cibaria, ubi vineam fodere cæperint, panis pondo v. usque adeò dum ficus esse cæperint. Deinceps ad pondo iv. redito. *Cato shortened the allowance of bread in his family one fifth as soon as figs were in season.*

(e) It was customary to make a present of, and to eat figs on New Year's Day, by way of good luck the ensuing year.

Quid vult palma sibi rugosaque carica, dixi,
Et data subniveo condita mella cado?
Omen, ait, causa est ut res sapor ille sequatur
Et peragat captum dulcis ut annus iter. Ov. Fast. 1.
*What mean these dates and wrinkled figs, I said,
And, in white vessels, honey newly made?
That with like relish things, said he, may go,
And the whole year with equal sweetness flow.*

(f) *Mulæ vivere se ambulando testantur; i. e. vix vivæ, scarce alive, as lean men are said to be, malè vivi, and vix vivere. So Lucretius.*

— Vivere non quit præ macie.—

And Ovid — Macie quæ malè viva sua est.

So contrary to those mules mentioned afterwards *sleek and fat and of one colour.*

* i. e. have not obtained credit with me, so as to fix my resolution.

(g) *Magnus Calendarii liber.] Martial.*

Superba densis arca palleat nummis

Centum explicentur paginæ kalendarum.

(h) *Hippoperis] which Horace calls Manticam. S. l. 6. 106.*

— Nunc mihi curto ire licet mulo.—

Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atque eques armos.

--- Now on my bob-tail mule I ride;

And with my budget press each galled side.

(i) *Trossulis] See Ep. 76.*

(k) *Ep. 123. Omnes jam sic peregrinantur ut illos præcurrat equitatus, agmen curforum antecedit.*

(l) *To such extremities had some young gentlemen reduced themselves by their extravagance, as to let themselves out for a gladiator, or a huntsman.*

(m) *Asturcomibus] Martial xiv. 199.*

Hic brevis ad numerum rapidos qui colligit ungues

Venit ab auriferis gentibus astur equus.

This nag, which keeps due time in every pace,

From Spain's rich climate boasts his ambling race.

(n) *Ex Cleopatæ mollibus] Livy, l. 33. Prosequentibus mollibus viris, qui joci causa convivio interfuerant.*

(o) *Not that Antonius Natalis, who in the Pisonian conspiracy (Tac. Annal. 15) accused Seneca himself, for he says some time ago, (nuper,) perhaps it was his father. L.*

(p) *Cui contingit habere non quælibet, hunc non quemlibet dixeris] al. cui contingit habere rem non quamlibet, i. e. rem minime vulgarem, πᾶνμα τι τῶν τυχόντων, hunc non quemlibet dixeris, i. e. scito ipsum minime vulgarem esse. Muret. Cui contingit habere non quælibet, hunc--- Which the old translation renders, Thou canst not say that a man is all, who hath not the fortune to have all.*

(q) *Ep. 31. (N. e.)*

(r) *If ye walk in my statutes, and keep my commandments and do them, I will walk among you, and will be your God, and ye shall be my people. Levit. 26. 3, 12. If thou wert pure and upright, surely God would make the habitation of thy righteousness prosperous. Job, 8. 6. The Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. 1 Sam. 16. 7. 1 Chron. 28. 9. God is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look upon iniquity. Habb. 1. 13. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Matth. 5. 8.---See Ep. 41. (N. b. c.)*

(s) *Sacrilegia minuta puniuntur, magna in triumphis feruntur] ut alibi, parvos fures in compeibus, magnos in purpura spectari.*

For little villains must submit to fate,

That great ones may enjoy the world in state. Garth.

(t) *Ye shall know them by their fruit: do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit: a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Matth. 7. 16. 18. A good*

man

man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil: for of the abundance of his heart the mouth speaketh. Luke. 6. 44. 46.

(u) Commoda] Ep. 92. τὰ εὐχρηστα Stoicorum. Lips. Manud. ii. 22.

(x) So in the *Antigone* of *Sophocles*, v. 301.

Οὐδὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισι εἶναι ἀργυρος

Κακὸν νημισμ' ἐζέλαστί. κ. τ. λ.

— Gold is the worst of ills

That ever plagued mankind: this wastes our cities,

Drives forth the natives to a foreign soil,

Taints the pure heart, and turns the virtuous mind

To basest deeds; artifices of fraud

Supreme, and source of every wickedness. Franklin.

(y) Non per positionem] al. per possessionem, which *Muretus* approves of, because it follows immediately, paupertas est, non quæ pauca possidet.

(z) ἀπορία] al. ἀνυπαρξια. l. ἀνυπαρξία, which *Muretus* thinks more expressive of the sense here than ἀπορία, as this signifies *absolute want of every thing*, and that only a *deficiency*.

EPISTLE LXXXVIII. *

On the Liberal Sciences†.

YOU desire, *Lucilius*, to know my opinion concerning the *Liberal Sciences*: I cannot say that I greatly admire any one of them (a), nor reckon any of them among what I call *good*, especially when pursued merely for *lucre* (b). They are arts, meritorious, and useful indeed, so far as they prepare, and do not detain and cramp, the genius. For no longer are they to be indulged and dwelt upon, than while the mind is not capable of any thing greater: they are the rudiments, but not the whole exercise of man. They are called *liberal*, you know, because they become a *free* man, and are full worthy the application of a gentleman.

But there is only one study or science that is truly *liberal*, viz. that which gives freedom indeed. And what is that, but *the study of wisdom*, sublime, strong, and manly? All other are trifling and puerile. Can you think there is any thing good in those studies, the professors whereof you sometimes see the vilest and most flagitious of men? In short, they are what we ought not to be continually learning; it is enough to have learned them.

Some have made it a question concerning the *liberal* arts, whether they could make a man *good*; but it is plain they promise no such thing; neither do they at all affect such knowledge. The Grammarian's principal study is to speak accurately; and if he launcheth out any further, it is to have some knowledge in history; and his largest stretch is but a taste in poetry. Now what is there in all these that leads to virtue? The weighing of syllables, and the propriety of words, the remembrance of stories, the scanning of verses, and the laws of poetry? which of these can take away fear, can root out a fond desire, or bridle headstrong lust?

Let us pass on to Geometry, and, if you please, to Music, you will find nothing in either of them that forbids fear, or restrains desire; which passions, unless a man knows how to govern, all other knowledge is but vain.

Let us consider whether the professors of the forementioned qualifications teach virtue, or not; if they do not teach it, they transmit it not; if they do teach it, they are more than what they profess themselves to be; they are philosophers. Would you know how little they are concerned in teaching virtue, only observe what a difference there is in their several studies. But their studies would be alike if they taught the same thing: unless perhaps they persuade you that *Homer* was a philosopher; when by the same arguments they would prove him a philosopher, they deny him to be so (*c*). For one while they make him a *Stoic*, in pursuit of virtue alone (*d*), and flying from pleasures, so as not to be drawn thereby from what is *right and fit*, even
by

by a promise of immortality: at another time they represent him as an *Epicurean* (*e*); highly extolling the happy state of a peaceful city, whose inhabitants spend their time in songs and banquets: at another time as a *Peripatetic*, allowing three sorts of good (*f*): at another time as an *Academic* or *Sceptic*, affirming all things to be uncertain. Now to me he seems to be none of these in particular, because their several doctrines are all to be found in him; and they are all very different from each other. But let us grant then that *Homer* was a philosopher: undoubtedly it was not the power of versifying that made him a philosopher; let us learn then what it was. To enquire whether *Homer* or *Hesiod* was the elder, or prior in time (*g*), is no more to the purpose, than to know whether *Hecuba* was younger than *Helen* (*h*); and why the former carried not her age so well. And do you think it of any more consequence to know the years of *Patroclus* and *Achilles* (*i*)? Are you curious to know whether *Ulysses* so long wandered in his travels, rather than to take care that we wander not ourselves daily in the road of life? It is all one to me, whether he was tossed about in the straits between *Sicily* and *Italy*, or in some unknown seas: though by the way it seems impossible for him to make so long a voyage, in so narrow a sea, as is supposed (*k*).

It is certainly of more consequence to reflect upon the tempests of the mind that daily toss us, and the iniquity that drives us into all the evils that *Ulysses* suffered (*l*). There is not wanting beauty to captivate our eyes, nor an enemy to take our persons: on this side are many fell monsters that delight in human blood; on that side, are the most insidious blandishments to charm the ear; and all around us are shipwrecks, and a vast variety of calamities. Teach me then how to love my country, my wife, my parents: how in despite of danger, nay, though wrecked, I may reach this happy port by a perseverance in well-doing. Why are you desirous to know, whether *Penelope* was unchaste (*m*), whether she imposed upon the men of that age; and whether she suspected her visitant to be her husband before she knew him? Teach me rather what chastity is; and how great a good; and whether it be placed in the body or in the mind (*n*).

And

And now, as to *Musick* (*o*). Here you teach me how the treble and base agree together; and how from strings of a different tone arise harmony. Teach me rather how my mind may agree with itself, and my thoughts be free from jarring discord. You shew me what notes or key are proper to express sorrow (*p*); shew me rather how in adversity I may abstain from sighs and groans, and such lamentable sounds.

And then for *Geometry*: it teacheth me to measure large tracts of land; but I had much rather it should teach me how much is sufficient for man. *Arithmetic* teaches me to cast accounts, and to practise my hands in the arts of avarice; rather let it teach me that computations of this kind belong not to the main business of life; and that he is by no means the happier man, whose large patrimony fatigues his steward; nay, let it teach me how many superfluous things he possesseth, whom nothing could make more unhappy, than to be obliged to keep his own accounts. What availeth it me to know how to divide a field into several parts, if I have not the heart to give my brother a share of it? Of what profit is it to me, to know with great exactness, how many square feet are contained in an acre of ground; and also to find out if it be not exactly measured by the perch or pole; if some over-powerful neighbour wrings me with sorrow, having encroached upon what is mine? Do you teach me to keep my own? I had rather learn how, was I to lose the whole, I might still be chearful.

Alas! I am driven, some one will say, from an estate, that was my father's and grandfather's. What then? can you tell me who was in possession of it before your grandfather? I do not say what man, but what people? You entered upon it, not as the lord of it, but as a tenant. Do you ask, whose tenant you are? Why, if things go well with you (*q*), and the inconstancy of human affairs prevent it not, you are tenant to your heir. The lawyers deny, that prescription of use can be pleaded for any thing that is common; now what you possess, is in common; it belongs to mankind.

O the excellency of art! you know how to measure a circle; you can reduce to a square any given figure; you can tell the distances of
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the stars; in short, there is nothing that belongs to numbers or figures, but what falls within your art: if then you are so great an artist, measure me the *mind of man*; say how great it is; rather say how little? You know what is a right line; but what availeth this, if you know not what is right in the conduct of life?

I come now to the man who boasteth of his skill in ^{Astrology} ~~Astronomy~~; who knows

[Frigida Saturni quo sese stella receptet,

Quos ignis cœli Cyllenius erret in orbes. G. l. 337.

See to what house cold Saturn's beams repair,

Or where Cyllenius points his erring star: Lauderdale.

And what is there in all this, that I should be solicitous to know when *Saturn* and *Mars* are in opposition? or when *Mercury* sets in the evening in the sight of *Saturn*? I would rather know, that, whatever aspects these planets are in, they are still propitious to me, and cannot change their course, to which they are fixed by an immutable decree of the fates: they return according to their stated seasons; they either bring on, or only point out (*r*), and denote, the effects of all things: but whether they are the cause of every thing that happens, what availeth the knowledge of a thing that is immutable; or, whether they only signify and presage such events, of what use is it to provide against what you cannot possibly escape? Whether you know these things, or know them not, they will certainly come to pass.

Si vero solem ad rapidum *Stellasque* sequentes

Ordine respicias, nunquam te crastina fallet

Hora, nec infidiis noctis capiere serenæ. G. l. 424.

Observe the daily circle of the sun,

And the short year of each revolving moon:

By them thou shalt foresee the following day,

Nor shall a starry night thy hopes betray. Dryden.

I am sufficiently and amply provided against any surprise. But may I not be deceived in to-morrow? certainly I may; for that deceives a man, which happens to him unknowingly. Now, I know not what will *happen*, but I know what may happen. Fortune can do nothing against

againſt my expectation; I expect all the can do; if any thing be remitted, I take it in good part. The hour deceives me if it favours me; yet even ſo, it does not altogether deceive me; for as I know all things may happen, I know likewise that they may not happen: I expect therefore good fortune, and am prepared againſt bad (*s*).

You muſt bear with me, *Lucilius*, if I am not led in theſe matters by preſcription; if I am ſomewhat particular in regard to the *liberal Sciences*; for I cannot be perſuaded to take painters into the number of their profeſſors, any more than I would ſtatuaries, maſons, and other miniſters to luxury: I likewise exclude wreſtlers; and the whole tribe of thoſe whoſe art conſiſts in dawbing their limbs with duſt and oyl; as well as perfumers, cooks, and others, who ſtudy with great ingenuity to ſerve us in our pleaſures. For what pretence, I pray you, have thoſe morning ſots (*t*), who fatten the body, but ſtarve the mind, to be called profeſſors of liberal arts? Can gluttony and drunkenneſs be thought a liberal ſtudy fit for youth, whom our anceſtors were wont to exerciſe always in an erect attitude, in throwing darts, toſſing the pike, breaking their horſes, or handling their arms? They taught their children nothing that was to be learned in an eaſy and lolling poſture. But after all, neither theſe arts nor the former teach and nourish virtue. For what avails it a man to manage a horſe, and break him to the bit, if ſtill he himſelf is carried away by his unbridled paſſions? What advantageth it a man to overcome many in wreſtling and boxing, if in the mean time he is overcome himſelf by anger? *What then, are the liberal Sciences of no advantage to us?* Yes, certainly, of great advantage, in all other reſpects, ſave in regard to virtue. For low as the mechanic arts are, which are wholly manual, they are moſt uſeful inſtruments, and of great ſervice in life, though they belong not to virtue. *Why then do we inſtruct children in the liberal Sciences?* not becauſe they inſtil virtue, but becauſe they prepare the mind for the reception of it (*u*). As the firſt principles of literature (ſo called by the ancients) by which children were taught their A, B, C, teach not the liberal arts, but only prepare them for inſtruction therein; ſo the liberal arts carry not the mind directly to virtue, but only expand, and make it fit for it.

Pofidonius faith, there are four kinds of arts; the mean and vulgar; the vain and sportive; the puerile, and the liberal. The *vulgar* are fuch as employ handicraftsmen in the neceffary occupations of life; in which there is not the leaft pretence to gentility and honour. The vain and sportive are fuch as tend only to the pleafure of the eyes and ears; among thefe you may reckon thofe fubtle engineers, who contrive theatrical machines (*x*) to rife, as it were, of themfelves; and the ftage to widen and enlarge itfelf in all dimenfions, without the leaft noife; with other fuch curious and unexperienced entertainments; fuch as feparating the parts that were joined together; or things that were far afunder, uniting of their own accord; or fome lofty pyramid finking gradually down into its bafe; all which things ftrike the eyes of the unfkilful; and feem, as they know not the caufe of them, instantaneous miracles. The *puerile*, but fuch as have the appearance of *liberal*, are thofe which the Greeks call *γυμναστικαί*, and we *liberales*; but the only true *liberal*, or, if I may fo fpeak, *free* arts, are fuch as are wholly employed in the purfuit of virtue.

It is likewise faid, that *as fome part of philosophy is called Natural; another part Moral; and another Rational; fo this whole company of liberal arts claim to themfelves a place in philosophy*. When we come to *natural questions*, we have recourfe to the testimony of geometry; but does it therefore follow that it is part of that fciēce which it affifteth? Many things affift us, and yet are not part of us; nay, if they were really part of us, they would not affift us; as meat is an help to the body, yet it is no part of it. Geometry hath certainly its peculiar ufe, and is fo far neceffary to philosophy as the artift is to that: but neither is he a part of geometry, nor geometry of philosophy.

Moreover, each profeffion hath its proper fphere; the philofopher ftudies and knows the caufes of natural things; the numbers and meafures of which the geometrician is hunting after and computing. The philofopher knows the formation of the heavenly bodies, their nature, and feveral powers; while the mathematician calculates their appearances, their motion direct and retrograde, their rifing and fetting, and

seeming stationary, though they are all in perpetual motion: the philosopher knows the reason of the appearances of images in a glass; the geometrician can tell you the proper distance of the object from the glass, and what sort of glass will reflect such an image. The philosopher will prove the sun to be a very large body; the mathematician will tell you how large it is; but then he proceeds upon use and practice; and in order thereto, you must grant him certain principles and maxims: but the science that depends upon so precarious a foundation cannot be called sure and perfect. Philosophy never begs the question, it asks no *foreign* assistance, but raiseth the whole work itself from the foundation. Mathematics, if I may so speak, is a superficial art; the foundation on which it is built is not its own; it is obliged to other principles, whereby it proceeds to higher matters. Could it indeed reach truth of itself; could it comprehend the nature of the whole world; I should say that it contributed much to the improvement of our minds; which, by being conversant in heavenly matters, grow enlarged, and are still acquiring new knowledge. But there is only one thing which perfects the mind, and that is, the immutable knowledge of *good* and *evil*, which belongs to philosophy alone; no other art concerns itself with this distinction.

To run over a few particular virtues;—*Fortitude* is a contemner of such things as men are generally afraid of; it despiseth, provokes, and breaks the force of such terrors as are apt to enslave the mind, And how in any wise is this virtue strengthened and confirmed by the *liberal arts*? *Fidelity*, the most sacred good of the human breast, cannot be compelled to deceive, by any necessity; cannot be corrupted by any reward, how great soever; *burn, saith she, smite, kill, I will not betray my friend; the more severely torture endeavours to come at any secret, the more closely will I keep it.* Do the *liberal Sciences* ever instill such courage? *Temperance* restrains our pleasures; some she utterly detests and abhors; other some she dispenseth with, having reduced them to a proper mean, and never pursues them merely for pleasure's sake. *Humanity* forbids a man to be haughty towards his companions, or covetous: in words, in deeds, in affections she sheweth herself gentle and con-

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descending

descending unto all; she judgeth not ill of any man; and delights in that as her own chief good, which is likely to promote the good of others. Do the *liberal Sciences* teach such good qualities? No; no more than they do simplicity, modesty, frugality, and good œconomy; no more than they do *clemency*; which is as sparing of another's blood as of her own; and knows that man is not to be treated by man prodigally or cruelly.

But when you affirm, it is said, that without the liberal Sciences a man cannot reach virtue; how can you deny that they contribute to virtue? Why, because neither without food can a man arrive at virtue, and yet food belongeth not to virtue. Timber of itself contributes nothing to a ship, though without timber a ship cannot be built. There is no reason, I say, to think, that a thing should be made by that, without which it cannot be made. It may indeed be said, that without *the liberal Arts* a man may arrive at virtue: for though virtue be a thing to be learned, yet it is not learned merely by these sciences. And why should I not think that a man may become a wise man, though he knows not his letters; since wisdom consists not in the knowledge of letters? It is conversant about things, not about words; and I know not whether that may not prove the more faithful memory, which depends upon its own intrinsic strength (*y*).

Wisdom is very powerful and extensive; it requires a large space to range in; it must study all things both divine and human; things past, and to come; transitory, and eternal; and even Time itself: concerning which alone, consider how many questions may be started; as first, *whether any thing be self-existent*; and next, *whether any thing was before Time*; if Time began with the world; or *whether before the world had being, because there must have been something, there was not also Time* (*z*). Innumerable are also the questions concerning the soul; as, *whence it is* (*aa*); *of what quality*; *when it begins to be*; and *how long it shall continue in being*; *whether it be subject to transmigration*; and, *still changing its habitation, passeth from one form of living creatures into another*; *whether it performs no more than one service, and being set free wanders about the universe*; *whether it be a body, or not*; *what it will be employed upon when it ceaseth*

to act in conjunction with the body; how it will use its liberty when it hath escaped from this prison; whether it will forget all that is past, and there begin to know herself, when, dislodged from this body, she seats herself on high. Thus, how great part soever of things, or human or divine, you at present comprehend, you will still find matter enough to employ and fatigue the mind in the search of farther truths.

That things therefore so many and of so great consequence may find place for their reception, it is necessary that all that are superfluous should be removed from the mind. Virtue cannot endure to be straiten'd; she is so great as to require boundless room: let all things therefore be expell'd; and the whole mind laid open for the reception of her alone. But forasmuch as there is a certain delight in the knowledge of many arts; let so much of them be retained as may be thought necessary. If you think a man worthy of reproof who spends his money in superfluities, and is proud of adorning his house with the most pompous furniture; will you not also think him blameable, who is busied in filling his head with a lumber of useless knowledge? To desire to know more than is requisite for a man to know, is a sort of intemperance.

Besides this eager pursuit of the liberal arts is apt to make a man troublesome, verbose, impertinent, self-conceited, and therefore disdaining to learn things necessary, being already overstocked with superfluities. *Didymus* the Grammarian is said to have wrote 4000 books (*bb*); how wretched must a man have been only to have read so many trifling things? for, in these books, great enquiry is made after the country of *Homer*; who was the true mother of *Æneas* (*cc*); whether *Anacreon* was more sottish than amorous; whether *Sappho* was a prostitute; and other the like trifles; which, if a man knew them, he would not be sorry to forget. Go now, O man, and deny, that *life is long*.

But to come to our own sect: I will shew you, *Lucilius*, that even here many things are to be rooted out; many to be cut down as it were with an axe. With how great loss of time, with how much impertinence, and plague to the ears of other men, have some laboured to
obtain

obtain that empty commendation, *O what a learned man!* We ought rather to be content with that more simple and plain one, *O what a good man!* If such then our duty, shall I peruse the annals of all nations; in search of the man who first wrote verses? Shall I pretend to reckon up, though I have no records, the time between *Orpheus* and *Homer*? Shall I review the critical remarks of *Aristarchus* wherein he takes upon him to censure the verses of others? and wear out an age in counting syllables? Shall I for ever be poring over the dust of Geometricians (*dd*)? Shall I be so regardless of that wholesome precept, *Tempori parce, husband well your time?* Must I know all these things? What then can I pardonably be ignorant of (*ee*)?

Appian, the Grammarian, who in the time of *Caius Cæsar*, was carried about all *Greece*, and was every where honoured with the title of a *second Homer*, said, that *Homer*, after he had composed the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, added to the latter, which treats of the *Trojan* war, the beginning, as it now stands; and in order to prove this, he alledged, that *Homer* had designedly began the first line with two letters that pointed out the number of both books (*ff*). Such then are the trifles which a man must know, who is ambitious of knowing many things.

But think now, my friend, how much time you may be deprived of by a bad state of health; how much must be taken up with necessary business, public, private, daily; and how much by sleep; measure the days of man; they are not sufficient for so many things; I am speaking of the *liberal studies*; but among the philosophers themselves how many things are superfluous! and how great is their idle waste of time! for they also have condescended to the weighing of syllables, and to the peculiar uses of conjunctions and prepositions, so as even to envy both the Grammarians and Geometricians: and whatever they found superfluous in the schools of these they have transplanted into their own. Hence it is they knew better how to speak than to live. Learn now, *O Lucilius*, what great mischief may accrue from too much subtlety; and how great an enemy it is to truth!

Protagoras

Protagoras (gg) saith, that upon every subject men may argue indifferently pro and con; even though the subject be, whether every thing is disputable on each side of the question. *Nauphanes* (bb) saith that nothing can be said more to be, than not to be. *Parmenides* (ii) saith, that all we see, is nothing upon the whole. *Zeno* of *Elea* cuts short the question, and affirms, that nothing is. Of much the same opinion are the *Megarensians* (kk), the *Eretricians* (ll), and *Academics*, who have introduced a new sort of knowledge, to know nothing (mm): now you may fling all these into the common stock of those who profess the liberal arts; as those professors teach me a knowledge of little or no profit to me; these philosophers rob me of the hopes of knowing any thing at all: it is better however I think to know what is superfluous, than to know nothing. The former holds out no light to direct me in the way to truth, but these quite put out my eyes. If I believe *Protagoras*, there is nothing in the nature of things but what is doubtful; if *Nauphanes*, this one thing only is certain, that nothing is certain: if *Parmenides*, there is but one thing: if *Zeno*, there is not even one. What then are we? and what are all things that surround, nourish, and sustain us? The whole nature of things is but a shadow, vain and deceitful. Indeed I cannot easily say, whether I am more angry at those, who would have us to know nothing; or those, who have not left us so much as this, to know nothing.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* In some books this Epistle is styled, *L. Annæi Senecæ Liber de septem artibus Liberalibus*, as if it was a separate treatise; but long as it is (and indeed there are some longer) *Lipsius* persists in ranging it among the Epistles.

† The Romans called those the *liberal* studies, or sciences, which the Greeks called ἐγκύκλια μαθήματα, i. e. *certain exercises*, which almost all gentlemen of birth and fortune were used to employ themselves in, not in order to make themselves thorough masters therein, but only to acquire such a smattering and taste in them, as might become their gentility, and without which they would make but a poor figure in life. They therefore were first taught *Grammar*, in order to form a just expression and propriety in speech. From hence they passed on to the reading the *Historians* and *Poets*: nor was it thought less necessary to instruct them in *Arithmetic*, *Geometry*, *Music*: some were likewise taught *Painting*; they had also their several (*Angelo's* or) masters, to teach them to wrestle, to ride, and to perform other manly exercises of the body. Concerning these studies therefore

therefore *Seneca*, in this most excellent Epistle, pronounceth in general, that not one of them is to be pursued merely upon its own account; and they are only useful so far as they are subservient to qualify and prepare the minds of young men, as yet not capable of more weighty or solid matters for the study and acquisition of *wisdom*; which, and only which, among them all, deserves to be called *liberal*; as being that alone which is of sufficient force to deliver man, from the vilest of all slavery, even that of sin and lust. M.

Fundamenta, quibus nixatur vita salusque.

— Such the foundation, such the end

On which the life and health of man depend.

(a) Nullum suspicio.] This he speaks as a Stoic. So *Zeno*, (which many object to him) τὴν συγκλίον παιδείαν ἀχρηστον ἀποφαίνει, declares the cycle of literature useless. And principally the *Cynics*, according to *Laertes*, decried the same, παραιτῶνται τὰ συγκύλια μαθηματα. This however is speaking comparatively; letters indeed considered in themselves are little more than mere amusement, for, says *Seneca* (De Brev. Vit. c. 14.) cujus errores minuent! cujus cupiditates premunt, quem fortiozem, quem justiozem, quem liberaliozem facient, whose errors will they lessen, whose passions will they check, whom will they make more brave, more just, more liberal? Sed

— Non animum metu,

Non mortis laqueis expedient caput. Hor. Od. iii. 24. 8.

— Not all thy wealth shall save

Thy mind from fear, or body from the grave. Creech.

But after all, says *Clement*, unless wisdom is protected by the fence of philosophy, and erudition, it will be exposed to the snares and insults of sophistry. And *Justin*, Philosophy is a truly great and noble possession, venerable in the sight of God, so far as it leadeth us to him, and fixeth the mind there. Happy and blessed are they whose minds are so fixed!

(b) Quod in se exit.] *Muretus* says he knows not what to make of this expression: and as to what follows, mercitoria artificia, he reads militaria. He might as well, I think, read mercatoria, as being somewhat nearer the original.

(c) Many of the ancients had such a veneration for *Homer*, that they would have it thought, all philosophy, and every tenet of the philosophers flowed originally from him. But *Seneca* maintains that this very argument proves *Homer* to be no philosopher, because the first seeds of opinions so widely different in themselves, are found scattered in his works. *Muret*.

Certainly a Philosopher, says *Lipsius*, if there ever was one, *Basil*. Πᾶσα μὲν ἡ ποίησις τῷ Ὅμηρῳ ἀρετῆς ἐστὶν ἱκανὴ, &c. &c. The whole poetry of *Homer* is in praise of virtue, unless what is added for the sake of grace and ornament. Vid. *Lips*. Manud. l. 7.

(d) For, because *Ulysses* sets so high a value upon his own country, rocky and barren as it was, as not to be diverted from the desire and love of it, by the promise of immortality from *Circè* and *Calypso*; this they interpret, as that by the name of *Ithaca* you are to understand *Virtue*, for whose sake alone all other things are to be despised by a wise man. *Muret*.

But *Homer* goes still further, as if the possession of virtue was nothing, unless it was brought forth into action, as when *Patroclus* chiding *Achilles*, calls him ἀναρπτην.

Μῆ ἐμὲ γὰρ ἔτιός γε λαῶν χόλος, ἔν σὺ φυλάσσεις,
ἀναρπτην---Il. 16. 30.

May never rage like thine my soul enslave,

O great in vain! unprofitably brave!

Thy country slighted in her last distress,

What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress? Pope.

Vid. *Plutarch*. de Homero, 6. 76.

(e) As when he introduced *Ulysses* saying,

Οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ γε τι φημι τέλος χαριεστερον εἶναι. κ. τ. λ. *Od.* 9. 5.

How sweet the producs of a peaceful reign!

The heaven-taught poet and enchanting strain!

The well fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,

A land rejoicing, and a people blest!

How goodly seems it ever to employ

Man's social days in union and in joy!

The plenteous board high-heap'd with cakes divine,

And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine! Pope.

But particularly the description of one of the cities on the shield of *Achilles*. *Il.* 18.

Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,

And solemn dance, and Hymeneal rite,---

Along the streets the new-made brides are led,

With torches flaming to the nuptial bed:

The youthful dancers, in a circle bound

To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound, &c.

(f) Allowing three sorts of good, as comprized in the description of *Mercury*---

Οἷος δὲ σὺ δέμευ καὶ εἶδος ἀγνῆτος,

Πεπνυσταὶ τε νοσσι, μακάρων δ' ἐξ εὐσσι τοκίων. *Il.* α. 377.

A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,

He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line. Pope.

But as the word *tria* is wanting in some copies, it may be understood of wealth, prosperity, and other good things of life of which *Homer* says the Gods are the givers, *δοτῆρας εἶναι*. See *Ep.* 66.

(g) Some suppose *Homer* to be the elder, as *Philochorus*, *Xenophanes*, and *Plutarch*. (*Consol.* ad *Apoll.*) Others give the seniority to *Hesiod*, as *Accius*, the poet, and *Ephorus*, the historian. But *Varro* seems to determine it, saying, non esse dubium quin aliquo tempore eodem vixerint; vel *Homerum* aliquanto antiquiorem, *that they lived much about the same time*, (*A. M.* 3000), or *that Homer was somewhat the elder of the two*. *Agell.* iii. 11. xvii. 21.

(h) *Muretus* supposeth, that *Helen* was much older than *Hecuba*, but that she carried her age better, because she was the daughter of *Jupiter*.

(i) *Patroclus* is generally thought to have been the younger; but see *Politian*. *Miscell.* c. 45.

(k) Some therefore have fancied that he wandered in the *Atlantic Ocean*. But certainly there is no need to be scrupulously inquisitive concerning such things as are manifestly fabulous. *Agellius* alludes to this question, (*l.* 14. c. 6.) where he introduces one of his servants disputing, whether *Ulysses* wandered, *ἐν τῇ ἐσω θαλάσσῃ κ. τ. λ.* in the *Mediterranean*, according to *Aristarchus*, or in the *Ocean*, according to *Crates*.

(l) In like manner *Diogenes* is said to have reproved the Grammarians; forasmuch as they were solicitous to know what evils *Ulysses* suffered, but were negligent of their own.

(m) Sunt enim qui dicant, eam omnibus porcis fecisse copiam sui, atque ex illo promiscuo coitu natum *Pana*. At alii hunc ipsum capripedem Deum natum ex *Penelopa* et *Mercurio* in hircum converso, egregiam mulieris pudicitiam! quæ cum se a virorum consortio puram integramque servaret, ad hirci, belli videlicet et suaveolentis animalis concubitu non abhorruerit. *Muret.*

(n) Undoubtedly in the mind, nec oppresso corpore amittitur, *August.* (*de liv. Dei.* l. 17. Vis aliena pudicitiam non excutit, etsi pudorem incutit.

(o) *Diogenes* saith of musicians, τὸς μουσικὸς μὲν ἐν τῇ λύρᾳ χορδὰς ἀρμόττειν, ἀναρμόστα δὲ ἔχειν τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς ἔθνη. *That they kept the strings of their harps in tune, but neglected to tune their souls to good morals,*

(p) Modi flebiles] *Softly sweet in Lydian measure.* Dryden's Ode.

(q) i. e. if you are happy in having an heir to your mind.

(r) Effectus rerum omnium aut movent aut notant] Vid. *Lipf.* Philol. ii. 13.

(s) In Anthologia.

Εἰ μὲν ἦν μαθεῖν, ἃ δὲ παθεῖν,
Καὶ μὴ παθεῖν, καλὸν ἦν πρὸ μαθεῖν·
Εἰ δὲ δὲ μαθεῖν, ἃ δὲ ἦν μαθεῖν
Τι δὲ μαθεῖν; χρὴ γὰρ παθεῖν.
*It avails nothing, or to know,
Or not, what we must undergo;
Since, for whatso'er we must endure,
Sweet patience is the only cure.*

(t) Jejuni vomitoris] See Epist. 122.

(u) Philo, Ὡς περ ἐν οἰκίαις αὐλοὶ προκενταὶ; *As the vestibule to a house, and suburbs to a city,*
such are the liberal arts to virtue; they are the way that leads to it.

(x) Pegmata per se surgentia] Augustin de Civ. Dei, c. 24. Ad quàm stupenda opera industria humana pervenit? quæ in theatro mirabilia spectantibus audientibus incredibilia facienda et exhibenda molita est! Crescebant in sublima *Pegmata*,

Et crescunt mediâ pegmata celsa viâ. *Martial.*

Subsûdebant eadem. *Claudian.*

Mobile ponderibus descendat Pegma reductis.
Inque chori speciem spargentes ardua flammæ
Scena rotet, vanos effingat mulciber orbes
Per tabulas impunè vagus: pictæque citato
Ludant igne traves, et non permixta moræri
Fida per innocuos errent incendia tures.

Apuleius l. x. Jamque totâ suave fragrante caveâ montem illum ligneum terræ vorago decepit. Machinatores fabricarum astutiâ unius conversionis, multa et varia pariter administrant. *Id.* Vid. *Lipf.* de Amphitheatro, c. 22. *Philand.* in Vitruv. l. 9. *Sueton.* in Nero.

(y) It was thought by many of the antients that *letters* rather hurt than profit the memory; forasmuch as trusting to these, men are less diligent in fixing in their minds such things as they learn; as *Dictionaries*, &c. are apt to make schoolboys more careless and idle. Whereupon *Thamas*, king of *Egypt*, when *Thouth* the inventor of letters called them *an help and sure remedy for the memory*, thus refutes him, Καὶ νυν συ πατηρ ὦν γραμμάτων, --- καὶ μνημῆς, ἀλλ' ὑπομνήσιας φαρμακὸν εὔρες--- *ap.* Plato in Phædr. *The inventor of letters hath found out an help or remedy, not of memory, but of reminiscence.* And, *Cæf. de Bell. Gallico*, l. 6. c. 8. *Cæsar* tells us that the *Druids* instructed their pupils in the *Greek tongue*; for two reasons, first, that their learning might not become common and vulgar; and, 2dly, that scholars might not trust so much to their writings as to their memory; as it happens for the most part, that men rely upon the trust of books and papers, and in the mean time omit the benefit of good remembrance.

(z) Negamns, ubi sola principia sunt, tempus esse. Non habet tempus æternitas, omne enim tempus ipsa est. *Tertullian.* See Epp. i. 49. 117. *Lipf.* Physiol. ii. 24.

(aa) Whence it is, the soul was held by most of the antient philosophers, especially by the *Pythagoreans* and the *Stoics*, to be a discerped part of the *divine essence*. *Cicero* represents it, as acknowledged by the best and wisest men, that our souls are emanations from the *universal mind*; and consequently immortal; and this conviction, says he, arises within me, from reflecting, that considering the mighty quickness with which the human soul is endowed, its vast collection of past, and provision for

future events; the variety of the Arts, and the importance of the Sciences, with all its numerous inventions; I say, considering all this, it is impossible for that nature, that is the receptacle of so many different properties, to be mortal. Cic. de Sen. c. 21. Subject to transmigration. See Epist. 65. (N. k) Ovid introduces Pythagoras as delivering his doctrine to the people of Crotona.

Morte carent animæ, semperque priore relicta

Sede novis domibus vivunt, habitentque receptæ. Met. xv. 156.

— Our souls their antient houses leave,

To live in new, which them, as guests, receive.

— She seats herself on high. Socrates, in Plato, says many excellent things concerning the happiness to be enjoyed in a future state; he talks of its going, after its departure hence, into a place like itself, noble, pure, invisible, to a wise and good God, whither, says he, if it pleases God, I shall soon go. And particularly, that the soul which gives itself up to the study of wisdom and philosophy, and lives abstracted from the body, goes at death to that which is like itself, divine, immortal, wise, to which when it arrives it shall be happy, freed from error, ignorance, fears, disorderly love, and other human evils, and lives, as it is said of the initiated, the rest of its life with the Gods.—Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God. Matth. v. 8. The righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of the Father. xiii. 43.

(bb) Suidas says 3500, and that on account of his laborious works he was called χαλκέντερος, Ironsides. He lived in the time of Cicero and Augustus.

(cc) Venus being generally supposed his mother.

(dd) In geometriæ pulvere] So pulvis eruditus, in Cicero; i. e. the dust wherein the geometricians were used to draw their figures.

(ee) Ep. i. Hæc sciam? et quid ignorem? i. e. as it is impossible for a man to know all things, there must be some things, which if I am obliged to know, I cannot conceive what those things be; which it is pardonable not to know.—Muretus, Hæc sciam, ut quid—Erasmus et quid si—Stephanus, et quid sim.—So the old translation, shall I know these things, and be ignorant of myself? Lipsius, et quid ignorem? Juretus, without an interrogation, nec sciam quid ignorem, i. e. I am not concerned at not knowing many things which it is better to be ignorant of than to know.

(ff) MHV11—M. 40. H. 8. i. e. 48.

(gg) Protagoras, a scholar of Democritus, and the son of Menander, the richest man in Thrace, who entertained Xerxes in his expedition against Greece; for which bounty the magi or wise men that were with Xerxes, instructed his son, Protagoras, in all their learning, which they could not have done but by permission of the King.

(bb) Naufrphanes, a follower of Democritus; abused by Epicurus with all manner of contumely. Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 26.

(ii) Parmenides, a philosopher of Elis, scholar and friend of Xenophon. He is mentioned by Plato, who hath also wrote a dialogue (concerning ideas) in his name. He is supposed to be the first who took notice of Lucifer and Hesperus, the Morning and Evening Star being the same.

(kk) The people of Megara, a city of Achaia, between Athens and the isthmus of Corinth. The birth-place of Euclid. It still retains the name.

(ll) Eretrici] So called from Eretria, a city in the isle Eubæa, the birth-place of Menedemus, their founder.—al. Cretici. Pincian. ridiculously enough; Critici, i. e. judiciales.

(mm) A sect of philosophers, who followed the doctrine of Socrates and Plato, as to the uncertainty of knowledge, and the incomprehensibility of truth. Among the antients they were called Academici; but since the restoration of learning they have assumed the denomination of Platonists.

EPISTLE LXXXIX.

The Distinction between Wisdom and Philosophy.

YOU desire, *Lucilius*, to have philosophy rightly distinguished, and its vast body disposed into members: this is certainly of consequence, and very necessary for a man who aspires after wisdom; for by the parts we are more easily led to a knowledge of the whole. I could wish therefore the whole of philosophy was presented to our view in like manner as the face of the universe, exhibiting a sight like that of the world; it would surely transport mankind with admiration of its beauty; and draw them off from those things which they now think great, merely through ignorance of what is really so. But because this is not to be expected, we must rest satisfied with beholding her under the same obscurity as we do the mysteries of the world.

The mind indeed of a philosopher comprehends the whole frame thereof, and passeth over it not less swiftly, than the eye over the visible heavens. But to us, who have as yet great darkness to break through, and whose sight faileth even in things that are near at hand, as we are not capable of receiving the whole, the parts separately considered are much more intelligible. I will endeavour therefore to grant your request; and will divide philosophy into parts, not into scraps; for it will be more proper to divide, than to hack it; since it is as difficult to comprehend the smallest things as the largest. It is usual therefore to divide a people into tribes, and an army into companies; whatever is very extraordinary, either in size or quantity, is much better known, I say, when divided into parts; provided they are not too numerous, or too small. Divisions too minute render a thing as intricate, as if no division had been made at all: subdivisions, as it were, to the least particle of dust, only create confusion.

First then I will shew you, *Lucilius*, according to your desire, the distinction that is to be made between *Wisdom* and *Philosophy* (a). *Wisdom* is the perfect good of the human mind; *Philosophy* is the love and affectation of *Wisdom*; she points out the way thereto: the word *Philosophy* discovers plainly enough what it is, and from whence it has its name; *Wisdom* is by some defined, *the knowledge of things divine and human*; by others, *the knowledge of things divine and human, with their causes*: but this addition seems to me superfluous, forasmuch as the *causes* are parts of things human and divine. *Philosophy* likewise hath been defined different ways; some have called it, *the study of virtue* (b); others, *the study of the mind's improvement*; and others still, *an earnest desire of, or an inclination to, right reason*.

From whence it is plain there is a difference between *Philosophy* and *Wisdom*; for it is impossible the thing affecting should be the same with the thing affected. As then there is a great difference between avarice and wealth; inasmuch as that covets, and this is coveted; so is there between *Philosophy* and *Wisdom*; as this is the effect and reward of the other; the one is the road, the other the end of the journey. *Wisdom* is what the Greeks call $\Sigma\phi\iota\alpha$, *Sophia*; the Romans likewise adopted the same word; and still make use of it in *Philosophia*. This is manifest from some antient comedies, and the inscription on the monument of *Dossennus* (c).

Hospes resiste, et *sophiam* Dossenni lege.

Stay, stranger, and learn the wisdom of Dossennus.

Some indeed of our sect have thought, that though *Philosophy* be *the study of virtue*, and *this* the thing sought after, and *that* what seeks, yet they are so closely connected, as not to be divided; since neither is *Philosophy* without virtue, nor virtue without *Philosophy*. *Philosophy* is the study of virtue, but by the means of *Virtue* itself; as there cannot be virtue but what delights in itself, nor a desire of virtue but by virtue itself: for, it is not here, as when any thing is aimed at from afar, the person who takes aim is in one place, and the thing aimed at in another; nor as the ways that lead to a city, and are without; since the way to virtue is in and through itself; *Philosophy* and virtue therefore coincide.

Again;

Again; many and very principal authors have divided Philosophy into three parts (*d*), *moral*, *natural* and *rational*, or discursive. The *first* frames and sets in order the mind: the *second* searches into the nature of things; and the *third* studies the propriety of words, the structure and manner of reasoning, so as not to be imposed upon by falsehood for truth. But there are those who are pleased to divide Philosophy, some into fewer, and some into more parts; some (for instance the *Aristotelians*) have added a fourth branch, the *civil*, or public; because it is engaged in a peculiar exercise, and employed upon a different subject: and some have added to these another division, which the Greeks call *ο. νομομαχικήν*, *æconomical*, or the art of managing family affairs. Some have likewise assigned a place to the different kinds and occupations of life: but there are none of all these but what come under the first division, *Moral Philosophy*.

On the other hand the *Epicureans* rejected the third branch (*e*), and only retained the two former, *Moral* and *Natural*; and being constrained in the examination of things to discern antiquities, and to discover the falsties, that are often concealed under the appearance of truth, they have given another name to the *rational*, and assigned it a place under the title of *judicial* and *regular* (*f*), but they still look upon it only as an appendix to *natural* Philosophy. The *Cyrenaics* take away both *natural* and *rational*; contenting themselves with *moral* only; but they introduce, what they before rejected, in another way: for, they divide *moral* Philosophy into five parts; one relating to things to be pursued or avoided; a second, concerning the passions and affections; a third, concerning actions; a fourth, concerning causes; and a fifth concerning arguments: but the causes of things belong to *natural*; arguments to *rational*; and actions to *moral* Philosophy. *Aristo* of *Cbios* (*g*) maintained that *natural* and *rational* Philosophy were not only superfluous but contrary; (Sc. to *Wisdom* and *Virtue*) and the *moral*, which was the only one he allowed, he greatly maimed; forasmuch as he abolished that part which relates to *admonitions* (*b*), saying, that *this belonged rather to the Pedagogue than to the Philosopher*; as if the wise man was any thing else than the *instructor* of mankind.

Concluding

Concluding therefore *Philosophy* to be rightly divided into three parts, we will begin with the *moral*. Now, *moral* Philosophy may likewise be divided into three parts; the first relates to diligence in giving suum cuique, every *one their own*; and estimating every thing according to its true worth. A very useful part indeed! For what can be more necessary than to set a due value upon things? The second regards power, or a desire to act; the third actions. By the first, you are taught to judge of things according to quantity or quality; by the second, to direct the affections, and moderate their impulse: and by the third, to suit your endeavours to the action; that in all things you may be consistent. Whatever is wanting of these three, the loss of it will disorder the rest. For what signifies it to be able to estimate all things rightly, if you have no command of yourself? Or what avails it to restrain the vehemence of desire, and to have the affections under command, if, as things may require, you know not the proper time, when, or what, or where, or how to act? For it is one thing to know the dignity and value of things, and another, to know times and seasons; and another, to restrain the vehemence of desire, so as to go calmly, and not rush precipitately, upon action. Life therefore is then consistent with itself, when the effort and the action agree together. An effort proceedeth from the dignity of things, and is either remiss or more earnest, according to the worthiness of the object pursued.

2. *Natural* Philosophy is twofold; as it relates to things corporeal, or incorporeal; and these again are divided, as I may so speak, into their several degrees. The part that relates to body, first considers the things that make or engender; and next the things that are made or engendered. Now, the elements are supposed to be made, or to receive being from another. Element is considered by some as a single topic; by others, as a subject divided into matter, and a *cause* moving all things, even the elements themselves (*i*).

3. And now as to the division of *rational* Philosophy. Every speech is either a continued one, or divided into question and answer: this
they

they call *διαλεκτική*, *dialectic*, or the art of logic; and the other, *ῥητορική*, *rhetorical*. Rhetoric is concerned about the sense and construction of words; logic, or the dialectic, is divided into two parts, *viz.* words, and their significations; i. e. into things which are spoken of, and the expression in which they are delivered. And then follows too great a description to be discussed at present; so here I shall conclude the subject,

——— Et summa sequar fastigia rerum,

And treat on things of higher consequence;

Otherwise was I to enter on all the divisions and subdivisions it would swell this Epistle into a large volume of questions (*k*). I would not however deter you, *Lucilius*, from reading those things, provided you immediately refer whatever you read to the improvement of *morals*. Study principally to correct these: stir up in you whatever seems languid; bind up the loose; check the stubborn; and thwart, as much as you can, your own irregular desires, and those of the public; and should the world say, *Will you be always in the same strain of reproof?* make answer, *It is for me rather to say, Will ye be always giving the same offence? ye would have the remedies cease, while the malady still continues: it beboves me so much the more to speak; and, because ye are obstinate, to persevere in my reproof. A medicine begins to take effect, when a disordered body is sensible of pain, at being touched: refractory as ye are, I will still utter such things as, I think, will profit you; with words perhaps that may sometimes prove not very smooth and agreeable: and, because ye do not chuse to bear them severally, and in private, I thus exhort you publickly, and in general.*

“ How far will ye extend the bounds of your possessions? A large
 “ tract of land, sufficient heretofore for a whole nation, is scarce wide
 “ enough now for a single Lord! How far will ye enlarge your
 “ arable, not content with the tillage of whole provinces, which ye
 “ hold only as a single farm? Famous streams running through pri-
 “ vate grounds, and great rivers, the boundaries formerly of great
 “ nations, from their fountain head to their mouth are yours: and
 “ even this is not enough, unless you gird the seas within your estates;
 “ unless

“ unless your bailiff extends his authority beyond the *Adriatic*, the
 “ *Ionian*, and *Ægean* seas. Nay, unless the islands, the seat of some
 “ great generals, be reckoned as insignificant trifles. But go on;
 “ extend your possessions as far as ye please; call it only a country
 “ farm, which was once an empire; make all you can get your own;
 “ there will still be something left for others.”

A word or two now with you, whose luxury is as extensive as the
 avarice of the former. I ask you, “ whether you intend to leave no
 “ lake, but what the tops of your villas hang over? No river, whose
 “ banks are not covered with your magnificent buildings? Shall
 “ wherever any vein of warm water springs up, new baths be erected
 “ to indulge you in luxury? Wherever the winding shore forms itself
 “ into a bay will ye lay a foundation for building; and not content
 “ with the firm ground, unless it be of your own making, drive the
 “ seas before you, by flinging into it numberless loads of rubbish (*!*)?
 “ But know, that splendid and pompous as your houses are, in various
 “ places; some raised on mountains, for a wide prospect over sea and
 “ land; and others on the plain, to the height of mountains; build,
 “ I say, as many as ye will, and as great; ye are still, severally con-
 “ sidered, but as a single person, and a little, a very little, body. Of
 “ what use are many stately bedchambers? you yourself can lie but in
 “ one; and where you are not, that cannot be called *your's*.”

Lastly, I address myself to you, whose throat is so deep and insatiable,
 that every sea and every land must be ransacked for your provision.
 “ Hence, with great toil and trouble, hooks, and snares, and va-
 “ rious kinds of nets, are continually made use of in pursuit of prey.
 “ No living animal can have peace, but such as ye are already glutted
 “ with. How little can you relish of those banquets, prepared as they
 “ are by so many hands, and at so great an expence, when ye sit down
 “ to them, with a mouth already palled with the like dainties? How
 “ little of that wild boar, which was taken with so much hazard, can
 “ the master eat, with a queasy and loathing stomach? How few of
 “ those shell-fish, brought from afar, can the mouth that never thinks

“ it has enough, devour? How wretched are ye not to know, that
 “ *your eye, as they say, is bigger than your belly!*”

Let such be your discourse to others; and while you speak, *Lucilius*, attend to what you say: and so write, that what you have written, you may read with pleasure. Refer all to *Morality*, and to calming the rage of the headstrong passions. Study not still to know more, but, from what you know, to be a better man.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) They are generally confounded by the philosophers; as when *Plato* says, Ἡ δὲ γὰρ φιλοσοφία, πρὸς ἐπιστήμην, Philosophy is the acquisition of Wisdom: and *Aristotle*, ἐπιστήμη τῆς ἀληθείας, the knowledge of Truth.—*Clement* *Alexandrinus*, more agreeable to our author, *As the Liberal Sciences refer to Philosophy, which is their mistress, so does Philosophy herself to Wisdom.* And he adds, ἐστὶ γὰρ ἡ μὲν φιλοσοφία, ἡ ἐπιστήμη, ἡ σοφία δὲ, ἐπιστήμη θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων, Philosophy is study and meditation; but Wisdom the knowledge of things divine and human; and their causes. *Plutarch*, Οἱ μὲν Στωικοὶ ἔρασαν, σοφίαν ἓνα θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων ἐπιστήμην, The Stoics said, that Wisdom was the knowledge of things divine and human. Where we may observe, he with *Seneca* omits the causes. See other definitions, *Lips.* *Physiol.* p. 698.

(b) Many excellent passages, to this purpose, we meet with in *Cicero's Tusculan Disputations*: Philosophy is the culture of the mind, and plucketh up vice by the roots; it is the medicine of the soul, and bealeth the minds of men; that from thence, if we would be good and happy, we may draw all proper helps and assistances for leading virtuous and happy lives.—O Philosophy, thou guide of life! the searcher out of virtue, and expeller of vice! what should we be, nay, what would human life be without thee! Thou calledst us together into social life; to thee we owe the invention of laws! thou teacher of manners and discipline! From thee we beg assistance: and one day spent according to thy precepts is preferable to an immortality spent in sin.—Some of the moderns have come little behind the ancients, in the admiration they have expressed for the Heathen moral Philosophy. See *Leland*, vol. ii. p. 72.

(c) *Fabius Dorsennus*, al. *Dorsennus*, a writer of comedies, (*Atellanarum* sc. *fabularum*)

Quantus sit Dorsennus edacibus in parafitis. *Hor. Ep.* ii. 1. 173.

How great is Dorsenn when he writes

Of all-devouring parasites!

See *Plin.* xiv. 13. where you will find some quotations from him.

(d) There is the same division in *Macrobius*, (*Somn. Scip.*) but differently explained: *Moralis*, quæ docet morum elimatam perfectionem; *Naturalis*, quæ de divinis corporibus disputat; *Rationalis*, cum de incorporibus sermo est, quæ mens sola complectitur, &c. l. ii. Moral, which teacheth the perfection of moral behaviour; Natural, which treats of the heavenly bodies; and Rational, concerning things incorporeal, which the mind only can comprehend.

(e) As superfluous] *Laertius*, τὴν διαλεκτικὴν ὡς παράλλουσαν ἀποδοκιμαζουσι.

(f) *Al. τὸ κανονικόν, canonical.*] And this, as it forms, and prepares the mind, is said to be, *περὶ κριτηρίῳ, καὶ ἀρχῆς, καὶ στοιχειώτατον, Of the criterion, beginning and elementary.* Vid. *Laert.* in *Epicurus*.

(g) He was cotemporary with *Zeno*, and one of the disciples of the founder of the Stoical sect. He published several philosophical treatises, by which he acquired the reputation of an agreeable and elegant, rather than of a solid and judicious writer. See *Melmoth*, on *Cicero's* Cato, N. 5.

Laertius says of him, *τὸν τε φυσικὸν τοπον καὶ τὸν λογικὸν ἀνῆκε, λέγων τὸν μὲν εἶναι ὑπὲρ ἡμᾶς, τὸν δὲ ὑδὲν πρὸς ἡμᾶς.* He took away from the common division, *both the natural and the rational part, saying, this was far above us, and that nothing to us.*

(b) Sc. τὴν *παρανοητικὴν.* See Ep. 94.

(i) i. e. God; or, as the *Stoics* speak sometimes, *His Reason*, or *Wisdom*: and by *elements*, we understand, the first and constituent principles of things, as derived from him.

(k) *Lipsius* observes that in some books, this is the beginning of another Epistle.

(l) *Hor. Carm. iii. 1. 34.*

Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt
Iactis in altum molibus. Huc frequens
Camenta remittit redemptor
Cum famulis, dominusque terræ
Fastidiosus.

*The fish that in the ocean rang'd
Perceive their territories chang'd.*

*The moles thrown in extend the shore;
The Lord grown weary of the land,
New builds upon the settled sand,*

And scorns the bounds that Nature fix'd before.

Sallust. Bell. Cat. Quid ea memorem, quæ nisi his qui videre, nemini credibilia sunt? A privatis compluribus subversos montes, maria constrata, &c. What need I mention other things, that will hardly meet with credit from those who have been eyewitnesses of their truth? such as levelling hills and mountains, and raising palaces in the sea itself by private men for the purposes of pleasure, &c. See also Suetonius in Caligula, c. 37.

Petronius, l. ii.

————— *Aspice latè*

Luxuriam spoliolum, et censum in damna furentem
Ædificant auro sedesque ad sidera mittunt.
Expelluntur aquæ saxi; mare nascitur arvis;
Et permutatâ rerum statione rebellant.

*See, all around luxurious trophies lie,
And their decreasing wealth new ills supply.
Here golden piles the azure skies invade,
There in the sea incroaching moles are made —
Inverted Nature's injur'd laws they wrong —*

*Hor. Carm. ii. 18. 20. Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parum locuples continente ripâ.*

*The moles and thy encroaching mounds
Remove the floods to straiter bounds;
For greedy you would seem but poor,
Confin'd by Nature's narrow shore. Creech.*

But as some read in *Seneca*, *arva*, instead of *maria*, we may apply the words that follow in *Horace*:

Quid quod usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos, et ultra
Limites clientium
Sals avarus?—

Nay more, you pass the sacred bounds,
And seize your meaner client's grounds;
No fence too high, no ditch too deep,
For wealthy injury to leap. Id.

EPISTLE XC.

On Philosophy, and the Invention of Arts.

WHO can doubt, my *Lucilius*, but that it is from the blessing and gift of the immortal Gods that we live; but from *Philosophy* that we live well (*a*)? that consequently we owe more to this than to the Gods; inasmuch as a good life is better than mere existence. Undoubtedly we ought to think so, unless Philosophy itself might be also thought the gift of the Gods (*b*), the knowledge whereof they have given to no one, but the ability of acquirement to all. For if they had vouchsafed this as a common good, and we had been all born good, wisdom would have lost what is of greatest account therein, *that it is not to be reckoned among casual things*: for it hath this most precious and noble quality, that it comes not accidentally; that every one owes it to himself, an acquisition not to be sought for elsewhere*. What would there be in Philosophy worthy admiration, if it was holden of the donor? One of her principal offices is to search out truth, in things both divine and human: justice, piety, religion, and the whole train of virtues, that are in perfect union with one another, are all attendant upon her: she teacheth us to worship God, and to love our neighbour (*c*); that government is the prerogative of heaven†; and the social virtues necessary upon earth; which for some time remained

pure and inviolate, before covetousness distracted society; and introduced poverty even among those whom she had most enriched: for they ceased to possess all things, when they began to call any thing their own.

But the first men and their immediate descendants followed Nature; pure and uncorrupt; and held the same both for their leader and the law; by an orderly submission of the worse to the better: for this was ever the rule of simple Nature. In the brute creation the strongest and most fierce generally preside; nor does a bull of a cowardly spirit ever lead the herd; but he that is master over the rest by his strength and magnitude; as among elephants the tallest; so among men the best was chief: according to the endowments of the mind a ruler was chosen. Exquisitely happy then must the people have been, among whom none could obtain power but he that was a good man: for he may do whatever he pleases, who thinks he can do no more than what he ought to do. *Pofidonius* therefore judgeth, that wise men only ruled in the age that was called *the golden*. These tied down the hands of the populace to good behaviour; and even defended the weak from the more strong. They persuaded to good, and dissuaded from evil (*d*); shewing what things were useful and profitable, and what the contrary. By their prudence they took care that nothing should be wanting to their subjects: by their fortitude they encreased and enriched their people: to rule was not looked upon as a lordship, but as an office; not to tyrannize, but to be the ministers of God (*e*). No one therefore was ambitious to try his power over those who had raised him to that power; nor was there any inclination to do an injury; nor any cause for it; while the due administration of government challenged due obedience; and a King could threaten nothing more grievous to the disobedient than that he would leave the kingdom.

But when, vices having crept in, Kings were obliged to shew their authority, then was there a necessity for making penal laws, which the wise men were at first the authors of: as *Solon*, who founded the *Athenian* state on the laws of equity, was numbered among the seven
sages,

sages, remarkable for their wisdom in that age (*f*). And had *Lycurgus* been then living, he had justly been reputed the eighth in that sacred order. The laws also of *Zaleneus* and of *Charondas* (*g*) are highly commended: and these men learned the statutes, (which they published and established throughout *Sicily*, then in a flourishing state, and which through *Italy* passed into *Greece*) not at the bar, nor in the courts of law, but in the silent and sacred school of *Pythagoras*.

Hitherto then I agree with *Poſidonius* (*b*), but I deny that those arts which are in daily use for the necessities of life, were the invention of Philosophy; nor will I give so great an honour to the workshop. He saith indeed that Philosophy taught men when they were scattered up and down, and lived in cottages, and in hollow rocks, and in the trunks of decayed trees, to build houses: but I can no more think that Philosophy taught them to build houses upon houses, and turrets upon turrets, than that it instructed them in making stews and fishponds; to the intent that the gormandizing throat might not run any hazard in stormy weather; and that, let the sea rage as it will, luxury might still have its quiet waters, wherein to fatten fish of every kind.

And what do you say, that Philosophy taught the use of locks and keys! Pray what can be a greater sign of timid avarice? Or was it Philosophy that formed these lofty geometrical roofs to the great danger of the inhabitants? as if it was not sufficient to meet with a chance covering; and natural for man, without any art or difficulty, to find rest for himself in some proper habitation? Believe me, *Lucilius*, the happy age before mentioned, knew not either masons or carpenters; whose art in squaring and sawing timber by the line, so as to make a beam of just proportion, sprung up with the luxury of after-ages.

(*Nam primis cuneis sciendebant fissile lignum.*) Virg. G. i. 146.

Then saws were tooth'd and sounding axes made,

(For wedges first did yielding wood invade.) Dryden.

For they had no banqueting-houses for the entertainment of numerous guests (*i*); nor to this use were whole pines and fir-trees dragged along the trembling streets (*k*) in a long train of carriages, in order to form
therewith

therewith large cielings, decorated with massy gold; two forked sticks at some little distance, with poles across, supported the roofs of their little tenements; which being covered with dry sticks and leaves plaistered together, and laid sloping, proved sufficient to throw off a shower of rain, was it ever so great; and under these roofs they lived in peace and security. Thatch covered men that were free, but slavery now dwells under marble and gold.

I likewise differ from *Pofidonius*, in that he thought all working tools made of iron the invention of wise men: for he might as well call them wise by whose invention men first began:

Tum lequeis captare feros, et fallere visco

Inventum, et magnis canibus circumdare saltus. Virg. G. i. 140.

Thus toils for beasts, and lime for birds were found;

While deep-mouth'd dogs the forest-walks surround. Dryden.

For it was the cunning and sagacity, not the wisdom of man, that first found out these things. I also dissent from him in supposing they were wise men, who found out the several metals, iron and brass; when the earth being accidentally heated with fires enkindled in the woods, melted the ore, and by pouring it forth, discovered the veins of those metals that lay nearest the surface: such men as honour these things, generally find them out.

Nor does that seem so subtle a question to me as to *Pofidonius*;—*whether the hammer or the pincers were first in use.* Some one no doubt of ingenuity and acute parts, though not very great and sublime, found out these things, and whatever else was to be sought for, with a body bowed to the ground, and a groveling mind. A wise man took not so much pains to live: no wonder, since even in this age he desires to be as easy-as possible. How, I pray you, is it consistent, to admire both *Diogenes* and *Talus* (1)? which of them, think ye, was the wiser man? He that invented the saw; or he that, upon seeing a boy drink out of the hollow of his hand, immediately took his cup out of his pouch and brake it, thus reproving himself; *How long, foolish man as I was,*
have

have I carried about me a superfluous burthen? I am speaking of that Diogenes, who, folding himself double, lived in a tub.

And which, at this day, do you think the wiser man; him, who contrived to raise to a great height, and sprinkle around saffron or rose-water from hidden pipes (*m*), and to fill the canals with a sudden flow of water, and again to empty them; and so to couch together the changeable roofs of our banqueting houses (*n*), that one scene may succeed another; and a new cieling appear upon every change of the dishes: or him, who can demonstrate to himself and others, that Nature requires nothing of us that is hard and difficult; that we can very well live without masons, and be clothed without trafficking with the Indians for silk; and have every thing that is necessary for the uses of life, were we content with such things as the earth produceth on its surface? which things, if mankind would give their attention to, we should find there would be no more need of cooks than of a standing army.

They were certainly wise men, or something like it, who were not over-anxious with regard to the care and protection of the body. Necessary things cost but little trouble; men must labour for dainties; you will not want artificers if you follow Nature: she would not have us embarrassed: she can easily equip us with every thing we want. Wintry cold is certainly intolerable to our naked body: what then? cannot the skins of wild beasts or other animals defend us from it? do not some nations cover their bodies with the inner barks of trees, and others dress themselves with the feathers of birds (*o*), sown together? Do not great part of the *Scythians* cloath themselves with the skins of foxes and ermins (*p*), soft to the touch, and impenetrable to the winds? And what if there is need of a thicker shade to repel the heat of the summer's sun; has not length of time or other accidents scooped out caves and places fit for a cool retirement? And have not men wove hurdles of twigs, and plaistered them with vile clay; and also with straw and reeds made coverings for their cottages, wherein they have passed their winters dry and secure? Do not the *Syrtec* people (*q*) live in holes dug under ground, where nothing else could defend them from

from the excessive heat of the sun? Nature was never so cruel to man, that, seeing she had provided an easy means of life for all other creatures, man alone should not be able to live, were it not for the invention of so many arts as are now in use; none of which she absolutely demands of us; nor in order to prolong life need there any thing be sought, with care and difficulty. Necessaries are provided for us at our birth; all difficulties arise from a disdain of things every-where to be obtained. Houses, clothing, medicine, food, and what are now thought a weighty concern, were obvious, freely given, or procured with little pains. For what necessity required, was the measure of all things. We ourselves made them rare and precious, and not to be obtained but by extraordinary arts. Nature is sufficient for her own demands. Luxury is a revolt from Nature. She is daily provoking herself with new temptations; and in so many ages hath been still encreasing, and assisting every vice with her ingenious fancies. At first she began to desire superfluities, and then contraries; and at last hath entirely devoted the mind (*r*) to the body, and commanded it to serve the lusts thereof.

All those arts wherein cities are exercised, and so busily employed, carry on the affairs of the body; which formerly was treated only as a servant; but now is waited on as an imperious Lord (*s*). Hence the many shops of weavers and smiths; hence your perfumers; and a tribe of dancing-masters to teach the body a soft and delicate motion; and of singing-masters to modulate the voice into quavers and loose airs. The natural mean, which bounded all desires with a supply of necessaries, is quite forsaken. It is now thought clownishness and miserable, to wish for no more than is enough. It is incredible, *Lucilius*, to think easily how a few soft and sweet words can draw even great men from the truth of things. Behold *Pofidonius*, who, it must be owned, hath contributed much to Philosophy, yet how does he trifle when he is describing, first, how some threads may be hard-*i*-pun, and other some drawn out fine from the soft and loosened tow; and then how a web of cloth may be stretched in the loom by hanging weights thereon; and how the woof is woven in to take off the roughness of the threads used

in the shuttle, and then with the flay to make them unite and thicken the cloth! He was pleased also to say, that the whole art of weaving was the invention of *wise men*, forgetting that more subtle way, which was afterwards found out, wherein

Tela jugo ^vsancta est, stamen secernit ^harundo:

Inferitur medium radiis subtemen acutis,

Quod lato ^{pav}foriunt infecti pectine dentes (t).

The web inwraps the beam, the reed divides,

While through the widening space the shuttle glides;

Which the swift hand receives; then pois'd with lead

The swinging weight strikes close th' inserted thread. Sewell.

What if he had seen the weaving of our days; whereby they make our apparel so very fine that it conceals nothing beneath it. I do not say that it is no covering to the body, but it does not even hide our shame (u).

He then passeth on to the husbandman; nor less elegantly describes the soil, as torn up, and renewed by the plough (x), that the loosen'd earth may the more easily permit the roots to shoot out; and then he describes the manner of sowing several sorts of seeds, and of plucking up the weeds by hand, that no casual and wild plants may choak the corn. This he likewise attributes to the invention of the wise men; as if in our days there are not many things invented by our farmers to render the ground more fertile.

And not contented with these arts alone, he thrusts the wise man into the bakehouse; and tells you that from an imitation of Nature, he first began to make bread. For observing, says he, that whenever grain is put into the mouth, by joining the hard teeth together, it is broken in pieces, and what escapes this pressure is gathered and put under it again by the tongue; and then it is mingled with spittle, to pass the more glibly down the throat; and when it comes into the stomach it is there digested, by the natural heat of the maw; and at last is converted into nutriment, and the substance of the body. The wise man, he saith, observing this operation of Nature, first placed

one rough stone upon another, to resemble teeth, the upper part of which, being immoveable, expects the motion of the other, and then, by these rubbing together, the grain between them is broken, and well pounded, 'till it is reduced to meal; this he then sprinkled with water, and by kneading it into dough, made bread thereof: which at first they baked under warm ashes, or upon a hot tile or stone; and after this ovens were invented, and other kinds of stoves, to be heated, as would best serve the turn.

It is a wonder he did not tell us that the shoemaker's art was also owing to the *wife men* (*y*); all these things indeed were the invention of Reason, but not of philosophic Reason: they are the invention of man, but not of a *wife man*, any more than ships: in which men pass over great rivers, and even the sea itself; the sails being fitted to receive the force of the winds, and rudders being joined to the stern of the ship, which turn it either one way or the other. And this was learned from observing how fish guide themselves by their tails, and by the least motion thereof give a direction to their swiftness.

All these things, saith *Pofidonius*, were invented by some *wife man*, but being too low for himself to be concerned with, he left the working part to meaner heads. But in truth these things were invented by none other men than such as are living at this day, and who busy themselves therein. We know that in our time many inventions have been first published; for instance, the windows made of fine transparent tiles (*z*); also hanging baths (*aa*); and pipes, of stoves, so concealed in the walls as to spread an equal heat through every part of the room: not to mention several works in marble, by which our temples, and even our houses are so finely decorated: or the huge piles of stone (pillars) which being made round and smooth form our portico's, and support such spacious buildings as will contain a multitude of people: nor need I mention the cyphers and characters (*bb*) whereby a man can take down a whole oration, be it ever so swiftly pronounced, and with his hand keep pace with the speaker's tongue. These are, or may be, the invention of the meanest slaves.

True

True wisdom sitteth aloft, and instructeth not the hand, but the mind. Would you know what is of her invention, and what her work? Not the unseemly motions of the body in dancing; not the flute or the trumpet, through which the breath passing or held, gives the tone of a voice; not weapons, nor walls, or the art of war; she contrives things of more use and consequence; she loves peace, and invites mankind to amity; she is not, I say, the author of instruments even for necessary uses; she forms the life and manners; and hath indeed all the other arts in subjection. For as life, so all the ornaments of life are subservient to her: but her chief end is *bleffedness*; thither she leads; thither she opens to us the way. She sheweth us what is truly evil, and what only seems so; she roots out vanity from the mind, and implanteth solid greatness: all that is arrogant and pompous without foundation, she entirely suppresseth; nor suffers men to be ignorant of the difference between grandeur and a proud appearance; she giveth the knowledge of all Nature, and particularly of herself: she also teacheth who, and what the gods are, the infernal, the household, the guardian (*ce*); and what those ever-living souls, that are admitted in the second rank of deities (*dd*); where they dwell (*ee*); how employed (*ff*); what their power, and their will.

These are the first principles, or grounds, wherein she instructs her pupils; and by which no private hallowed place, but this universe, the great temple of all the gods (*gg*), is open to them; the true images whereof, and true representations, she discovers to the eyes of the understanding; those of the body being too dull to discern such a great and noble object. She then goes back to the beginning of things, and sheweth eternal wisdom diffused throughout the whole; and the power of every seed forming its own particular body (*bb*). She next enquires into the nature of the soul; from whence it was derived, where it subsists, how long, and into how many parts to be distinguished (*ii*). And thus she passeth on from things corporeal, to things incorporeal, examining the truth and all the arguments relating thereto. After this she points out the ambiguities concerning life and

death (*kk*); for on both these topics many false things are often blended with truth.

But to return: it was not, as *Posidonius* thinks, that the *wise man* withdrew himself from the forementioned arts: he was never in the least concerned with them; for he would not think any thing worthy his invention, that he did not think worthy of perpetual use; he would never admit what was to be dismissed. *Anacharsis*, he tells us, invented the potters wheel (*ll*), by the turning whereof vessels were differently fashioned: and because mention is made in *Homer* of the potter's wheel, he had rather the verses should be thought spurious, than his story. I will not contend whether *Anacharsis* was the author of this wheel or not: but supposing he was, a wise man then invented it, but not as being a *wise man*; since wise men do many things as men, not as being wise. Suppose a *wise man* could outrun all his contemporaries; this would not be owing to his wisdom but to his agility, and swiftness of foot. I could wish *Posidonius* was now to see some of our glass-makers, who with their breath alone fashion glass into diverse shapes, which is more than an artist could do with the most industrious and careful hand. And these things were found out, long since a wise man was to be found among us.

Democritus, he saith, is reported to be the inventor of an arch, or vaulted roof; when two stones inclining gradually to one another, are pinned together by another stone between them, that binds upon them both. But this I take to be false, as there must have been bridges and gateways, whose upper part generally forms an arch, long before the time of *Democritus*. It must be remembered too, that the same *Democritus* is said to have found the way of softening ivory (*mm*); and by a certain degree of heat, to change a pebble into an emerald; which art is made use of in colouring bricks and stones to this day. But however I say a *wise man* may find out these things, the invention is not owing to him merely as a *wise man*; for a wise man does many things, which a blockhead may perform as well, or better, and with more expedition.

Do you ask me then, what I take to be the investigation of a wise man, and what accordingly he hath published to the world? *First*, the true nature of things; which he looked not upon, as other animals do, with eyes too weak and dull for divine matters: *next*, the law of life, which he directed to the good of the whole; and not only taught us to know, but to imitate *the Gods* (*nn*); and to receive all accidents with as much æquanimity as if they were ordered by the will of heaven (*oo*). He forbade us to be carried away with false opinions (*pp*): he hath weighed every thing in the balance, and estimates them truly according to their worth. He hath condemned all pleasures that are bought with repentance; he hath recommended what is good (*qq*), as what will always please; and made it manifest, that he is the happiest man who is happy in himself alone; and he the most powerful, who hath power over, and can command, himself.

I am not speaking of that philosophy (*the Epicurean*) which looked upon a man, as a citizen, suppose, of the world, unconcerned for his own country; and who discharged the Gods of any concern with human affairs, and who made pleasure a virtue; but of that philosophy (*sc. the Stoic*) which thinks nothing good but what is fit and honourable; which is not to be corrupted by the gifts of man or fortune; and whose principal value consists in not being to be bought by any thing how valuable soever. Now, I do not think this Philosophy was extant in the first rude age of the world, when as yet all arts were wanting, and men were continually learning the usefulness of things from the use itself; as, before those happy times, when the benefits of Nature lay in common, and were used promiscuously; nor had avarice and luxury disunited mortals, and made them prey upon one another, there were no *wise men*, though in many respects they acted as such. The state however of mankind was such, that I know of none to be more admired: nor, if God permitted man to form, as he would, terrestrial things, and to establish such manners, as he pleased, among the nations, would he approve of any thing more than what is said to be found among those, with whom

— Nulli subigebant arva coloni
 Nec signare quidem, aut partiri limite campum,
 Fas erat; in medium quærebant, ipsaque tellus
 Omnia liberius, nullo poscente, ferebat.

*Ere this no peasant vex'd the peaceful ground,
 Which only turf and greens for altars found;
 No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
 Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds;
 But all was common, and the fruitful earth
 Was free to give her unexpected birth. Dryden.*

What could be happier than the race of man? They enjoyed all Nature in common; she as a kind parent was the protectress of all men; and gave them secure possession of the public wealth. Why should not I think them the richest of all people, among whom there was not to be found one poor man? But avarice soon broke in upon the world under this happy disposition; and while she endeavoured to appropriate something to her own use, she hereby made every thing the property of others; and being reduced into narrow straits, from unmeasurable grandeur she introduced poverty; and, from coveting many things, lost all. Though now therefore she would fain recover her pretended rights (*ss*), and repair her losses;—though she is still adding field to field, and continually driving her neighbours from their possessions, either by force or purchase;—though she extends her lands to an equality with provinces;—and though it requires a long journey to go over all that she can call her own; yet no enlargement of our bounds whatever, can bring us back to the state we were in before: having done all we can, we shall indeed possess much, but then we were in possession of all,

The earth itself was the more fruitful without any laborious tillage; and bountiful enough for the use of a people not given to plunder. Whatever Nature brought forth, they took not more pleasure in enjoying, than in shewing it to their brethren: nor could any one have either too much or too little, when every one was satisfied with their

own share. The stronger man had not yet laid his hands upon the weak and feeble; nor had the covetous man, by hoarding treasure, excluded others even from necessities: every one had the same concern for his neighbour as for himself: war was not heard of; nor were any hands stained with human blood: all hatred and animosity was exercised on wild beasts alone. The peasants whom some thick wood protected from the scorching rays of the sun, and who lived safe from the inclemency of showers and wintry storms under the covering of their homely cottages, passed their nights in tranquillity without a sigh or groan; while anxiety and trouble disturb *us* under a purple covering, and keep us waking with the sharpest stings; the hard ground lulled *them* in soft repose (*tt*). They had no carved roofs hanging over their heads; but often lying in the open air they were canopied by the stars; and saw (what a glorious sight in the night-time!) the heavens rolling along, and carrying on their great work in silence.

Nor did the prospect of this their large and most beautiful mansion less entertain them by day than by night. What a pleasure must it have been to see the *signs*, some declining from the middle part of the heavens, and others rising from their secret places! How could it but delight them to wander among miracles scattered every where so thick! whereas *ye* now tremble at the least crack or noise in the house; and fly away astonished at an accidental sound behind your pictures. They had no houses as large as a city (*uu*); but lived in the free and open air; the shade of some rock or tree, clear fountains, and rivers, not made with labour, or conveyed through pipes, but gently flowing, of themselves, through meadows not adorned with artificial beauty, and amidst these a little tenement built by some rustic hand; these were the sweet blessings they enjoyed; this the dwelling-place assigned by Nature, the inhabitants whereof were in no fear, either from it, or for it; whereas great part of our fear now riseth merely from our houses.

But excellent as their life was and void of all deceit, they were not however *the wise men* (*xx*); because this title relates to a perfect work: nevertheless I would not deny they were men of a noble spirit; and, if

I may

I may so speak, the immediate offspring of the gods (*yy*). Nor is there any doubt but that the world, as yet under no decay, produced better things than now. But however they might have stronger natural parts, and were better made and disposed for labour; yet their judgment was not complete and perfect in all things: for Virtue is not the gift of Nature; it is really an art or science to become *good*. They indeed sought not gold, or silver, or precious stones in the bowels of the earth; they likewise spared many animals (*xx*); so far were they from seeing one man kill another in cool blood, without fear, and by way of pastime. Their garments were not as yet dyed with any colour, nor embroidered with gold; for gold in those days was not seen above the earth. What then? they were innocent through ignorance; and there is a great difference between a man's being unwilling to sin, and being a stranger to it. They really wanted justice, prudence, temperance and fortitude; 'tis true there was some things in this rude state of Nature that resembled these Virtues; but Virtue belongeth not to a mind, that hath not been taught, and instructed, and brought to perfection by continual exercise. To this indeed we are born, but born without it: and in the best of men without study and application, there is a capacity for Virtue, but not Virtue itself.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) And for this reason *Aristotle* says we owe more to the philosophers, than to our parents, τὸς μὲν γὰρ τῷ ζῆν, τὸς δὲ τῷ καλῶς ζῆν παρασχέσαι.—The Christian acknowledgeth an higher obligation, viz. The *grace of God*. i. Cor. 15, 10. But *by the grace of God I am what I am*. And his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain: but I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God that was with me.

(b) *Philosophia* verò, omnium mater artium, quid est aliud nisi ut *Plato* ait, *donum*, ut ego inventum, deorum? *What is philosophy, but as Plato calls it the gift; and I, says Cicero, the invention of the Gods?* (*Tusc. Disp.* i. 26.) The same, (*de leg.* i. 22.) *Nihil a Diis immortalibus uberius, nihil florentius, nihil præstabilius hominum vitæ datum est.* *Nothing more excellent, more beautiful, more useful, more profitable was ever given by the immortal Gods for the benefit of human life.* *Plato* (in his *Timæus*) carries it farther, for he says not only that *no greater good ever was given, but ever will be given by the favour and bounty of the Gods to the human race*; thus translated by *Cicero*—*Quo bono nullum optabilius nullum præstantius, neque datum est immortalium Deorum concessu atque munere, neque dabitur.* (*Fragm. de Univ.* c. 14.) See *Leland*, i. p. 231,

* See (N. a.)

(c) This

(c) This is likewise a summary of Christian Philosophy; for *on the love of God and our neighbour hang all the law and the Prophets*. Matth. 22. 40. And it is the principal command of the Apostles, *to fear God, and to love our brethren*. i. Pet. 2. 17. *The Lord shall reign for ever and ever*. Ex. 15. 18. Ps. x. 16. cxlv. 13.

(d) So the Prophet *Isaiab*, *Cease to do evil, learn to do well*. i. 16. *Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good*. Rom. 12. 9. And the Apostle *St. Peter*, *Eschew evil, and do good*. i. 3. 11.

(e) Officium erat imperare non regnum] *For he (a ruler) is the Minister of God to thee for good*. Rom. xiv. 4.

(f) About the time of *Jofias*, K. of *Judab*, A. M. 3310.—Their names, *Thales, Solon, Periander, Cleobulus, Chilo, Bias, Pittacus*.

(g) Many learned and good men (καλὸς καὶ ἀγαθὸς) hath Italy produced, particularly the lawyers, *Zaleucus* and *Charondas*. They are likewise mentioned together in *Cic. de Leg.* 1. 22. For part of their history, see *Val. Max.* 6. 5.

Zaleucus, (the *Locrian*, who may be regarded as having been a wise philosopher as well as a law-giver, in his celebrated proæmium or preface to his laws) saith, that *all men ought first to be persuaded of the existence of the Gods, especially when they look up to heaven, and contemplate the world, and the orderly and beautiful disposition of things—And that they ought to worship and honour them as the authors of all the real good things that befall us*. See *Leland*, i. p. 78.

(h) What *Cicero* saith of philosophy he took from *Posidonius*: *Tu eas inter se primò domiciliis, deinde conjugii, tum literarum et vocum communione junxisti. It was philosophy that first taught mankind to provide themselves with proper habitations and to unite in the bonds of wedlock and freedom of conversation*.

Sed nemora atque cavos montes, sylvasque colebant,
Verbera ventorum vitare, imbresque coacti.
Nec commune bonum poterant spectare, nec ullis
Moribus inter se scibant nec legibus uti.—
Inde casæ, postquam ac pelles, ignemque parârunt
Et mulier conjuncta viro concessit in unum.—
Tum genus humanum primùm mollescere cœpit. *Lucret.* 5. 953.

*They know no use of fire to dress their food,
No clothes, but wander'd naked in the wood;
They liv'd, to shady groves and caves confin'd;
Moor shelter from the cold, the heat, the wind.
No fix'd society, no steady laws,
No public good was sought, no common cause:—
But when they built their huts, and fire began,
And skins of murther'd beasts gave clothes to man;
When male with female join'd in chaste embrace,
Enjoy'd sweet love, and saw a num'rous race,
Then man grew soft, the temper of his mind
Was chang'd from rough to mild, from fierce to kind.* *Creech.*

(i) Cœnationi epulum] *Lippius* conjectures *populum*; so, *Seneca*; Ep. 115. *Capacem populi cœnationem*.

(k) *Vicis intrementibus*] So *Juvenal*, iii. 254.

— modo longa coruscat

Sarraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum

Plaustra vehunt, nutant altè, populoque minantur.

Unwieldy timber-trees in waggons born,

Stretch'd at their length beyond their carriage lie;

That nod, and threaten ruin from on high. Dryden.

(l) The invention of the *saw* is given by some to *Dædalus*, *Plin.* 7. 57. *Fabricam materiariam* *Dædalus* (invenit) et in eâ *serram*, *asciam*, the *saw*, the *ax*, &c. Others give it *Falus*, as *Isidor.* 19. *Origen.* 19, *Hyginus*, *Fab.* 174, and particularly *Diomedes Sic.* 1. 4. So *Ovid*, but without naming him,

Ille etiam medio spinas in pisce notatas

Traxit in exemplum: ferroque incidit acuto

Perpetuos dentes, et serræ repperit usum.—

Dædalus invidit sacrâque ex arce Minervæ

Præcipitem mittit, lapsum mentitus.—

He marks the bones which in the fish he spies,

Where rows of dents appear of equal size.

Then dents, like those, in barden'd steel he makes,

And hence the saw its first foundation takes.

But Dædalus his skill with envy views,

And with inhuman rage his death pursues;

From off Minerva's tow'r he threw the youth,

And with a lye conceal'd the fatal truth.

Not so the master of the youth, who built the beautiful tower of *Bray* (in *Berkshire*) who (by tradition) through envy, flung himself from the top of the said tower.

(m) *Quest. Nat.* l. ii. *Nunquid dubitas quin sparsio illa, quæ ex fundamentis mediæ arenæ crescens, in summam altitudinem Amphitheatri pervenit, cum intentione aquæ fiat?*—That this extravagant sprinkling, or *sweet-scented shower* was made of wine, wherein *saffron* was particularly infused, and other perfumes, we learn from *Apuleius*, l. x. *Tunc de summo montis cacumine per quandam latentem fistulam in excelsum prorumpit vino crocus dilutus, sparsimque defluens pascentes circa capellas odorato perluit imbre.*—*Martial*, v. 26.

Hoc rogo, non melius, quam rubro pulpita nimbo

Spargere, et effuso permaduisse croco?

Is not this better in a trifling age,

Than with sweet water to perfume the stage?

And not only from pipes but from the statues themselves oozed this sort of perfume.

Utque solet pariter totis effundere signis

Corycii pressura croci: sic omnia membra

Emisere simul rutilum pro sanguine virus. *Lucan.* 9. 808.

And as when mighty Rome's spectators meet,

In the full Theatre's capacious seat,

At once by secret pipes and channels fed,

Rich tinctures gush from ev'ry antique head;

*At once ten thousand saffron currents flow,
And rain their odours on the crowd below.*—Rowe.

Vid Lipf. de Amphitheat. p. 1034.

(n) Which (says *Suetonius*, in his life of *Nero*, c. 31.) were whirled round, vice mundi, like the world. *Lampridius* makes mention of the same in his life of *Heliogabalus*, who stifted some of his parasites with violets and roses, before they could get up again. Oppressit in tricliniis versatilibus parafitos suos violis et floribus, sic ut animam aliqui efflaverint, cum eripi ad summam non possent. *Fulv. Ursin.* in Append. Ciacconii de Triclinio.

(o) As *Philocletes* says (in *Attio*, ap. *Cic.*)

Configo tardus celeres, stans, volatiles,
Pro veste pennis membra textis contegens.
*The winged tribe fall wounded at my feet,
Whose painted feathers my warm vest complete.*

As we hear and sead of the wild *Indians*.

(p) Tergis vulpium ac murium] The antients understood by the word *Mus*, not only that little domestic animals we call a mouse, but all the wild ones of a small kind, as *ferret*, *weasel*, *ermine*, and the like. See *Turneb.* Adv. 15. 23.

So *Justin.* l. 2. speaking likewise of *Scythians*, says, not knowing the use of wool, they were clothed with the like skins; Lanæque usus, ac vestium, ignotus; et quauquam continuis frigoribus urentur, pellibus tamen ferinis aut murinis vestiuntur. Of old, the heroes were clothed in skins, as *Diomedes*, in *Homer*, Il. x. 177.

Ὡς φασὶ ὁ δ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισιν ἐδέσσατο δέρμα λέοντος
Ἀδωνος μετὰ λοφὸν ποδὲν κες.—

*This said, the hero o'er his shoulders slung
A lion's spoils that to his ankles hung.* Pope.

— Ad Scythiæ proceres regesque Getarum
Respice, queis ostro contempto et vellere serum,
Eximius decor est tergis horrere ferarum.—*Prosper. de Provid.*
*The Scythian kings despis'd their golden vests,
More nobly clad in skins of frightful beasts.*

(q) Syrticæ gentes, a people of *Africa*.

(r) What *Seneca* here calls the mind, the Apostle calls the Spirit.

(s) Let not sin reign in your mortal body that ye should serve the lusts thereof. *Rom.* vi. 12. Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves to obey, his servants ye are whom ye obey. *1b.* 16. See *Ep.* 92.

(t) In *Ovid.* (Met. 6. 55.)

Quod digiti expediunt, atque inter flamina ductum
Percussæ feriunt insecti pectine dentes.

Quod lato feriunt, al. fariunt, unde etiam pariunt. *Lipf.*

(u) *Sen.* de Benef. 7. 9. video sericas vestes, si vestes vocandæ sunt, in quibus nihil est quo defendi aut corpus, aut denique pudor possit; quibus sumptis mulier parum liquida, nudam se non esse jurabit;—et pater ejus. *Controv.* 7. 2. Ut adultera tenui veste perspicua sit; et nihil in corpore uxoris suæ plus maritus quàm quilibet alienus agnoverit.

(x) i. e. ploughed a second time, and sometimes a third.—*Columella.* Arationem iteratio sequitur ut vervaetum resolvatur in pulverem.

(y) And why not? says *Lipsius*. Si dives sapiens est

Et futor bonus, et—non nostri quid pater ille
Chrysippus dicat? Sapiens crepidas sibi nunquam,
Nec soleas fecit: futor tamen est sapiens. Quo?
Ut quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen atque
Optimus est modulator.—

— Sapiens operis sic optimus omnis

Est opifex.—Hor. Sat. l. iii. 125.

But what *Chrysippus* said thou dost not know;

No wise man yet did ever make a shoe:

And yet the cobbler's a wise man. How so?

Why, as *Hermogenes*, though he hold his tongue,

Is skill'd in music, and can set a song. *Creech*.

But in *Apuleius*, l. 11. it is said of one *Hippias*, that every thing he had was of his own manufacture. Omnia quæ secum habebat nihil eorum emerat, sed suis sibi manibus confecerat. And indeed I had a neighbour, Mr. *Eldridge*, of the same taste and ingenuity; nay, and who even bound his own books; the whole apparatus for this I purchased at his death; but never found time or thought it worth while to make use of them.

(æ) Ut speculariorum usum,—perlucens testâ] *Plin.* Epist. ii. 17. Nam specularibus—mununtur.—The *specularia* of the ancients answered the effects of our glass windows. The *lapis specularis* was a transparent stone which *Pliny* the elder tells us was originally found in the farthest parts of *Spain*. The nature of the stone, according to that historian, was remarkable. Humorem hunc terræ quidam autumant crystalli modo glaciari: some philosophers are of opinion that the *lapis specularis* is a certain juice of the earth, which congeals after the manner of crystal. *Orrery*.

(aa) *Plin.* ix. 59. *Sergius Orata* primus invenit pensiles balneas;—*Sergius Orata* first invented hanging baths, which soon grew into vogue. Pensilium balnearum usu ad infinitum blandiente, ib. xxvi. 3.

(bb) The writing of short-hand. See *Lips.* Epist. ad Belg. 27. Cent. 1.

(cc) *Lares et Genii*] Ghosts, or souls divested of the human body, were in the old Latin called *Lemures*; Ex his *Lamuribus*, inquit *Apuleius*, qui posteriorum suorum curam sortitus, pacato et quieto numine domum possidet, *Lar* dicitur familiaris. And of these (*Lemures*) the one, who out of regard to posterity, takes upon him to order the family in peace and quietness, with divine authority, is called *Lar familiaris*, and in the plural *Lares*.

Et vigilant nostrâ semper in æde *Lares*. *Ovid*.

Supposed of so great power as to drive *Hannibal* from *Rome*.

Hannibalemque Lares Romanâ sede fugantes. Prop. 33.

The *Genii*, supposed the protecting power of men; also of places and things. With regard to man, says *Menander*,

Ἄπαντι δαίμων ἀνδρὶ συμπαραστέει

Ἐνδύς γινόμενος μουσαγωγὸς τῷ βίῳ.

A genius thus attends on every man,

His kind instructor, soon as life began.

Hesiod.

Τὸι μὲν δαίμονες εἰσὶ Διὸς μεγάλης διὰ βλαῖας

Ἐαδλοὶ, ἐπιχθόνιοι, φυλάκες θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων.

*To man, these Genii ministers of heav'n
As faithful guardians here on earth are giv'n.*

Homer Od. p. 486.

Καὶ τὶ θεοὶ ξένους ἰκέτες ἀλλοδαποῖσιν,
Παρτὺν τιλοδοῦντες ἐπισφραγισί πύλας,
'Ανδρῶν ὕψιντα καὶ ἰσχυροὺς ἰσχυρῶντας.

— In this low disguise,
Wanders, perhaps, some inmate of the skies.
They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign
In forms like these to round the earth and main,
Just and unjust recording in their mind,
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind. Pope.

There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuked; as it is said
Antony's was by *Cæsar's*.—*Shakespeare*—

See the foregoing Note; and *Lips.* *Physiol.* p. 886.

(dd) In secundam numinum formam.—*al. nominum, al. hominum.* *Erasmus* reads it secundum numinum formam, i. e. more numinum, without the preposition, *in*. As when the body perisheth, the better part remains, or a nobler form is given:) understanding it of human souls, as possessing a lower degree of immortality than the Deity: because they began *to be*, though they never cease to be.

(ee) Ubi constant] sc. circa inum ætherem, et lunæ cælum. *Lips.*—So *Lucan* ix.

Quodque patet terras inter cælique meatus,
Semidei manes habitant: quos ignea virtus
Innocuos vitâ patientes ætheris imi
Fecit, et æternos animam collegit in orbes.

Beyond our orb, and nearer to that height
Where Cynthia drives around her silver light,
Their happy seats the demigods possess,
Resolv'd by virtue, and prepar'd for bliss:
Of life unblam'd, a pure and pious race,
Worthy that lower heaven, and stars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious place.

Which Stoical opinion *Cicero* has more fully expressed, in *Tusc. Disp.* i. Neceesse est animus, quo nihil velocius, &c. The soul, than which nothing is swifter, should it remain uncorrupt, and without alteration, must necessarily be carried with that velocity, as to penetrate and divide all the region, where clouds, and rain, and wind, are formed; and having passed this region, it falls in with, and perceives, a nature like its own—where it rests, and endeavours no higher flight.

(ff) *Sen.* ad *Polyb.* 38.—nunc liberè vagatur, et omnia rerum naturæ bona, cum, summa voluptate perspicit—ad *Marc.* c. 25. In arcana naturæ penetrat, et scrutatur coelestium causas, et in profunda terrarum permittere aciem juvat: it extends its view through all nature, from the skies to the deep below.

(gg) *Sen.* (de *Benef.* 7. 7.) Totum mundum deorum templum, solum quidem amplitudine illorum ac magnificentia dignum, *Gic.* *Somn. Scip.*—Homines tuentur illum globum quem in
templa:

templo hoc medium, qui terra dicitur. The condition of man's existence is, that he garrison that globe which you see in the middle of this temple, and which is called the earth. Upon this Macrobius observes, that every one who is admitted into this temple, (i. e. every mortal) ought to live as righteous, as if he were a priest, in the said temple. Quidquid humano aspectui subijcitur templum ejus vocavit, qui sola mente concipitur, ut qui hæc veneratur ut templa, cultum tamen maximum debeat conditori: sciatque quisquis in usum templi hujus inducitur, ritu sibi vivendum sacerdotis. Philo Judæus,——ἐπεὶ Θεὸς νομιζέειν τὸν συμπαντα χρῆν κόσμον εἶναι, κ. τ. λ. That every one ought to think the universe the Temple of God; forasmuch as it has a sextry, i. e. the purest part of the nature of things, Heaven: its ornaments, the stars; its priests, the Angels, and ministers of his power. For, says Cicero (Stoically speaking, De Nat. Dear. ii.) Nihil omnium rerum melius est mundo, nihil præstabilius, nihil pulchrius: nec solum nihil est sed ne cogitari quidem quidquam melius potest. Certainly there is nothing better, more excellent, or more beautiful than the world, nor can we conceive any thing to excel it.

(bb) There are seven different ways of accounting for the origin of mankind. 1. By *Prometheus*, with clay, and fire stole from heaven; and after a deluge repaired by his son *Deucalion*, poetical and merely fabulous. 2. According to *Anaximander the Milesian*, they were formed of *water and mud*, but were only fish at first, and afterwards turned into men. 3. *Empedocles* supposes them born of the earth, but only part at a time, and to grow as a *blite* or *beat*. 4. *Democritus* supposes *they rise in and from the ground, like worms, entirely of themselves*. Democritus ait homines vermiculorum modo, effusos de terrâ, nullo autore, nullâque ratione. *Lactant.* vii. 7.—5. *Epicurus*,

Haud, ut opinor, enim mortalia secla superne

Aurea de cælo demisit funis in arva.

Sed genuit tellus eadem, quæ nunc alit ex se. *Lucret.* ii. 1153.

For who can think these pygmies fram'd above,

The little business of some meddling Jove?

And thence to people this inferior ball,

By Homer's golden chain let gently fall?

Nor did they rise from the rough seas, but earth,

To what she now supports, at first gave birth. Creech.

Crescebant uteri terræ radicibus apti

Quos ubi tempore maturo patefecerat ætas

Infantum, &c. V. Gob.

Next beasts, and thoughtful man receiv'd their birth:

For then much rural beat in mother earth,

Much moisture lay; and where fit place was found

There wombs were form'd and fasten'd to the ground.

In these the yet imperfect embryos lay,

Through these when grown mature they forc'd their way,

Broke forth from night, and saw the chearful day.

The sixth opinion was that of the Stoics, (so very near the truth) that *they were born of God.* Cic. (de Leg. i.)

Hoc animal providum, sagax, multiplex, quem vocamus

Hominem, præclarâ quadam conditione generatum esse

Summo Deo.—So *Ovid.* Met. i. 76.

Sanctius his animal mentisque capacius altæ

Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset

Natus homo est, five hunc *divino semine* fecit
 Ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo
 Sive recens tellus, seductaque nuper ab alto
 Æthere, cognati retinebat femina cœli.

*A nobler creature yet was undesign'd,
 Of higher pow'rs, and more exalted mind;
 Of thought capacious, whose imperial sway
 The lower mate creation must obey:
 Then man was made, whose animated frame
 Or God inform'd with a celestial flame,
 Or earth from purer heaven but lately freed,
 Retains some particles of kindred seed;
 And on the noble work was then impress'd,
 The Godhead's image in the soul express'd.* Sewell.

The last opinion was that of the vulgar, that men sprung out of the ground, like mushrooms, first in *Arcadia*, and elsewhere. All which serve to enhance the value of *divine revelation*; and to make us the more thankful to God, for the advantages we enjoy by the Gospel, both for religious and moral improvement.

(ii.) *Tertullian* (de Anima, c. 14.) says, *The soul is divided by Plato and Pythagoras into two parts; the rational, and irrational; or, more accurately, into three, by dividing the latter into the irascible and concupiscible: Aristotle into five, Panætius into six; Soranus into seven; Chrysippus, and most of the Stoics into eight: by adding to the five senses, says Varro, (sextam quâ cogitamus, septimam quâ progeneramus, octavam, quâ vocem emittimus) the powers, cogitative, procreative, and vocal. The Stoics (ap. Stobæ.) make one, the principal, (τὸ ἡγεμῶνικόν) the governing power, the rest ministerial. See Ep. 92. Lips. Physiol. iii. 17.*

(kk) Nam vita videtur nobis quod mori est, et contra. *Lips.*——As in a violent fit of sickness at *Eton*, in 1720, I designed the following for part of my epitaph.——

March 18, 1702.

Ut moriar fuit illa dies mihi janua vitæ,

Ut vivam, hæc (cùm Deus voluerit.) Dies janua mortis erat.

(ll) *Anacharsis*, a philosopher of *Scythia*, which being looked upon as somewhat extraordinary, it became proverbial. *Anacharsis inter Scythas. Cicero* gives him a great character for *sobriety and temperance*. *Sobrius, continens, abstinens, et temperans, (Tusc. 5.)* Being asked whether there were any musicians in *Scythia*? *No*, said he; *neither have they any vines*. Being asked likewise, whether they had any Gods? *yes*, said he; *and they understand the speech of mortals*.——Endeavouring to introduce the *Athenian laws*, he was ordered to be shot with an arrow, by his brother, then king of the place.

Strabo reproves *Euphorus* for giving the invention of the *potter's wheel* to *Anacharsis*, as mention is made of it in *Homer*. Il. Σ. 600.

——ὣς ὅτε τις τροχὸν ἀρμενον ἐν παλάμῳ
 Ἐζομένης κεραμίδος περισσεύει ἀϊνὰ θεοῖν.
*As when the potter sitting on the ground,
 Forms a new vessel as the wheel whirls round.*

(mm) This likewise, as *Lipsius* observes, is a mistake, as ivory by way of ornament is mentioned more than once by *Homer*. Il. δ. 141.

Ὡς δ' ὅτι τίς τ' ελεφαντα γυνὴ φοινίκι μίλην. —

As when some stately trappings are decreed

To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,

A nymph, in Caira, or Mætonia bred,

Stains the pure ivory with a lively red.

Δινωτὴν (κλισίην) ελεφαντὶ καὶ ἀργυρῷ, — Od. τ. 56.

An ivory seat with silver ringlets grac'd. Pope.

(nn) Nec nosse tantum sed sequi docuit Deos] So our Saviour, *Be ye perfect even as your heavenly Father is perfect.* Matth. v. 48.

(oo) Et accidentia non aliter excipere, quàm impetrata] Perhaps it may be rendered, *to perform all occasional duties, as if they were positive commands.*

(pp) So the Apostle to the Galatians; *That ye henceforth be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of false doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.* 4. 14. And to the Hebrews, *Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines.* — 13. 9.

(qq) Prove all things, hold fast that which is good. 1. Thess. 5. 21.

(rr) For Epicurus discharged his followers from having any thing to do with the Republic: they were to live to themselves alone.

(ss) Licet itaque velit nunc concurrere, et reparare quod perdidit] al. occurrere, f. convertere. *Lips. f. conquirere. Gronov.* But I take *concurrere* here in the law-sense, *to pretend a right to the same thing as another doth.*

(tt) Mollem somnum illis dura tellus dabat] ad aquam. *Lips. at quàm malle. Gronov.*
— Certior somnus premit

Secura duro membra versantem toro. — Sen. in Hippolyto,

In a hard bed a sounder sleep invades

The tired limbs.

(uu) Vid. *Lips.* in admirandis.

(xx) Vid. *Lips.* Manud. ii. 8. 5.

(yy) For we are also his offspring. Act. xvii. 28. Omnes si ad primam originem revocentur, a Diis sunt. *Sen. Ep. 44.* Denique cœlesti sumus omnes semine nati. *Lucr. ii. 989.*

Lastly we all from seed celestial rise,

Which heaven, our common parent, still supplies. Creech.

(zz) Parabantque adhuc mutis animalibus] By the word *mutis*, *Lipsius* understands *fish*, and saith, *that the first slaughter of living creatures for food was made of fish.* But *Gronovius* justly wonders at this mistake, and asketh, *whether Seneca can possibly mean fish*, by the word *mutis* in Ep. 92. excedit ex hoc animalium numero, pulcherrimo, ac diis secundo, mutis aggregetur animal pabulo ætæ? But not only *Seneca* but the most approved authors use the word *mutum* for *brutum*. And here it is undoubtedly to be understood of all *animals* whatever, in opposition to men. *al. multis animalibus. MSS.*

EPISTLE XCI.

Of natural Evils; and the Uncertainty of human Affairs.

OUR friend *Liberalis* (*a*) is at present full of grief, having heard of the terrible fire that hath destroyed our colony at *Lyons* (*b*). This is an accident which would move any one, and much more a man, than whom no one better loves his country. He had recourse therefore to that firmness of mind, which he hath always exercised with regard to any thing that was to be feared: but I do not wonder that he was in no fear of this unexpected, I might say unheard-of evil. For I know not where to find an example of the like. Fire indeed hath damaged many cities, but not, as I can remember, utterly destroyed one: for even where an enemy hath set fire to a town, some houses have been left standing; and though it may rekindle in different places, it seldom hath made such an entire devastation as to leave nothing to the weapons of war.

In the most dreadful and destructive earthquakes it seldom happens that whole towns are swallowed up; nor did I ever hear of such a malicious fire as to leave nothing for a second to prey upon. But it hath so happened here, that in one night have been destroyed many beautiful and stately buildings, and other works; any one of which alone might have served as a sufficient ornament for a city; and more mischief hath been done in the time of peace, than could have been dreaded in the day of battle. Who could believe it, that at a time when war had every where ceased, and the blessing of security was spread throughout the earth, *Lyons*, the glory of *Gaul*, should be lost in ruin? Fortune hath generally reminded those, whom she intended publicly to afflict, to dread their danger: every great event hath given time for ruin: but here there was the space only of one night, between its being one of the noblest cities, and not so much as the appearance of a city; in short,

it was scarce so long in perishing, as I have been in relating the dreadful accident.

Now these things greatly afflict the generous mind of *Liberalis*, firm and steady as it is against any accident that may befall himself. And indeed there is reason for it. Unexpected accidents are apt to strike deepest. Novelty adds weight to calamity; nor is there any mortal but who is more afflicted at what falls upon him by surprise. Nothing therefore should come upon us unexpectedly. The mind ought to be prepared not only against what usually happens, but against whatever may happen. What is there that *Fortune* cannot throw down when she pleases, from its most flourishing state? and which she will not more readily attack and more violently shake, the more specious and splendid it is in appearance? What is arduous or difficult to her? she does not assault us always in the same manner; nor exert all her strength at once. Sometimes she sets us to oppose ourselves: at another time depending upon her own strength, she finds out dangers for us which we cannot account for: all times are alike to her. We are never safe. Even in the midst of our pleasures she giveth cause to mourn. War is stirred up in the calm of peace; and the means of security converted into fear. Our friend becomes a foe; and our companion a cruel adversary *. The serenity of summer is often changed into sudden tempests, and more violent than wintry storms. Without an enemy we suffer hostilities; and too great prosperity hath proved its own ruin, when other causes have been wanting. Diseases fall upon the most temperate; a consumption seizeth upon the most robust constitution. The innocent suffer punishment; and uproar disturbs the most retired. Chance is continually making choice of some new evil to remind us of her power, as if we had forgot it. Whatever by a long continuance of much labour, and the kind favour of Providence, hath been scraped together and raised on high, is scattered and demolished in one day: nay, he that saith a day (*e*) and not rather an hour, a moment, sufficeth for the overthrow of empires, assigneth too long a time to the more speedy progress of human calamities.

It would be some comfort to us, in our infirm and uncertain state of things, if they could be repaired as easily, and soon, as they are destroyed. But now, alas! improvements are slowly made (*d*), while destruction comes on amain. Not any thing, either public or private, is firm and stable. Men and cities are alike the sport of fate. Amidst the most pleasing scenes terror breaks in; and when there is no cause of trouble and confusion from without, evils rush in upon us from whence we least expected them. Kingdoms that have stood the brunt both of foreign and civil wars, have without any opposition fell to ruin. What commonwealth could ever support its own happiness?

All things therefore are to be reflected on, and the mind strengthened against whatever accident may possibly happen. Think upon exile, war, torture, diseases, shipwrecks (*e*). Chance may snatch you from your country, or your country from you. She may throw you into solitude, or make desolate this very place where the multitude is stifled with thronging. The whole state of human affairs must be placed before our eyes; and we must conceive in our minds not only what frequently happens, but what may happen extraordinarily, if we would not be surprised, and stupefied with any unusual accident, as being new and strange. Fortune must be considered in all her mischiefs. How often have the cities of *Achaia* and *Asia* been thrown down by earthquakes? how many towns in *Syria*? how many have been swallowed up in *Macedonia*? How often hath destruction been spread through the island *Cyprus*? how often hath *Paphos* been buried in its ruins? how often do we hear of the destruction of whole cities; and how small a part of the world are we among whom these rumours are spread?

Let us rise up therefore, and stand firm against all casualties: and whatever happens, let us think that rumour hath exaggerated the evil. A city is burned, that was very rich and the ornament of all the neighbouring provinces, though built upon one hill (*f*), and that none of the highest: and time shall erase the very marks of all those cities that are now called magnificent and noble. See you not that the very founda-

dations of the most famous cities in *Greece* are quite destroyed, and that nothing is left whereby to conjecture there ever were such cities? Time not only overthrows the works of mens hands, and the wonders of human art and industry; even the tops of mountains have mouldered away, and whole regions became a desert. Places that were far distant from the sea have been overwhelmed with a sudden inundation; and fire hath quite consumed the hills, from whence it before gave only a splendid flame; and in times past hath eaten away the loftiest promontories, once a joyful sight to the fatigued mariners; and reduced the highest landmarks to a bank of sand.

Seeing then that the works of Nature herself are often thus destroyed, we ought to bear with æquanimity the ruin of a city. All things are frail and perishable, and must one day come to decay: whether it be that the winds, pent up beneath the earth, have by a sudden blast, or their own internal strength, thrown off the weight that before pressed them down; or the force of the waters in secret places hath made its way through all opposition; or the violence of flames have rent the closures of the earth; or age, against which nothing is safe, hath gradually wore it away; or whether the unwholesomeness of the air hath driven away the people, and infection even poisoned a desert, it would be endless to recount the many ways whereby Fate hastens on destruction. But this one thing I know, that all the works of mortals are subject to, and condemned by, mortality; and that we live in a state wherein all things around us must one day inevitably perish.

These then and the like reflections I often advance, in order to comfort our friend *Liberalis*, whose breast, I say, is inflamed with inexpressible love of his country, and of this city in particular; which perhaps is now destroyed, that it may be rebuilt in a nobler taste. Injuries have often made way for better fortune; and many things have fallen only to rise higher and greater. *Timagenes* (*g*) no well-wisher to the prosperity of the city, was wont to say, *that he should be sorry if Rome was destroyed by fire, for he well knew that it would rise again in greater splendour than before.* And with regard to the city now lost,

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it is probable that all men will endeavour, that greater and more lasting buildings may be erected, ~~than what they have lost~~. May they be lasting indeed, and built under more happy auspices! For, scarce an hundred years have passed, since this colony was first founded; (which is not the extremest age of man himself) under the conduct of *Plancus (b)*, and by reason of its agreeable situation, it soon grew very populous; and yet hath suffered the most grievous calamities within the age of man.

Let the mind therefore be taught to understand, and patiently to bear, whatever may be its lot; and let it know, there is nothing beyond the daring of Fortune. That she hath the same power over kingdoms themselves, as over the rulers thereof. We are to repine at none of these things; we have entered upon a world, where we live subject to these conditions. Are you not pleased with it? *Regret not the being taken out of it (i)*. You might well be angry, was any thing to happen *particularly* to you. But if the same necessity binds both high and low, you have nothing to do but to reconcile yourself to *Fate*, by whom all things are determined (*to their proper end.*) There is no need to measure man by his tomb, or by those monuments that are spread on each side the road of an unequal size. The grave sets all men upon this level. We are born unequal, but we die equal.

The same I say of cities, as of the inhabitants thereof. *Ardea (k)* hath been taken as well as *Rome*. The supreme Author of mankind hath not distinguished us in our birth and nobility, but during life. When we come to the end of all mortal things, *Be gone*, saith he, *Ambition; and let there be the same law to all things that tread the earth.* We are alike born to variety of suffering: no one is more frail than another; no one more sure of seeing to-morrow's sun.

Alexander, king of *Macedonia*, wretch as he was, begun to learn geometry, that he might know how little the earth was, of which he possessed so small a part: I call him wretched, because he ought to have known from hence, that he had no title to the surname of *Great*;

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for what can be called *Great* in so small a space? The things taught him were subtle, and not to be learned but by close attention, and constant application, not such as a madman could well comprehend; whose thoughts were intent upon plunder; and roving beyond the ocean. *Teach me, saith he, easy things.* To which his tutor replied, *These things are the same to all: every one finds in them the like difficulty.* Suppose now, *Lucilius*, Nature to say the same thing to you. The things whereof you complain are the same to all men: she admits no one on easier terms: but every one that pleases may make them easier. Do you ask how? by *æquanimity*.

You must necessarily feel pain, be hungry, and thirst, and grow old; and though a longer time be given you among men, you must one day be sick, and die. Yet there is no necessity for believing all that is said by those who are continually buzzing about you with complaints. None of these things are properly evils; none intolerable, or even hard to be borne. They became dreadful by prejudice and common consent. Ye are as afraid of death, as of a false report. But what can be more ridiculous than to be afraid of mere words? Our *Demetrius* used pleasantly to say, *that the reports of the ignorant were to him like breaking wind.* What is it to me, he said, *whether the sound comes from above or below?* (1) How absurd is it to be afraid of infamy from infamous men? And as you are causelessly afraid of what fame says of you, so are ye of those things which ye would never have feared, had not fame or report commanded ye so to do. What detriment can a good man receive from being scandalized by malicious tongues? for even Death is alike scandalized. No one of those who accuse him, speaks from experience. In the mean time we should not condemn what we do not know. But this you know, that it hath proved a great benefit to many in delivering them from tortures, from want, from complaints, from punishment, from anxiety. We are subject to the power of no one, when it is in the power of death to deliver us (m).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Æbutius Liberalis*, to whom *Seneca* inscribed his book (*de beneficiis*) of *benefits*.

(b) Tacit. Ann. l. 16. *To the inhabitants of Lyons, as a relief for their late calamity by fire, the Emperor presented 100,000 crowns, to repair the damages of the city.*

• As in *David's* complaint—*Yea, my own familiar friend in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lift up his heel against me.* Ps. xli. 9.

(c) *Euripides* Phan. 561. "Ὅς ὅλκος ἢ θεῶν ἀλλ' ἱερὰτος
Wealth is the unstable blessing of a day.

So *Diphilus* (ap. Stobæ.) Ἀποδοκνόντων ἔστιν ἀνθρώποις πᾶσι.
Ἐφημερὺς γὰρ τὰς τύχας κινήματα.
There is no evil, while we sojourn here,
But what poor mortals daily have to fear.

Καὶ μὲν ἕνα
Τὸν μὲν καθεύδον ὕπνῳ δὲν, τὸν δ' ἄρ' αἶνω.

— one day serves
Some to depress, and others to exalt.

(d) Incrementa lente.] Tacitus (in *Agricola*) Naturæ infirmitatis humanæ, tardiora sunt remedia quam mala; et ut corpora lentè augeantur, cito extinguuntur: sic ingenia facilius opprimeris, quàm recreaveris. Such is the frailty of man, and its effects, that much more slow is the progress of the remedies than of the evils; and as human bodies attain their growth by degrees, and are subject to be destroyed in an instant; so it is much easier to suppress than to revive the efforts of genius and study. Gordon.

(e) War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
Want and incurable disease, (fell pair!)
On hapless multitudes remorseless seize,
At once, and make a refuge of the grave. Young.

(f) Alluding to the seven hills, on which *Rome* was built.

(g) A Rhetorician and Historian of *Alexandria*. He was brought captive to *Rome* by *Gabinus*, under *Pompey* the Great; and redeemed by *Pausan*; the son of *Sylla*; but was expelled the city on account of his malevolent tongue; though *Ammian* speaks well of him. He died in his exile.

Rupet Hiabitam Timagenis æmula lingua.

But *Pincian* supposes that *Seneca* meant this of the Emperor *Caligula*, who, as *Suetonius* reports, was most inveterate against the prosperity of *Rome*.

(h) A *Planco* deducta.] So *Lipsius*; which from among the various readings seems to be right. For, according to *Eusebius*, *Munacius Plancus* Cicero's discipulus, orator habetur insignis; qui cum Galliam comparatam regeret, Lugdunum condidit; *Munacius Plancus*, a disciple of Cicero, was esteemed an excellent orator; who when he commanded in Gaul (beyond the Alps) founded the city Lyons. An. U. C. 811.

(i) Non placet & quacunq; vis exit.] This also is an expression which I thought myself obliged not to translate literally; it being a doctrine totally repugnant to the Christian; and indeed to what

Seneca hath advanced elsewhere, and particularly in the foregoing sentence; where he says, *the mind ought to be made sensible of the infirmities of human nature, and the unsteady course of things, that so it might patiently endure whatever may be its lot.*

(k) Once a city in *Italy*, where *Turinus*, king of the *Rastlians*, kept his court.

(l) And our facetious *Tom Brown*, in the same strain speaks of death itself; which, however false the logic, or impolite the terms, is so much to our purpose, that the reader, I hope, will excuse my transcribing it, as it is not every one that has read, or will read, *Tom Brown*.

If man must die as oft as breath departs,

Then he must often die, who often ——— :

And if to die, is but to lose one's breath,

Then Death's a ———, and so a ——— for Death.

(m) That is (not I own what *Seneca* means by, *cum mors in nostrâ potestate sit*, but) as I would understand it; *No power on earth can hurt us, but for a short time; seeing that Death must come, which, when Providence thinks proper, will deliver us out of all our trouble.*

EPISTLE XCII.

The Difference between exhortatory and dogmatical Philosophy.

THAT part of philosophy, *Lucilius*, which adapts proper precepts to particular persons, and forms not the man in general, but directs the husband how he ought to behave himself towards his wife; the father how he ought to educate his children; the mother how to govern his servants, and the like; some are so very fond of, as to reject all other parts as useless and extravagant, as if any one could teach particulars, who was not master of the whole Duty of Man in the conduct of life.

But *Aristo*, the Stoic, on the contrary, thinks this but a trivial part of philosophy, as not reaching the heart of man: and affirms *that* part (*the dogmatical*) to be the more profitable; and that the axioms or decrees of philosophy are what constitute the *chief good*; which part of philosophy when a man hath sufficiently learned and understood, he needs nothing more, by way of instruction, throughout the whole business of life. As he that learns to throw a dart, takes a fit stand for
aim,

aim, and forms his hand to a proper direction of whatever he throws from it; and when by instruction and practice he hath made himself a master in this art, he useth it as he pleases; for he hath learned not to hit this or that thing in particular, but whatever he thinks proper to hit; so he that instructeth himself in the whole duty of life, needs no particular admonition; being taught in general, not how to live, with regard to his wife or his children, but *to live well*, which includes every relative obligation. *Cleanthes* likewise allows the *Parænetic* Philosophy, or knowledge of particulars to be in some measure profitable; but weak and defective; unless as it flows from the universal understanding of the principles, and decrees of philosophy.

Here then is started a question or two; whether this *preceptive* philosophy be useful, or not useful; whether alone it can make a good man; i. e. whether it be superfluous itself, or so important as to render all other parts of philosophy superfluous? They who maintain it to be superfluous, argue thus; If any thing placed before the eyes obstructs the sight, the impediment must be removed, or else it is to no purpose *to bid a man walk to such a place, or to reach such a thing with his hand*. In like manner, when any thing so darkens the mind as to prevent an insight into the whole order of duty, it is in vain to direct a man, saying, *thus you shall live with your father, or thus with your wife*; for precepts avail nothing, so long as ignorance and error cloud the understanding; these must be removed, and every requisition of duty will be manifest. Otherwise, you teach him what a sensible man ought to do, but do not make him so; you shew one that is poor how to act the rich man, which it is impossible for him to do so long as he continues poor; you bid the hungry man behave himself as with a full stomach; whereas you ought first to satisfy the painful cravings within (a).

Now I will maintain the same concerning all manner of vice: these must be removed, or, so long as these remain, precepts will have no effect: unless all such false opinions, as we generally labour under, are expelled, the covetous man will not hear how he may put his money

to a right use; nor the timorous, how he may condemn danger. You must make the one understand that money is neither good nor bad in itself; and that rich men are sometimes miserable, and persuade the other, that such things as men are most apt to dread, are by no means so terrible as common fame reports them; no, not even pain and death: that oftentimes in death, which by the law of Nature we must one day undergo, is to be found great comfort, *that it comes but once*. And as for pain, resolution of mind, which makes every burthen the lighter, the more stubbornly and contemptuously it is endured, will prove a certain remedy: that, one excellent quality of pain is, it must not be very great, if yet it may be encreased;—and if it be great indeed, it cannot last much longer*:—that all things therefore, which the necessity of the world brings upon us, are to be endured with courage and patience.

When by these and the like axioms a man is brought to a thorough sense of his condition, and is perfectly assured that the happiness of life consists not in being pleasurable, but in its correspondency with nature; when he shall be enamoured with virtue, as the chief good of man; and fly from turpitude, as the only evil; looking upon all other things, as riches, honour, health, strength, power and dominion, with indifference, as being neither good nor bad in themselves: he will no longer want a monitor to instruct him in particulars, saying, *thus you must walk; thus you must sup; such a behaviour becomes a man; and such is proper for the fair sex; thus should a married man act, and thus a bachelor*: for they who most industriously offer their prescriptions, follow them not always themselves: they are nothing more than what the pedagogue teacheth his scholar, and the grandmother her darling: and you shall often hear the most cholerick man in the world proving that it is not a right thing to be passionate; nay, were you to go into any of our schools, you would find that the lofty precepts of the philosophers, pronounced with a supercilious air, are nothing more than the usual lessons given to children.

And, after all, are the precepts given manifest or doubtful? if manifest, they need no teacher; if doubtful, they can gain the philosopher:
but

but little credit from his audience. The giving therefore such particular precepts is superfluous. Or, *take it thus*; if what you propose to teach or advise be ambiguous or obscure, you must explain, and prove it, by dint of argument; and if you prevail, such proofs and arguments are what do the business, and are sufficient of themselves, without the particular precept: *thus use your friend; thus a fellow-citizen; thus a companion*: but why? because *it is just*. Common-place then, relating to justice, will teach me all these things. Hence I find that equity is to be pursued upon its own account; that we are not to be compelled thereto by fear; nor bribed by reward: that he is not a just man who approves of any particular in this virtue, but the virtue itself. When I am persuaded, and have imbibed this principle, what signify those particular precepts towards the edification of one thoroughly instructed before? To give precepts to the knowing, is superfluous, and too much; to give them to those who know nothing, is by no means enough; for they are not only to be told what they are to do, but why they are to do so.

Again; are these precepts necessary for one who hath true notions of good and evil; or for one who hath them not? He that hath them not, will never be moved by any thing you can say to him; having his ears prejudiced with such common notions, as militate against your admonitions; and he that forms a right judgment of what he ought to avoid, and what to pursue, knows already how to act under every circumstance, without further instructions from you. All this part of philosophy therefore may well be spared.

There are two errors, to which is owing the commission of evil; either the mind hath contracted a malignity from false opinions; or, if not already infected, it hath a propensity thereto; and by this wrong bias, under some specious resemblance of truth, is soon corrupted: it behoveth us therefore to cure the sick mind, and purge it from every vicious principle; or, if it be free, and as yet only prone to evil, to pre-engage it as soon as possible before it comes to an ill habit. Now

in both these cases the solemn decrees of philosophy will sufficiently enable us; when the manner of giving precept upon precept would avail nothing.

Besides, were we to give precepts to every individual, the labour would be infinite: for we must give one sort to the usurer; another to the husbandman; another to the merchant; another to such as dangle after the favour of princes; or of great men; another to those who make their court to their equals; and another to those who are obsequious to their superiors: in matrimony you must teach a man how to behave to his wife, whom he married a virgin; and how to a widow; how to one who brought him a large fortune; and to one whom *he thought sufficiently portioned with virtue and good sense*. And think you not some difference is to be made between a barren and a fruitful woman; between one advanced in years and a mere girl; between a mother and a step-dame? the different sorts are inconceivable; yet every individual requires a particular charge. But the laws or decrees of philosophy are brief, and contain every obligation.

Add now, that the precepts of a wise man ought to be limited and certain; if infinite, they pertain not to wisdom; for wisdom knoweth the bounds of all things: therefore is this preceptive part of philosophy to be rejected; because what it promiseth to few it cannot make good to all; but wisdom extends to all.

All the difference between the common madness of the world (*δ*) and of such as are delivered into the hands of the physician, is, the one sort labours under a disease, the other under false opinions. The one hath drawn the causes of his frenzy from an indisposition of the body, the other is the sickness of the mind. Should any one pretend to prescribe to the madman, *how he ought to speak, how to walk, how to behave himself in public, and how in private*, such a doctor would be thought not less mad than his patient. No; the black bilious humour must first be purged off, and the very cause of the disease removed; and in like manner must we proceed with any other frenzy of the mind;

this

this must first be discussed and driven away; or otherwise all manner of precepts and admonitions will at present have no effect.—So far *Aristo*, whom we propose to answer in every particular.

And first, in regard to the eye, it is said, *if any thing obstructs the sight, it must be removed*. I own that in this case there is no need of precepts to make a man see; but of medicines proper to clear the sight, by removing the film or suffusion, or whatever else obstructs it: for by nature we see; and whoever removes any obstacle, restores the eye to its proper use. But nature points not out the obligation of every duty. Besides, he that is cured of a suffusion in the eye, though he immediately recovers sight himself, cannot give it to others; whereas he that is cured of any malignity of mind, may possibly cure others. There is no need of any exhortation or advice to understand the qualities of colours: the eye will customarily distinguish white from black without a teacher; but the mind wants many precepts before it can see the fitness of every action in life. Howbeit, the physician not only cures the diseased eye, but also gives his advice, saying to his patient, *you must not expose the eye as yet to too glaring a light, but must proceed from darkness to a gloomy shade; and then venture further, 'till by degrees you accustom it to endure broad day-light: you must not study immediately after dinner, nor impose a duty upon the eye when swollen or watery (c). Keep also the wind or wintery cold from beating on your face; with the like admonitions, that are as requisite and useful as medicine itself*. Thus I say physicians think it necessary to add good advice to their prescriptions:

But *error is said to be the cause of sin; and that precepts are of little avail, either in removing this, or in conquering false opinions concerning good and evil*. I grant that precepts are not effectual of themselves to drive a perverse opinion from the understanding; yet it does not follow but that in some measure they may prove useful: for first, they undoubtedly refresh the memory; and, secondly, as they bring us to a distinct view of the parts, which we saw but confusedly in the whole.

Your

You might as well say, that all manner of consolation and exhortation are superfluous: but as these are not superfluous, so neither are admonitions.

It is ridiculous, saith Aristo, to prescribe to a sick man what to do as if he was well; you must first restore him to health, without which all precepts are to no purpose. But are not some things alike common both to the sick and well, of which they ought to be reminded; as, *not to eat voraciously; not to use immoderate exercise?* So the poor and the rich have alike some common precepts: *cure men of avarice, he saith, and you will have no reason to admonish either the rich or poor, when once the desires subside:* but it is one thing not to covet money, and another to know how to use it. The covetous know no measure in their desires of it; and such as are not covetous, may not know the right use of it.

Take away error, saith he, and all precepts are superfluous. This is false; for suppose avarice relaxed, luxury restrained, rashness curbed, and idleness spurred on; nay even all vices removed; yet have we still to learn what we ought to do, and in what manner.

Admonitions, he saith, will have no effect when applied to enormous vices. Medicines indeed heal not incurable diseases; yet are they to be applied, if not by way of remedy, at least in order to mitigate and assuage the pain. Not all the power of philosophy, applied to this one purpose, can totally eradicate from the mind an inveterate and stubborn evil; yet it will not follow that such application does good in no respect, because not in all.

Of what advantage is it, says he, to point out things already manifest? It may be of very great advantage; for sometimes, though we know a thing, yet for want of due attention we regard it not. Admonition perhaps availeth not in its design; yet it makes the mind more intent, excites diligence, refreshes the memory, and suffers not a thing to be lost. We pass regardless by many things that are before our eyes. To admonish, is a kind of exhortation; the mind also sometimes pretends

not to comprehend things that are evident: it is necessary therefore sometimes to inculcate the knowledge even of such things as are best known.

It will not be amiss here to take notice of the reproof of *Calvus* to *Vatinius*, factum esse ambitum, scitis; et hoc vos scire, omnes sciunt, *you know there has been bribery in the case; and all men know that you know it.* You know that the duties of friendship are ever to be religiously observed; but you observe them not. You know that it is unfair for a man to require chastity in his wife; when he himself is continually hunting after, and corrupting the wives of other men; and you know, that as she ought to have nothing to do with an adulterer, so ought you to have nothing to do with a strumpet (*d*): but you regard it not. Therefore it is necessary that you sometimes should have your memory refreshed; for it ought not to be lulled asleep, but kept awake and of use. Whatever is salutary and requisite must frequently be brought before and impressed upon it. That what is proper may not only be known to us, but worked into an habit. Add also, that things, how plain and manifest soever, may yet be made still plainer and more manifest.

If things, saith he, are doubtful, there is a necessity for proofs and arguments; consequently these are what do the business, and not precepts. Now besides that even without proofs the very authority of the adviser goes a great way in the credit of the advice, as the opinions of men learned in the law are accepted, without their giving a reason for them, the prescriptions themselves, and the manner wherein they are delivered, are sometimes of great weight: as when intermixed with poetry, or contracted into a short and solid sentence in prose, like those of *Cato*: *Emas non quod opus est, sed quod necesse est; buy not every thing you want, but only what is necessary.* Quod non opus est, asse carum est; *what you really do not want, is dear at a farthing* (*e*), or, those admirable sentences, delivered by some oracle, or of like authority;

city; *χρηστέως, husband well your time (f); γνωσι σαυτου, know thyself (g).*
 Will you insist upon a reason, when any one reminds you of the following?

Injuriarum remedium est oblivio.

Forgetfulness is injury's best cure (b).;

Fortes fortuna adjuvat.

Fortune promotes the brave (i).

Piger ipse sibi obstat.

The idle stand in their own way (k).

Such sentences as these want no advocate. They touch the passions; and let Nature exert her own power they cannot but do good. Our minds carry in them the seeds of what is *right and fit*, which are stirred up by admonition, as a spark of fire, being assisted by an agreeable blast, bursts forth into a flame. Virtue rouseth herself, when touched or shaken. Besides, many things lie dormant in our minds, and quite disregarded, 'till being quickened by admonitions, they begin to shew their worth: and there are other scattered here and there, which the understanding, not properly exercised, cannot recollect; and therefore are they to be got together, and set in one view, that they may be more effectual, and ease the burthened mind. Or, if precepts are of no use, all discipline and instruction are to be exterminated, and we must be content with rude Nature alone: but they who say this seem not to know that some men have quick and lively parts, and others are dull and stupid; as one man is much more ingenious than another. But the natural powers of the mind are nourished, and grow stronger by precepts; from whence he adds new opinions to such as were innate, and learns to correct every vicious principle.

If any one, it is said, knows not the decrees of philosophy, how will admonitions profit him, when tied and bound by his sins? Why, in this; to loose him from them. Forasmuch as his natural disposition towards goodness is not totally extinguished, but only obscured and oppressed, it sometime endeavours to raise and exert itself against evil; and being so happy as to meet with a guide, and to be assisted with good counsel, soon grows stronger, and recovers itself; provided it be not so thoroughly infected with the contagion of sin, as to be quite mortified (l).

For

For in such a case, I own, that not even discipline, supported by all the powers of philosophy, would be able to restore it. Besides, what difference is there between the decrees and the precepts of philosophy, except that the former are general and the latter special? they both give directions, but the former in the gross, and these in particulars.

If any one, it is said, knows what is fit and right from the decrees, all admonition is superfluous. By no means; for learned as you suppose a man therein, there are many things which he ought to do, for which he does not thoroughly perceive the obligation; as we are not only hindered by the passions from doing those things, which we approve, and know to be good; but by not being able to find out what every exigency may require of us as a duty; our minds are sometimes so very sedate and composed, as not to exert themselves in looking after the way of duty, which admonition points out to us.

Expel, saith he, all false opinions concerning good and evil; and in their stead place such as are true and just; and admonition will have nothing left to do. The mind undoubtedly is governed, and rightly ordered by these means, but not by these only. For though what is good and what is evil may be gathered from arguments; yet precepts have their several provinces, and prudence and justice consist of particular offices; and all offices are directed by precepts. Besides the judgment itself concerning good and evil is confirmed by the execution of offices, to which we are induced by precepts. For they agree with each other; neither can general precepts go before, but the particular will follow them, and still keep their rank; which shews that the general will always take the lead.

Precepts, saith he, are infinite. This is likewise false: for they are not infinite concerning the greatest and most momentous affairs; though there is some small difference made in them by the different exigencies of circumstance, time and place.

No one, he saith, pretends to cure madness by precepts; and therefore not the malignity of the mind. The case is not the same; for if you take away madness the patient is restored to health; but if we have excluded some false opinions, it does not follow all the *agenda* (*things not to be omitted*) are clearly seen: or, if this did follow, yet admonition will strengthen and confirm the moral sense of good and evil. It is likewise false, that *precepts have no effect with madmen*: for though of themselves they cannot cure, yet they aid and assist therein; as menaces and chastisement have been of use in restraining the follies of some madmen. I am speaking only of those madmen, whose senses are shattered, but not entirely lost.

But *laws*, it is rejoined, *make not men do always what is right, and what are these but precepts, mixed with threatenings?* Yes; there is this difference between them: first, laws do not always persuade, because they threaten; but precepts pretend not to compel any one, they only intreat. And 2dly, laws deter us from doing evil, but precepts exhort us to do what is right. Add hereunto, that laws also promote good morals: forasmuch as they do not only command, but instruct. Herein then I differ from *Pofidonius*; I approve not of the Prefaces to *Plato's* book of laws (*m*); for a law ought to be very short, that it may be the more easily comprehended and received by the unskilful: it should bear the resemblance of a divine oracle. It should command, and not dispute. Nothing seems to me more insipid and impertinent than a long preamble to a law. Advise me, tell me at once, what you would have me do. I listen, not in order to learn, but to obey. Laws then have their use; since it is observable that in governments where there are bad ordinances there are worse morals.

Laws however, it will be said, *prevail not with every one.* True; neither doth philosophy itself; yet it is not upon this account useless and ineffectual in forming aright the minds of men. And what also is philosophy, but the law of life? But were we to suppose the laws of no use or profit, it does not follow that admonitions are likewise useless: you might as well deny that there is any use in consolations, exhorta-

tions,

tions, dissuasion; reproof, and commendation: for all these are different kinds of admonition, by which we attain to a perfect state of mind. Nothing is more apt to invest the mind with virtue; to fix the wavering; to strengthen the weak; to recall the viciously-inclined, and confirm them in all goodness than the conversation of good men: for it descends by degrees into the heart; and to be often seen, and often heard, hath the same effect as precepts. Nay, the bare meeting with a wise man hath its use; there is something to be learned from a great and a good man, even though he were silent. I cannot indeed so well express the particular good to be found therein, as that I have really found it from experience. There are some alimalcules, as *Phædon* observes, that are scarcely perceptible when they bite you; and so very fine and sharp their sting, that you scarce can feel it; a swelling however shews that you have been stung, though no wound appear therein. The like will happen to you in the conversation of wise men; you will not perhaps be apprehensive how, or in what manner they have done you good, but you will certainly find they have done you good.

But what is all this, it will be said, to the purpose? I will tell you: good precepts, if well attended to, will, in all probability, have the like effect with good examples. *Pythagoras* saith (*n*) that the mind and thoughts of those who enter the temple and see before them the awful images of the Gods, are differently affected from those who attend the voice of some oracle at the door. But who will deny, that even the most illiterate are powerfully smitten with certain precepts, of few words indeed, but of great weight; as

Nihil nimis. (*o*)

Nothing too much.

Avarus animus nullo satiatur lucro.

*No gain can satisfy the covetous (*p*).*

Ab alio expectes alteri quod feceris.

*Do as you would have others do unto you (*q*).*

When we hear such sentences as these, we are immediately struck with their force and propriety, without being permitted in the least to doubt or dispute their authority. And why? because truth is persuasive with-

out any further argument. If reverence then to either persons or things can restrain the mind, and check us in our vicious courses, why should not admonition do the same, though we make use only of bare precepts? But it must be owned, that such admonition is more prevalent, and strikes deeper, which adds a reason for what it commands, and shews for what, and wherefore such a thing is to be done, and also what profit will accrue to the doer from a ready and dutiful obedience. If authority can prevail, so will admonition: but authority oftentimes prevails, and consequently admonition.

Virtue is divided into two parts (*r*), the contemplation of truth and action: good institution teacheth contemplation, admonition action; and upright actions exercise and display virtue. If a man can do good by persuasion, he can also by giving good advice; therefore if acting uprightly be necessary to virtue, and admonition points out the fitness of action, then is admonition also necessary. Two things greatly contribute to strengthen the mind; assurance of the truth, and confidence therein; both which are greatly owing to admonition: for we trust to it; and when we do so, the mind is elevated, and full of confidence: admonition therefore is not superfluous.

Marcus Agrippa, a man of great understanding, who alone was happy, for the public good, among all those whom the civil wars had rendered famous and powerful, was wont to say, that he was much indebted to that sentence, *Concordiâ parvæ res crescunt, discordiâ maximæ dilabuntur*; *by concord small things increase, and by discord the greatest fall into ruin*; and that from hence he became an affectionate brother, and a faithful friend. If then such sentences, familiarly entertained in the mind, form it aright; why should not this part of philosophy, consisting of the like sentences, have the same effect? Part of virtue consists in discipline, or theory, and part in the exercise or practice of it. A man must first learn, and then confirm what he hath learned, by actions: and if so, not only the general decrees of philosophy are profitable, but also the particular precepts, which restrain and bind our affections, as by a solemn edict (*s*).

Philosophy,

Philosophy, it is said, is divided into two things; knowledge, and an habit of the mind (t): for he that hath learned it, and perceives what is to be done and what to be avoided, is not completely a wise man, until his mind be transformed, as it were, into those things which he hath learned: the third part therefore which consists of precepts, being composed of the former two, is superfluous; because the other two suffice to accomplish virtue. On this account then all consolation would be superfluous; for this likewise consists of the two things before mentioned; as also exhortation, persuasion, and even argumentation, for this also proceeds from the habit of a mind well composed, and established in goodness. But notwithstanding these proceed from a habit of mind, yet the best habit of mind is formed from the other (precepts) as well as from these.

Besides, all that hath been hitherto advanced relates to a man completely perfect, and who hath reached the summit of human felicity: but to this men generally make but slow advances: in the mean time the way of righteousness is to be shewn to the man, who is as yet imperfect, but who is continually making some further progress: wisdom perhaps may present herself at last to such a one without the help of admonition, when she hath brought him to such a pass, that he cannot be moved to do any thing but what is right. It is necessary however that some one should conduct weaker minds, saying, *you must avoid this; you must do that.*

Moreover, was a man to wait the time, when of himself he may know his duty, he may chance to wander, and by wandering in error be hindered from arriving at such a state as can possibly give him complacency and content. He must therefore be governed, until he is capable of governing himself. Children are taught by rule; their fingers are held and directed by another hand, and carried through the several figures and proportions of letters; then they are ordered to imitate some copy, and from thence learn to settle their hand or manner of writing. In like manner our mind is assisted, while led and instructed by

by rule and precept.—And thus have I endeavoured to prove that the preceptive part of philosophy is by no means superfluous.

But it is further ask'd, whether *this alone is sufficient to make a man truly wise?* We shall answer this question another day: in the mean while, omitting other arguments, is it not evident that we stand in need of some advocate or tutor, at least to countermand the common precepts of the world? Scarce any word comes to our ears but what is prejudicial to us: they hurt us, who bless and wish us well; and they hurt us, who malign and curse us: for the imprecations of these strike us into a panic; and the affection of the other prompts us to ill, by wishing us all worldly prosperity; forasmuch as it drives us to a distant good, uncertain and erroneous; when we may enjoy happiness at home.

It is almost impossible to walk uprightly; our parents nay our servants entice us to ill: nor does any one err to his own prejudice alone; but spreads folly among his neighbours, and catcheth it likewise in his turn from them: from whence the vices of the common people become general; for they communicate them from one to another, and in making others worse they become so themselves; they learn all manner of evil, and then teach it; from whence comes that monstrous pile of iniquity, whereby every one becomes as wise as his neighbour in the knowledge and practice of sin.

It is necessary therefore we should have some tutor to check us now and then; to chase away idle rumours (*u*), and gainsay the flatteries of the common people. For it is a mistake to think that vices are born with us (*x*); they steal upon us, and are engrafted into us as we grow up. Therefore by frequent admonitions we must repel those false opinions that are for ever ringing in our ears. Nature obligeth us to no sin whatever; she brought us forth sound and free; nothing that might incite our avarice hath she placed in open sight; gold and silver she hath put under our feet, that we might press and trample upon them; and whatever else there may be, for which we are pressed and trampled upon

upon ourselves: she hath given us a countenance erect towards heaven (*y*), that we might look up and behold her great and wonderful works: as, the rising and setting of the sun, the swift motion of the voluble world, that by day gives a delightful view of the things on earth, and by night displays the glittering splendour of the heavens; the progression of the stars, seeming slow, when compared with the rapid course of other bodies; and yet exceeding swift, if we consider the vast spaces they travel over with incessant velocity; the eclipses also of the sun and moon, when in opposition; these and many other the like wonderful phænomena, whether they proceed in a regular course, or break forth suddenly from some hidden cause, as the nightly streams of fire, and the flashes of lightning (*meteors*) from the opening heavens, without any stroke or sound of thunder; the beams also, and pillars, and other various appearances of flames: these, I say, Nature hath placed visibly above our heads; but gold and silver, and iron (*z*), (which on their account knows no rest) hath she hid in the earth, as being dangerous things for us to be trusted withal: we brought them to light, only to scramble and fight for them: we ourselves took the pains to dig up from the very bowels of the earth, both the causes and instruments of our dangers: we have trusted our misery to fortune; and are not ashamed to hold those things in the highest estimation, which lie buried in the lowest depth of the earth. Would you know how false a glare it is, which dazzleth your eyes? Believe me, nothing can be more abject and vile than these things are, while sunk and involved in their native soil. For why? when they are first drawn from the mines in the ore, nothing can be more ill-favoured, 'till they are worked into form, and purged from the dross: only behold the workman, by whose hands this sterile and shapeless kind of earth is refined: you see how they are besmeared with dirt and smoke; but these things rather defile the mind than the body; and there is more sordid baseness in the possessor of them, than in the refiner.

It is necessary therefore that men should be admonished, and have some counsellors of a good understanding and sound judgment, that they may hear the voice of truth amidst so great confusion, and such a
jargon

jargon of falſities: and what ſhall that voice utter? Why, ſuch good and wholeſome counſel as may open your ears, when deafened by ſo many vain and ambitious clamours, that are every where poured forth around you. Let it inform you, that *there is no reaſon for you to envy thoſe whom the vulgar call great and happy*; or, that *vain applauſe ſhould ſhake and diſturb the ſweet compoſure of a ſound mind*; or, that *a man clothed in purple, and ſtalking along with the enſigns of authority carried before him, ſhould make you diſdain your tranquillity of ſoul*; or *that you ſhould think him a greater and more happy man, to whom every one gives way, than yourſelf, whom the beadle drives out of the way before him*. If you likewise would exerciſe a power, that may be profitable to yourſelf, and hurtful to no one, drive vice from thee.

There are many who ſet fire to cities, and throw down towns that have ſtood ſafe and impregnable many ages; who raiſe platforms as high as caſtles, and overturn walls of an immense height, with battering rams and other engines of war; there are many who have drove armies before them, and preſſing hard upon the flying enemies, and covered with the blood of nations, have made their way to the great ocean; and yet theſe mighty conquerors have been conquered by looſe deſires. No one could withſtand them, when ruſhing on in full career; neither could they themſelves withſtand the temptations of ambition and cruelty: while they ſeemed to be driving others, they were driven themſelves.

A ſtrange madneſs drove unhappy *Alexander* upon plundering divers countries; and ſtill ranging into unknown regions. For can you think the man in his ſenſes, who firſt began upon the deſtruction of *Greece*, and ſeized upon every thing that was valuable therein: he enſlaved *Sparta*, and made *Athens* ſilent: and not contented with the ſpoils of many cities, which his father *Philip* had either conquered or bought, he fell upon other unprovoked, and carried his arms throughout the known world; nor was he ever tired with acts of cruelty; imitating herein the wild beaſts, who generally tear more than they can devour. He had now contracted many cities into one; both

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the *Greeks* and *Persians* dread his power, and the nations that were free under *Darius* submit to his yoke; yet he still pusheth on, and would fain extend his conquest beyond the rising or setting sun; he cannot bear to be confined by the pillars of *Bacchus* (in the east), or of *Hercules* (in the west). He endeavours to force Nature herself; he hath no mind to march; yet will not stay in any place; as restless as an heavy weight, which thrown down an hill, will not rest 'till it comes to the bottom.

So neither did reason or virtue instigate *Cneius Pompey* to wage either foreign or domestic wars; but mad with the love of false greatness at one time, he marched his army into *Spain*, and against *Sertorius*; at another time he took upon him to humble the pirates, and scour the seas: such were his pretexts to keep up an army, and maintain his power. What drew him into *Africa*, what into the North, what against *Mitbridates*, and into *Armenia*, and every corner of *Asia*? What, but an insatiable thirst of greatness, when no one but himself thought he could be greater?

And what provoked *Caius Cæsar* to ruin himself and the commonwealth? Glory, ambition, and an unmeasurable desire of pre-eminence. He could not endure to have one master; though the Republic was contentedly subject to the dominion of two (Consuls.) Or, think you, that it was a virtuous principle, that pushed on *Caius Marius*, who was *once* Consul (for he was *once* duly elected, the other six times he gained his point by bribes or force of arms †) to undergo so many perils, when he slaughtered the *Cimbrians* and *Germans*; and pursued *Jugurtha* through the deserts of *Africa*? No; *Marius* led an army; but ambition led *Marius*.

These men when they shook all things, were themselves miserably shaken; like whirlwinds that envelope the things they seize upon, but are themselves tossed about, and rush with the greater force, being under no command. And therefore when these heroes have cruelly injured many, they themselves feel the pernicious violence wherewith

they inflicted others. There is no reason you should think any one happy in the unhappiness of his fellow-creatures.

All these examples, which we daily see, and hear of, are to be kept in memory; and our hearts, full of evil surmises, are to be cleansed. Virtue must disengage us from our present employ, and take its due place in the mind, in order to extirpate all pleasing lyes against the truth; to separate us from the common people, (to whom we give too much credit) and to confirm us in sincere and just opinions. For this is wisdom; to return to Nature, and to be restored to the happy state from whence public errors had drove us.

It is a great step toward health and soundness, to have forsaken the counsellors of folly, and to have fled from the common people, who are daily corrupting one another. That you may know this to be true, behold how differently men live in public and in private: yet it is not solitude that teacheth simplicity and innocence; nor does a country-life of itself make us more frugal and temperate; but it is the having no witnesses or spectator which makes many vices, that have no other aim but to be seen and admired, subside of themselves. Who would be cloathed in purple was there no one to gaze upon him? who in private would have dainties served up to him in a golden dish? who, when lying under the shade of a green tree in some rural spot, would display the pomp of luxury? No man is very spruce and sumptuous when by himself, or even in the presence of two or three servants or familiars, but according to the number and quality of his visitants, makes he a shew of his costly vanities. So that the chief instigation to all those things we are so foolishly mad after, is, the testimony of such as know and admire us: take away the witnesses, and you will abolish those fond desires. Ambition, luxury and pride, require a public stage: you will certainly cure them, if you will but conceal them.

And therefore, if we reside in a noisy populous city, it would be requisite to have always a monitor at our elbow; who, in opposition to flatterers, and such as commend a large estate, should rather praise the

man who is contented with a little, and who measures his wealth by the good uses he makes of it: against those, who extol favour and power, let him recommend retirement, when devoted to the study of literature; and a mind withdrawn from external things, to reflect upon its own real and proper good. Let him shew how these great men, who in vulgar estimation are accounted happy, tremble and are astonished at their envied height; and have a very different opinion of themselves, from what others entertain of them: that what seems a lofty seat to others, seems to them but a steep and broken rock: therefore are they spiritless, and shudder with fear when they look down from this dangerous precipice of greatness: they suspect a thousand accidents to which their slippery situation is subject: then they dread what they so greatly courted: and the prosperity which hath made them troublesome and injurious to others, lays an heavier burthen upon themselves: then they extol a calm retirement, and the sweet liberty of being their own masters: splendour grows distasteful to them, and they gladly seek a discharge from their high offices: then at length you shall see them play the philosophers through fear, and take good counsel from their wretched situation: for these two things seem inconsistent with each other, *a good fortune*, and *a sound mind*: as we are generally more wise in adversity; but prosperity is apt to blind the judgment, and warp us in our duty.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

* *Muretus* in his preamble to this Epistle observes that as *Aristo* maintained the *decretal* or dogmatical philosophy; *Seneca* defends the *exhortatory* or preceptive: but particularly, that from a diligent perusal of this Epistle may be learned what is the true meaning of that obscure sentence in the first book of *Tully's Offices*, *Omnis de officio duplex est, quæstio*; every question relating to duty is twofold, i. e. either particular or general: which none of the expositors or commentators seem to have hit upon before.

(a) This is somewhat like what *St. James* saith; *If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food; and one of you say unto him, depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body, what doth it profit?* ii. 5. 6.

† See *Epp.* 24. 30. 78.

(b) The Stoics supposed all men to be mad except their wise man, though they drank not ellibore nor applied themselves to a physician. Of which sort of madness *Horace* speaketh, when he saith,

Infanire putas solennia me; neque rides;
Nec medici credis, nec curatoris egere. *Ep.* i. 1. 101.

*You count me mad in fashion, you forbear
To laugh, nor think I want a doctor's care,
Or guardian from the Prætor.*—Creech.

See the fourth Paradox of *Tully*, (omnes stultos insanire, *that every fool is a madman*) which is supposed to be addressed to *Clodius*, who had driven *Tully* into exile.

(c) Non est quod plenius ac tumentibus impere.] *Suetonius* (in *Tiberio*;) contentis ac tumentibus oculis prosequi. *To fix or strain the eyes*, says *Lipsius*, *as in love or devotion*.

(d) Laſtant. l. 6. c. 23. Servando igitur ab utroque fides alteri est, imò exemplo continentiz docenda uxor, ut se castè gerat, iniquum est enim ut ipse exigas quod præstare ipse non possis. *Fidelity therefore in the married state is respectively required from both parties*: without which the rational and moral human species could be retained with no rules of *order*, becoming their nature; no decency; but a variable, unsettled, roving appetite, would soon gain the transcendency over *reason*, and introduce universal confusion. Marriage was therefore rendered *holy* and *honourable* by a particular sanction of the all-wise, omnipotent Creator.

Marriage, thou easiest, safest, happiest state!

Let debauchees and drunkards thee prophane:—

(What follows I cannot recollect, nor whose lines they are.)

(e) By not observing these two precepts of *Cato*, I believe many have been imposed upon under the specious pretence of *buying bargains*. Our English proverbs are—*Good cheap is dear. A good bargain is a pickpurse*. The French say, *Bon marchè tire s' argent hors de bourse*. As I saw an old gentlewoman buy a parcel of *foalots* which she would not taste, and even abominated; because they were offered at a penny cheaper than the usual price.

(f) This precept *Clemens* of *Alexandria* interprets two ways; either, *because life is short, and therefore ought not to be spent in vain or idle amusements*; or, *that we ought to be careful in our daily expences*, lest we should live so long as to want necessaries. See Ep. i. (N. a.)

Take Time while Time is, for Time will away. Scotch Proverb.

(g) 'Tis true, as *Seneca* says, *such sentences as these want no advocate*: yet, as the different usage and application of them may be acceptable to some sort of readers, I shall further observe, that *this* is the first of the three sentences which *Plato* saith were fixed upon the doors of the *Delphic Oracle*, as seeming worthy to have come from God. Among the proverbial sentences is this verse:

Τὸ γινῶθι σεαυτὸν πανταχὺ ἐστὶ χρὸσημον.

Nomius Marcellus quotes a satire by *Varro* under this title;

γινῶθι σεαυτὸν—Famâ celebrata per orbem

Littera, cognosci quæ sibi quemque jubet.

Juvenal saith it came down from heaven,—e cælo descendit. But *Ovid* gives it to *Pythagoras*; *Socrates* the Platonic, to *Apollo*. *Diogenes* gives it to *Thales*; *Antisthenes* to *Phenomæe* the Sybil; but that *Crito* made use of it. *Thales* being asked, τί ἐστὶ δύσκολον; *what is a difficult thing?* answered, *to know one's self*. τί εύκολον; *what an easy thing?* ἀλλὰ ὑπὸ τιθεῖται, *to give advice to another*. *Cicero*, (*Tusc. Qu.* l. 26.) Nimirum hanc habet vim præceptum *Apollonis*, quo monet, ut se quique noscat, &c. *This, doubtless, is the meaning of the precept of Apollo, which advises every one to know himself. I do not apprehend his intention to have been, that we should inform ourselves of our stature and make; nor do I address myself to your body; when therefore he saith know yourself, he saith this, inform yourself of the nature of your soul, for the body is but a kind of vessel or receptacle of the soul. Whatever your soul doth, is your own act. To know the soul then, unless it had been divine, would not have been a precept of that excellent wisdom, as to be attributed to a God. And elsewhere, we must not think this precept given only to lessen our pride, but also to make us understand our own good.*

Tecum habita, et nôris quàm sit tibi curta supellex. Perf. iv. 57.

*Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art, and find the beggar there.* Dryden.

Teipsum concute.——Hor. S. l. 3. 35.

Examine then thyself with strictest care.

Macrobius tells us of one, who consulting the oracle, asked, *by what means he might attain happiness?* it was answered, *Know thyself.* But this answer was supposed to have been given to *Cæsus*. Somethg like it is that of *Antiphanes*.

Εἴ θνητός εἶ, βίλτιστε, θνητὰ τὰ φρονεῖ.

As thou art mortal, think of mortal things.

Some give it to *Homer* as the grand source of all wisdom and learning. From *HeHor*'s declining to fight with *Ajax*, knowing him to be a better man,

Αἶαντος δ' ἔλπειν μάχην τελεμονιάδῃο.

Ajax he shuns thro' all the dire debate,

And fears that arm, whose force he felt so late. Pope.

This admirable sentence however is bantered by the comic poet *Menander*;

Κατὰ πολλ' αὐ' ἴστίς ἐ καλῶς εἰρημῶνον,

Ἰδ', γινῶθι σαυτὸν, χρησιμώτερον γὰρ ἦν

Τὸ γινῶθι τὸς ἄλλος.

Talk not of that fam'd sentence, Know thyself,

'Twere better far a man should know the world.

(b) Magni est animi injurias oblivisci. Cic. (de Orat.) *It shews greatness of mind to forget an injury.* Delle ingiurie il remedio a lui scordarsi. Ital.

Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas

Ultio——Juv. xiii. 191.

Revenge betrays a weak and little mind.

(i) Fortes enim non modo fortuna adjuvat, ut est in veteri proverbio, sed multo magis ratio. Cic. (Tusc. Q. ii.) *It is not Fortune alone that assists and advanceth the brave, but Reason; which, by certain precepts, as it were, confirms even courage itself.*

Audentes fortesque Deus juvat. Ovid.

—— Audaces adjuvat ipsa Venus. Id.

A faint heart never won fair lady. Prov.

Or as the French say, *Le couârd n' aura belle amie.*

Ἄλλ' οἱ μὲν ἀθυμῶντες ἀνδρείοι ποτε τροπᾶιον ἐστήσαντο.

—— Timidi nunquam statuere tropæa.

No trophies ever grac'd a coward's name.

Πρὸς σοφίαν μὲν ἔχον τολμᾶν μᾶλα σύμμετρον ἔστί,

Χῶρίς δὲ, βλαβερὴ, καὶ κακότητα φέρει.

Unless to wisdom fortitude is join'd,

Losses ensue, and fortune proves unkind.

(k) So *Gronovius*, that it may seem an Hemistich.

al. piger sibi——ipse obstat.

Idle folks have the most labour. Prov.

Idleness is the key of beggary.

Idleness turns the edge of wit.

Idle folks want no excuse.

Defuetudo omnibus pigr̃itiam, pigr̃itia veterum parit. *Apul.*

Disuse begets idleness, and idleness a lethargy.

(l) Si tamen illam diutina pestis non infecit, nec enecuit—(*sic serè om̃.*) but *Muretus* from *Pincian* reads it, si tamen illam diutina pestis infecit nec enecuit, *provided the contagion of sin, which hath so long infected it, had not quite destroyed it.* *Gronovius* prefers the former, because *Seneca* useth the word *infeci*, in a stronger sense, than merely a slight and easily-curable disorder. *Ep.* 59. Diu in istis vitiis jacuimus; elui difficile est; non enim inquinati sumus sed *infeciti*. *Ep.* 71. Animum non coloravit sed *infecit*.

(m) But as *Seneca*, saith *Muretus*, differs from *Posidonius*, so I must beg leave to differ from *Seneca*: for I think the prefaces to the laws of *Plato* are admirable; first, on account of the love of virtue, which is so eminently displayed therein: and, secondly, that where this prevails not, the minds of men are to be drawn off from sin and wickedness by the fear of punishments, under the sanctions subjoined to those prefaces. Be this as it will, nothing, I think, can be more just than what *Seneca* here saith, with regard to the brevity of laws; and nothing more applicable to our due observance of the positive laws of God, in the Christian scheme, than his; mone, dic quid me velis fecisse: non disco, sed pareo. *Tell me what you would have me do; I am all obedience.* God hath told us what we ought to do, and what to believe; and if through the weakness of our understandings we cannot in some cases see the reason of such a law; or, where the sublimity of the subject will admit of no greater clearness, give a reason of the things we believe; yet we may give a good reason for our belief in those things: *It is the word and will of God, therefore we believe; we believe, and therefore we obey.* M.

(n) Cicero, (ii. de leg.) Et illud benè dictum est a Pythagora, doctissimo viro, tum maximi et pietatem et religionem versari in animis, cum rebus divinis operam daremus. *That the time when men are most honest, is, when they present themselves before the Gods.* This is mentioned likewise by *Plutarch*. De Superst. p. 169. De Def. Orac. p. 447.

(o) Gr. μὲν ἐν ᾧ γὰρ. Gall. Affez y a si trop n'y a. Ital. L'abondanza delle cose ingenera fastidio. And our English proverb, *Too much of one thing is good for nothing.*

Diogenes ascribes it to *Pythagoras*; *Aristotle* to *Bias*; others to *Thales*, and others to *Solon*; and some ascribe it, as the *nosce teipsum*, to *Homer* from *Od.* o. 69.

— ρεμεσσωμαι δ' ἐ καὶ ἄλλῳ

Ἀνδρὶ ξενοδοκῶ, ὅς κ' ἐξ ὅχα μὲν φιλεῖσιν,

*Εξ ὅχα δ' ἐχθαίρουσιν ἀμείνω δ' αἰσιμα πάντα.

For oft in others freely I reprove

The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love:

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,

And both the golden mean alike condemn. Pope.

Παντῶν μὲν κορυσὴ, καὶ ὕπνῳ καὶ φιλότῃτος

Μολπῇ; τῷ γυμναστικῇ, καὶ ἀμυμονος ἐρχήθμοισιν. Il. v. 637.

The best of things beyond their measure cloy;

Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;

The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire;

Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire. Pope.

Τυδεΐδῃ, μὴτ' ἄρ με μάλ' αἰνεῖ, μὴτε τι ρείκε. Il. x. 249.

Be not too lavish, or in praise or blame.

But I had rather saith *Erasmus* give it to *Hesiod*.

Μετρά φυλασσεῖσθαι· καὶρὸς δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσιν ἄριστος.

Pindar in imitation of the foregoing lines from *Homer* ;

Κόροι δ' εἴχεται καὶ μελὶ, καὶ

τὰ τερνὴν ἀνδ' ἀφροδίσεια.

Pindar in *Plutarch*, σοφοὶ δὲ καὶ τὸ, μηδὲν ἄγαν, ἵκος περιστῶς ἀνῆσαν.—*As if the wise men had extolled above measure that saying, too much of nothing.*

Παντὼν μέτρου ἀριστον.—*Phocylides.*

The mean of every thing is best.

Sophocles in *Electra*. Μηδ' οἷς εὐχθάρεις

ὑπεράχθεο μήτ' ἐπιλᾶδου.

— *Patient submit ; nor let thy rage*

Too far transport thee, nor oblivion drown

The just remembrance of thy matchless woes. *Franklin.*

Euripides Hippol. 264.

ἔτω τὸ λίσσ' ὅσον ἐπαινῶ

τὸ μηδὲν ἄγαν---

Καὶ ξυμψέουσιν σοφοὶ μοι.

Too much of any thing is sure amiss ;

Since all philosophers agree in this.

Alphens, *Anthol.* l. 1. c. 12. τὸ μηδὲν γὰρ ἄγαν, ἄγαν μὲν τερπνόν

Athenæus, l. 1. Πάσας δ' ἐκκραδίας ἀνίας ἀνδρῶν ἀλαπαζει

Πινόμενος κατὰ μέτρον ὑπὲρ μέτρον δὲ χερσαίων.

A cheerful glass revives the drooping soul ;

Not so, o'ercharg'd, with the unmeasur'd bowl.

Plin. l. 11. Perniciosissimum autem est in omni quidem vita quod nimium est.—*In every circumstance of life too much of any thing is dangerous.*

Quintilian (l. 12. c. 6.) writes, modum in pronuntiatione regnare, quemadmodum in cæteris omnibus, *that a mean is to be observed in pronuntiation as in all other things.*

Plautus, in *Pænulo*, Modus omnibus in rebus,---est optimus.

Est modus in rebus sunt certi denique fines.

Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum. *Hor. S.* 1. 1.

In every thing observe the golden mean,

Virtue within fix'd bounds is only seen. *Shard.*

Virtus est medium vitiorum utrinque redactum. *Id. Ep. i.* 18.

On each extreme a different vice is seen,

For virtue's throne is seated in the mean. *Id.*

Lastly *Plutarch*, in the life of *Camillus* teacheth, that true piety consists in the mean between *Atheism* and *Superstition*.

(p) The same with *Horace* ; Semper avarus eget.—*Ep. i.* 2. 5.

See the pale miser, (who intensely pines

On untouch'd bags with over watchful eyes,

Nor dares to use the wealth his labour won,)

Create the very want he means to shun. *Anon.*

(q) With what measure you mete it shall be measured to you. Therefore, whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them, for this is the Law and the Prophets. *Matth. vi.* 2. 12.

(r) The contemplative and the active. So *Philosophy* ; *Ep. 95.* See *Lips. Manud. Diff. ii.* 5.

(s) Alluding

(r) Alluding to the customs of the times when the Princes or Governors published the edicts, for the admonition, correction, and compulsion of the people. See *Lips. ad Tacit. Ann. l. 3.*

(r) i. e. knowledge of what is contained in the decrees; and an habit obtained, by that means, of doing what is right.

(u) Abigatque rumores] The edition of *Muretus* reads it *sumores*, perhaps by the error of the press; though it hath its meaning; to pluck down our pride.

(x) This is what the *Stoics* absolutely deny, and maintain that men are all naturally born good, but that from our communication with a corrupt world the innate sparks of virtue are extinguished, and the contrary vices arise, and are confirmed. Cicero (de Leg. i.) *Iustus quidem Naturâ nos esse factos, tantum autem esse corruptelam malæ consuetudinis, ut ab eâ tanquam igniculi extinguantur a Naturâ dati, exorianturque et confirmantur vitia contraria.*

Not so the *Academics*, who maintain, with *Apuleius*, in a Platonic sense, *Hominem ob stirpe ipsa neque absolutè bonum, nec malum nasci, sed ad utrumque proclive ingenium esse. Habere quidem semina quædam utrarumque rerum, cum nascendi origine copulata, quæ educationis disciplina in alteram debeant partem emicare. That man is not born absolutely either good or bad; that he has certain innate qualities, which from discipline and instruction, or the want of it, are inclined to either side. If virtue, says Galen, comes by nature, and depravity from sentiment and example; tell me who corrupted the first man, when as yet, it is supposed, there was no malignity in the world? They could not but have it from themselves. It is said that this argument converted Posidonius from Stoicism, and inclined him to think with the Academics.*

Horace speaks more agreeably with the *Christian* scheme, when he says, *Nemo vitii sine nascitur.*

So *Demosthenes*, *μετ' ἐν ἀμαρτυρίᾳ θεῶν, the Gods alone are free from all sin.* And *Propertius*,
Unicuique dedit vitium Natura creato.

Nature in every breast implanted vice.

Undoubtedly, let some affected disputants argue as they please. Every man is sensible of that depravity, or proneness to evil, which deviating from original righteousness, and being repugnant to the law of God, hath of itself the nature of sin; and is therefore by *Divines* called *original sin*.

(y) Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque videre
Jussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus. *Ov. Met. l. 88.*
Hence, while his fellow-creatures of the earth,
Prone to the ground their fight, betray their birth:
Man of erected frame looks up on high,
Heav'nward he casts his elevated eye,
And grows familiar with his native sky.

Cicero (de Leg. i. 9.) Cum cætera animalia abjecisset ad pastum, solum hominem erexit ad cæli cognitionem. Id. (de Nat. Deor.) Qui Deus constituit eos (homines) humo excitatos, celsos, et erectos constituit ut Deorum cognitionem cælum intuentes capere possint. Sunt enim ex terra homines, non ut incolæ et habitatores, sed quasi spectatores superarum rerum atque cælestium, quorum spectaculum ad nullum aliud genus animantium pertinet. He (the God of Nature) hath made us of a stature tall and upright, that beholding the heavens we might arrive to the knowledge of the Gods; for we are not simply to dwell here as inhabitants of the earth, but to contemplate the heavens, and the stars; a privilege not granted to any other kind of animated beings.—*Xenophon* has used the same argument to shew the wisdom of the Deity in the constitution of man, as he hath other arguments similar to what are used by the *Stoic*, soon after in his Examination into the Senses. (N.)

(z) *Seneca* (de Benef. vii. 10.) Video ferrum ex iisdem tenebris esse prolatum, quibus aurum et argentum; ne aut instrumentum in cædes mutuas decisset, aut pretium: I observe that iron is produced from the same seat of darkness as are gold and silver, that there may not be wanting an instrument for murder, or a reward for the same.

— nec bella fuerunt

Faginus adstabat cū scyphus ante dapēs.

— *Then wars began,*

When the gold cup expell'd the beschen can.

So *Romeo* to the Apothecary :

There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's soul,

Than these poor compounds, which thou dar'st not sell.

I sell thee poison ; thou hast sold me none.

† This *Lipsius* does not allow, if you except the two last ; as the foregoing honours were conferred upon him in his absence.

EPISTLE XCIII.

*Of Examples, or Characters.**

YOU desire, *Lucilius*, that I would consider of what I told you in my last, should be deferred to another day (a) ; and to let you know whether I thought that part of philosophy, which the *Greeks* call παρανέμνη, and we (præceptiva) *preceptive*, or exhortatory, sufficient to make a man perfectly wise. I know you would not take it amiss should I refuse you. I therefore renew my promise, notwithstanding that proverbial form of speech—postea noli rogare, quod impetrare nolueris—*Ask not again for what you wish not to obtain.* For it is no uncommon thing to ask with earnestness, what if offered we should refuse : now, whether this is owing to levity, or sauciness, the best way of punishing it is by a ready compliance.

We would fain seem, I say, to desire many things, which, in reality, we are averse to. A certain Author produced a large history, wrote in small characters and closely folded up, which when he had read great part of, *I will give over*, said he, *if you please.* No, no ; *read on, read on ;* cry the audience, who had much rather he should hold his tongue. Thus we often wish for one thing and pray for another ; and speak not the truth to the Gods themselves : but the

Gods either hear us not, or have mercy upon us! But, for my part, I shall have no mercy on you, *Lucilius*, intending to discharge my duty, and to trouble you with another long Epistle; which if you read and cannot relish it, say, *Ego mihi hoc contraxi, I have brought this upon myself*; and reckon yourself among those whom a costly wife, gained by assiduous courtship, is continually tormenting; among those who enjoy not the wealth, amassed with great toil and labour—among those, whom honours, obtained by all that art or industry can do, rack with disquiet—or other coiners of their own wretchedness. But omitting any further preamble, I now come to the point in hand.

An happy life, they say, consists in fit and just actions; therefore precepts are sufficient to make life happy. I deny the *minor* proposition: precepts do not always incite fit actions; unless attended to with an obsequious disposition of the mind. Sometimes they are applied in vain; when the understanding is prejudiced by false opinions. And again, if men happen to do right, they do not always know it (*b*): for it is not every one, unless they are tutored from the beginning, and fashioned in all points of reason, that can be perfect in every rule of decency; knowing what they ought to do, how much, in what relation, and in what manner; wherefore they cannot in every action pursue virtue, at least not constantly, nor designedly: they will often look back and hesitate.

If fit and just actions, it is said, spring from precepts, then are precepts sufficient to make life happy: but the one is true, consequently the other. To this we answer, just and fit actions arise from maxims and general rules, and not from precepts only.

Again it is said, *if other arts are contented with precepts, so is wisdom, or the art of life.* But a man is made a pilot, by such instructions as these: *thus you must steer; thus strike sail; thus use a favourable wind; thus a contrary one; thus make a doubtful or cross wind serve your turn: and so in other arts are men tutored by precepts; cannot then such as teach the art of living, pursue the same method with the like effect?* No; all these

these arts are employed in, or relate only to, the means of life, and not to the whole life: and therefore many things from without may restrain and impede them, as hope, desire, fear, and the like: but wisdom, which professeth the art of life, cannot be prevented from exercising herself at all times: for she shakes off all impediments, and manageth all opposition.

Would you know wherein the condition of this differs from all other arts (c)? Know, that in these it is more excuseable to err by choice than accidentally; but in this there cannot be a greater crime than to sin voluntarily. I will explain what I mean: a grammarian is not ashamed of a solecism, when he commits it knowingly; but would blush at one committed through ignorance, or carelessness: a physician, if he perceives not that his patient grows worse, is more in fault with regard to his art, than one who perceives the defect, yet pretends not to know it. But in that art of life a wilful error is the more criminal.

Add now, that most of these arts, I might say all that are truly liberal, have their general maxims, and not precepts only. As in physic, for instance, there is one sect that follows *Hippocrates*, another sect *Asclepiades*, another *Themison*. Besides, there is no contemplative art but what hath its decrees, which the Greeks call *dogmata*, and we *decrees*, *maxims*, or *axioms*; such as you will find in geometry or astronomy. But philosophy is both contemplative and active. She meditates, and also sets her hand to work. You are mistaken, if you think she is only engaged in terrestrial affairs. She aspireth much higher. *I range, saith she, the universe; nor am satisfied with the conversation of mortals, in order either to persuade or dissuade them; sublime matters, far above your reach, invite me:*

Nam tibi de summa tali ratione Deumque,
Differere incipiam, et rerum primordia pandem
Unde omnis natura creet res, auctet, alatque,
Quoque eadem rursus natura perempta resolvat. Lucr. l. 50.

*I treat of things abstruse, the Deity,
The vast and steady motions of the sky;*

The rise of things; how curious Nature joins

The various seeds, and in one mass combines

The jarring principles; what new supplies

Bring nourishment and strength; how she unties

The Gordian knot, and the poor compound dies. Creech. }

As saith *Lucretius*: it follows therefore that being contemplative, she hath also her maxims and decrees. Besides that no one can do what he ought to do, unless a reason be pointed out to him; whereby he may punctually discharge every office in life; which it is impossible for him to do, who hath received nothing but mere precepts; the precepts being distributed in parcels are but weak in themselves, and if I may so speak, without root, and a solid foundation: decrees and certain maxims are what must protect us, and maintain our security and peace; and which comprehend all life, and all nature. There is the same difference between the *decrees* and *precepts* of philosophy, as there is between letters and whole sentences; these depend upon the former which gave rise both to them, and to every thing of the like kind.

The antient wisdom, it is said, *taught by precept nothing more than what was to be done and what was to be avoided; and yet men were far better in those days than they are now: as soon as learning began to flourish, good men grew scarce. For that simple and open virtue is now turned into obscure and subtle science. We learn rather to dispute, than to live.* Undoubtedly, as you say, that antient wisdom was in the beginning rude and single, no less than other arts, that in process of time grew more refined and polished. But there was no need of such choice remedies as are now presented: wickedness was not grown to such a height, nor had it spread so wide: simple remedies were applied to simple vices. But now there is a necessity for stronger battlements, and more laboured fortifications, as the mischiefs that assault us are grown so much stronger and more powerful.

Physic formerly was nothing more than skill in the virtues of some few herbs whereby the flowing blood might be stanch'd, and wounds clos'd by degrees; but now it is become an extensive study, and consists

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in a surprising multiplicity of prescriptions. No wonder it had so little to do in those ancient times, when the bodies of men were hale and robust, and their diet plain and easy, uncorrupted by art and delicacies; which in aftertimes began to be sought for, not in order to satisfy hunger, but to provoke it; and a thousand high-seasoned sauces were invented to raise an appetite; so that meats which before sustained, and proved wholesome nourishment to those who wanted them, serve now only to overload the full stomach. Hence proceed paleness, and trembling of the nerves relaxed by wine; and a more miserable leanness, caused rather by crudities than hunger; hence such a tottering gait, and perpetual stumbling, as if men were always drunk; hence the small vessels of the cuticle are filled with water, and the belly distended, being accustomed to be crammed with more than it can well hold; hence the black jaundice; the wan countenance of such as are in a deep consumption; the crooked fingers from the stiffness of the joints; the unfeeling apoplexy, and the evershaking palsy. What need I mention the swimming of the head; the torment both of the eyes and ears; the acute pains of the raging brain; the passages of the body afflicted with ulcers; besides numberless sorts of fevers, some high and violent, others creeping on by slow degrees; others seizing us with horror and great shaking of the limbs; with a thousand other distempers, the just plagues of luxury and intemperance?

The antients were free from these dreadful evils; who had not as yet debauched themselves with the most delicate viands; who were their own masters, and their own servants: they harden'd their bodies with toil and useful labour; and when tired with running, or hunting, or tilling the ground, they sat down to such a repast, as would not have been relished, had they not been hungry. There was no need therefore in those days of shops full of drugs, nor of so many instruments, gallipots and boxes. Simple was their health, from a simple cause; but variety of dishes introduced a variety of diseases (*d*). Only observe what a strange mixture of things, luxury, having ravaged both the land and sea, hath provided for the swallow of one gormandizing throat. Things of such different qualities can never agree, in, or with
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the stomach: it is impossible they should digest, as one thing prevents another. No wonder then that uncertain and various diseases should arise from such discordant meats; and that humours, collected from such opposite parts of nature, and now conjoined in one, should redound as they do; for as we live by no rule, we sicken by none.

The greatest physician, and founder of the profession, observed, that *women never shed their hair, nor were ever lame with the gout*: but now are they both gouty and bald. The nature of women however is not changed, but the manner of life: for by taking the same liberties with men, they have subjected themselves to the same disorders; they keep as bad hours (*e*); they drink as deep; and challenge them as well in the use of oyl, as of strong wine; they alike eat without an appetite; and are not ashamed of discharging an overloaded stomach by the mouth (*f*); they likewise make their teeth chatter with ice, by way of cooling and refreshing the overheated liver; nor in any lustful action will they suffer men to surpass them; may all the Gods and Goddesses confound them for their abominable practices! What wonder is it then that the greatest physician and most experienced naturalist, should be liable to a mistake, since we now see women afflicted both with the gout and baldness? They have lost the privilege of their sex by their vices, and, having thrown aside the woman, subjected themselves to the diseases of debauchees.

The antient physicians knew not to prescribe frequent eating, or to drench the flagging veins with wine; they knew not the art of cupping or scarifying; or to ease a chronic disorder by bathing or sweating; they knew not, by binding the legs and arms to recall the vital heat from the central parts to the extreme. There was no need of consultations, or to hunt after various kinds of remedies, when the dangers of their patients were few, and in a narrow compass. But now, alas! to what a degree are disorders multiplied! Such is the interest we pay for the irrational and inordinate pleasures that we indulge ourselves in!

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But do you wonder that diseases multiply? Count the cooks. All study is given over; the professors of the liberal arts sit in some lonely corner without an audience; the schools of rhetoric and philosophy are quite deserted; while the taverns and cook-shops are full: what a crowd of young fellows surround the hearth of some spendthrift? I pass by the troops of poor boys, natives or foreign, distinguished by their nation, and complexions, and ranged according to their size, their age, and even their hair, those who have lank and straight locks not being admitted among the curled: I omit likewise the crew of bakers and confectioners, and other serving men whose business it is, at a sign given (*g*), to bring in the supper. Good gods! what a number of men does one belly employ!

But can you think those mushrooms (a tasteful poyson) do not secretly and gradually operate, though no bad effect is immediately perceived from them? Do you think that the summer-ice does not chill, and by degrees make the liver callous? or that those oysters, a most inert kind of flesh in itself, being fattened with mud, engender not viscous and muddy humours? or that foy (*b*), or the pickle made of the gravy of unwholesome fish, does not burn up the entrails with its saline and poysonous particles? or that those strong soups which are swallowed down hot from the fire, can without doing any prejudice, be extinguished in the bowels? How filthy and pestilent are their belches! How do they loth themselves, while disgorging their last surfeit! Know, that such eatables as the luxurious are now fond of, may putrefy, but digest not.

I remember to have heard of a famous dish (*i*), into which a lickerish glutton, hastening his own destruction, was wont to gather all the dainties that were used to be served up at the tables of great men; all kinds of shell-fish, cockles, muscles, and oysters with their beards cut off, are intermixed with sea-urchins (*k*), and poulets crimped and boned; no one can now eat of a single dish (*l*), they must all be mingled together, and such an hotch-potch prepared for supper, as we may suppose made in the belly after a full meal. For my part, I expect

soon that the victuals will be served up already chewed: for there is but little difference in having things so mangled and mashed together, and having a cook perform the office of our teeth.

It is thought tedious to indulge the taste with one thing after another; all things must be set on together and disguised with one flavour: it would be too much trouble to reach out the hand for any particular thing; every thing must come on at once: the garnishing of many dishes must unite, and be blended together; and let those, who say that all this is by way of grandeur and ostentation, know, that the same excesses are committed not only in public but in private. Tho' a man sups alone, upon one mess of soup, it is compounded of various ingredients, that used to serve for so many dishes; but now there must be no difference between oysters and muscles; and sea-crabs must be mixed, and cooked up with mullets; so that the sight of it, if thrown up again, could not be more confused, (*as I before observed*). Now, as these viands are thus mixed and confounded, no single disorder can be supposed to arise therefrom, but several, unaccountable, different, and multiplied diseases, against which physic hath begun to arm herself, with many remedies founded on observations and experiments.

The same I say of philosophy—it was once of a more simple nature, among those whose sins were not so enormous, but curable with slight and easy remedies. Against such a degeneracy and corruption of manners as now reigns, every thing is to be tried; and I wish that even so, this dreadful malady may be overcome. We play the madmen not only in private, but in public: we forbid homicide, and single slaughters; but wars, and the slaughter of nations, seem most glorious mischief. Neither avarice nor cruelty know any bounds; these however when exercised by stealth, as it were, and by single persons, are less hurtful and less monstrous: but what shall we say when by the decrees of the senate, and edicts of the Government, those heinous offences are committed and publickly commanded, which are condemned in the practice of a private man? as such things when committed by the soldiery are applauded, for which other men would suffer death? Ought not
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 men,

men, the mildest of animals by nature, to be ashamed of rejoicing in the blood of one another; and not only in waging *unnecessary* wars, but delivering them down for posterity to carry on; when dumb and savage beasts have peace among themselves? Against so potent and general a madness philosophy is obliged to take more pains, and to assume to herself strength in proportion to the strength of those against whom it is applied.

• It was an easy matter in former days to chide an accidental sot, and reprove such as luxuriously coveted mere dainty food; the mind was easily brought back to frugality, that had wandered but a little way therefrom:

Nunc manibus rapidis opus est, nunc arte magistrâ.

Virg. E. 442.

———— But now there's need

Of forceful strength, and well-experienced art.

Pleasure is sought out in every quarter: no vice keeps within its own sphere. Luxury runs headlong into avarice; justice and honesty are quite forgot; nothing is thought base and scandalous where the gain is sweet: man, that sacred animal, (*m*), *man*, I say is killed in mere jest and sport; and whom it was thought impiety to instruct in the science of defence, is now exposed naked and unarmed, as if it was a pleasing spectacle only to see him butchered (♂).

In this perversity therefore of manners, something stronger than usual is required to throw off the inveterate evil; we must apply decrees and maxims; that the received persuasion of false opinions may first be rooted out: to these if we add precepts, consolations, and exhortations, they will probably prevail; they are ineffectual of themselves; if we would set men free from their bonds, and deliver them from the entanglement of evil; we must inform them what is evil, and what is good; they must be taught that all things, except virtue, are liable to a change of appellation, being sometimes good and sometimes bad: as the first bond of a soldier is the military oath, to follow his standard, and to think it a sin to desert; every thing else is easily

obtained, and the word of command readily obeyed, by all such as know themselves bound by this obligation; so among those whom you would conduct to an happy life, the first foundation must be laid in virtue. Let them reverence her to a degree of superstition; let them love her, and resolve rather to die than live without her.

But have not some without such discipline, and curious instructions proved good men, and made great proficiency in the school of virtue, while obedient only to bare precepts? No doubt of it; but this hath been owing to an happy disposition and good natural parts, which in a moment apprehended their duty in the salutary pursuit of what is right and fit. For, as the immortal Gods never learned virtue, nor had any need to learn it, being by nature perfectly good; so, some men, being endowed with an excellent genius, give due attention to the lectures of morality, and as soon as they hear of virtue, readily embrace her. From whence some naturally catch at every thing that is good, and without culture bring forth fruit: whereas it requires great pains to rub off the rust from the minds of those who are dull of apprehension, or have long laboured under some evil habit: but how necessary the *maxims* of philosophy are, as well in bringing to perfection such as are prone to good, as in assisting the weaker, and dispossessing them of prejudice, and false opinions, you will learn from what follows.

There are certain inclinations within, which make us slow and lazy in some affairs, and light and rash in other: nor can this rashness be restrained, nor this sluggishness enlivened, unless the causes of them are first cut off, viz. *false admiration* and *false fear*: so long as these possess the mind, you may tell a man what duty he owes his father, what to his children, what to friends and what to strangers; but avarice will turn his endeavours another way: he will know, that he ought to fight for his country, but fear will dissuade him: he will know, that without grudging, he must do all he can, to serve a friend, but ease and pleasure will forbid him: he will know, that it is a most grievous injury to a wife, to keep a mistress, but heedless lust will incite him. It will avail nothing therefore to give precepts, unless
every

every bar to such precepts be first removed; no more than it will to lay arms before a soldier, or to put them into his hands, so long as his hands are tied, and he cannot, or will not, use them.

That the mind may duly attend to the *precepts* given, it must first be free. Suppose any one to do a right thing, he will not do so continually, nor act uniformly; because he knows not a reason for it. Some things may happen to be right, either by chance or custom, but he still wants a rule whereby to square his actions, and to have assurance that they are right: you can never depend upon a man, from his being casually good, that he will always continue so. Besides, *precepts* perhaps will inform you what you ought to do, but not the manner of doing it; and without this, they will not bend to virtue.

But a man that follows good advice, will certainly do what he ought to do. I grant it; but this is not enough, because a deed is praiseworthy not merely in itself; but in the manner how, or why, it is done. What can be more scandalous than to spend at one supper a knight's yearly revenue (2000*ls.* *Sterling!*) what more worthy censorial reprehension, than for a man thus to treat, or, in the language of a debauchee, joyously indulge himself? Yet there have been men, otherwise of a frugal temper, who, on some extraordinary occasion, have made an entertainment which cost 30000 sesterces. Now if such a sum was expended merely by way of feasting and gluttony, nothing could be more scandalous; but if it was in honour of some great personage, and a noble assembly, it may well escape censure; for then it is not extravagant luxury, but a grand and solemn treat.

Tiberius Cæsar ordered that a mullet of an extraordinary size, (why should I not mention the weight, to make gluttons gape? it weighed four pounds and an half,) which was sent him for a present, to be carried into the market, and sold, saying, *I should be much mistaken, my friends, if either Appius or P. Octavius buy not this fish.* The thing fell out beyond his expectation: these very two men bid upon one another for it: *Octavius* got it, and not only the fish, but great glory

(2.) among his companions, for having bought a fish for 5000 sesterces, which *Cæsar* had sold, and *Apicius* could not buy: now it was shameful in *Octavius* to buy it at such a price; but not in the person who bought it for a present to *Tiberius*, whatever it cost him; though I do not think it altogether excusable; it was vanity that made him admire a thing which he thought worthy *Cæsar*.

Again; a man, suppose, is sitting by a sick friend; this is certainly a kind office; but if he sits there, in order to be appointed his heir, he is then a mere vulture, waiting for carrion (*o*). Thus the same thing may be both vile and honest, according to circumstances; it is of great moment therefore, why, or in what manner a thing is done: but all things will be done decently, if we abide by the fitness of action; and judge this principle, and what flows therefrom to be the *only good* in human affairs; all other things being good only for a time, and with regard to circumstances. Therefore some firm persuasion concerning the *whole of life*, must be implanted in the mind; and this is what I call a *philosophical* decree. Such as this persuasion is, such will our thoughts and actions be; and on our thoughts and actions depends the just conduct of life.

It is not enough, for one who intends to form the whole aright, to give direction in particulars. *Marcus Brutus* in his book *Περὶ Καθήκοντος*, of offices (*p*), gives many precepts, to parents, to children, to brethren; but no one can follow these as he ought, unless there be some rule to go by; some foundation to build upon: we must propose some end, as *the principal good*, at which we must aim strenuously, by addressing generally, every thought, word, and action thereto, as the mariner steers his course by a certain star. Life without a fixed view is loose and vague. If then such a view or principle is to be fixed, *decrees* will soon discover how necessary they are. I think you will grant this, that nothing can be more shameful, than to see a man doubtful, irresolute, timorous; now setting his foot backward, and now forward; and this must be our case continually, unless those impediments are rooted

rooted out, which tie down, and cramp the understanding, not suffering us to exert the whole man.

We are usually told, how the Gods are to be worshipped: we are forbid to light our lamps on the Sabbath-day (*q*), because the Gods want no light, nor are men themselves delighted with smoke. Let us likewise forbid the morning salutations (*r*), and sitting at the Temple (before the doors are opened) to receive ceremonial compliments. These are vain allurements, that please human ambition. He who knows God, serveth and honoureth *him*. Let us forbid the bringing linnen, and flesh-brushes and combs to *Jupiter*, or the holding out a mirror to *Juno* (*s*). God wants not such services, nor requires at his altars such idle ministers. For why? He himself ministreth to man; he is every where present and easy of access to all (*t*); a man may be taught how to behave himself at sacrifices and in public worship, without any curious and troublesome superstition; but he will never be perfect in religious duty, 'till he hath conceived in his mind a right notion of God; as the possessor, and giver, of all things, and who freely and graciously bestows inestimable benefits upon us (*u*). And from whence ariseth this affection for man? What induceth the Almighty thus to pour his benefits upon us? Nature, (or *his own goodness*.) The man is mistaken who thinks the Gods afflict any one willingly (*x*). They cannot; they neither can *do*, nor receive an injury. (For there is a connection between doing and suffering harm.) That supreme and most excellent Nature which hath exempted them from danger, hath likewise rendered them not dangerous to their creature, man.

Now the first step to the right worshipping of God, is, to believe *there is a God* (*y*). And next, to ascribe unto him all Majesty and all Goodness (*z*), without which true Majesty cannot subsist; to know likewise, that it is he who governs the world, and presides over the universe as his own, who hath taken mankind in general under his protection; and on some is pleased to bestow particular favour (*aa*). He can neither *do*, nor suffer evil. God however is sometimes pleased to

chastise, and lay heavy penalties upon some persons under the appearance of some good (*bb*). But would you be happy in his favour? be a good man (*cc*). To be a good man, and to honour God as you ought, is to endeavour as much as possible to imitate him in all things.

Another question is, how we must behave ourselves towards man? And how do we behave? What precepts do we give in this respect? To abstain from shedding human blood? But what a small thing is it not to hurt him, to whom we ought to do all the good that lies in our power? It is indeed praise-worthy for men to be kindly affectioned, one towards another (*dd*). Shall we then direct a man to reach out his hand to the shipwreck'd; to shew the wandering traveller his way; and to divide our bread with the hungry (*ee*)? Yes, certainly. But every thing that he ought to do, or avoid doing, may be comprehended in a few words; when, *to follow Nature*, may be looked upon as a complete direction and rule of human duty: all that you see, (the heavens and the earth wherein are contained all things, both human and divine) is *one*. We are members of this great body (*ff*): we are all akin by Nature, who hath formed us of the same elements, and placed us here together for the same end: she hath implanted in us mutual affection, and made us sociable (*gg*); she hath commanded justice and equity; by her appointment it is more wretched to do an injury than to suffer one (*bb*); and by her command the hand is ever ready to assist our brother. That excellent verse (of *Terence*) should ever be in our breast and in our mouth;

Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto (*ii*):

I am a man, and, as such, concern'd

In every business that relates to man.

We must consider that we are born, for the good of the whole: human society resembles a vaulted roof of stone, which would soon fall, unless prevented by one stone supporting another (*kk*).

Having thus considered our duty with regard both to God and man, let us see how we are to act with regard to things. *Precepts* would be entirely superfluous, unless it were premised what opinion we ought to

have of every thing, as of poverty, riches, glory, ignominy, our own country, and banishment. We must weigh each particular severally, without any regard to common report, and duly examine what they really are, and not what they are called.

To pass on to the consideration of virtues. Some one perhaps will direct us, highly to esteem Providence; cordially to embrace friendship; to love temperance, and that, if possible, we should more strictly adhere to justice than to any of the rest. But all this would be to little purpose, if we knew not what *virtue* is; whether there be one or more; whether they are separable, or indissolubly connected together (*ll*); whether he that hath one virtue, hath all the rest, or what is the difference between them. There is no need for a smith to be inquisitive after the origin of his art, or of what use it is, any more than for a player of pantomimes to make the like enquiries concerning the art of dancing. Such occupations are fully comprehended in the knowledge of the art itself; they need nothing more, for they appertain not to the whole of life. But *virtue* is the knowledge of other things as well as of herself: we must learn from her what the *will* is, or ought to be. An action can never be fit and right where the will is not so; for on the will depends the action.

Again, the will can never be right, unless the habit or disposition of the mind be so; for from this proceeds the will; the disposition of the mind cannot be in its best state unless it perceives the whole duty of life, knows how to judge of things, and can reduce them all to truth. None but such as have a steady and immutable judgment can enjoy true tranquillity: other men fall now and then, and again recover themselves; and are continually fluctuating between desire and aversion. Now the reason of this is, that, being led by common report, that most uncertain guide, they are confident in nothing. Would you always will the same thing? you must always will that which is right and according to the truth of things (*mm.*) But no one can come at truth without certain maxims and decrees which comprehend the whole of life.

Good

Good and evil, honourable and base, just and unjust, pious and impious, all virtues and their uses, the possession of all conveniencies (*nn*), esteem, dignity, health, strength, beauty, sagacity, and wit, all these things require such a one as can truly judge of them, and rate them according to their merit, or demerit. For you are often mistaken, and estimate things at more than their real value; nay, you are so far deceived that those things, which are generally esteemed at the highest rate, as riches, favour, power, are intrinsically of little or no worth at all. Now this you cannot know unless you inspect the nature of things, and observe the decree itself, whereby all things are comparatively valuable: as the leaves of trees cannot live of themselves, but require a branch whereon to stick, and receive therefrom their proper sap and nutriment; so precepts while single, wither away and die; they require to be fixed and supported by the mother-root (*oo*).

Besides, they who would discard *decrees*, seem not to know, that they confirm them by the very reasons they give for discarding them. For they say, that *life being sufficiently displayed and tutored by precepts, the decrees or maxims of wisdom are therefore superfluous*: but even this assertion is itself a decree; just as were I to say, *that we ought to give over precepts, and apply ourselves only to decrees*; in the very article by which I deny the use of precepts, I should offer a precept myself.

There are some things which require only the simple admonition of philosophy; other things require proof; and there are some so very intricate and confused, that with the greatest subtilty, diligence and application, a man can scarce come at the true sense and meaning of them. If proofs then are necessary, so are decrees, which are founded upon truth collected from arguments. Some things are clear and manifest; other things dark and obscure; the former are such as are comprehended by the senses and memory; the latter such as lie beyond their reach: but reason is not satisfied with the things that are manifest; the greater and more beautiful part thereof is employed on things that are hidden: now hidden things require proof, and proof cannot be without decrees; decrees therefore are necessary.

Again,

Again, *the persuasion or apprehension of certain things, without which persuasion the mind would be ever wavering and unsteady, is what forms common sense, and perfects the same.* Decrees are therefore necessary; inasmuch as they endow the mind with a steady, and inflexible judgment. Lastly, when we exhort a man to hold his friend as dear to him as his ownself; and to think that it is possible to make a friend of an enemy (*pp*); that he may encrease the affections of the former, and moderate the aversion of the latter, we add hereunto, that *this is just, and fit, and honourable.* But in the reason of our decrees are this justice and honesty comprised; therefore is reason necessary, and consequently the decrees.

But let us join both *precepts* and *decrees* together; for without the root the branches are fruitless; and even the roots are aided and assisted by the branches they themselves produced. No one can be ignorant of the usefulness of the hands; they do their work openly; but the heart, whereby they live, from whence they receive both power and motion, lies hidden in secret: I may say the same of precepts, they are open, and plain to view; but the decrees of wisdom are hidden. As in sacreds none know the mysterious parts but such as have been initiated; so in philosophy, her mysteries are unfolded to none but to such as are admitted into her sanctuary (*qq*).

But precepts, and the like, are also known to the vulgar and profane. *Posidonius* not only judgeth *preception* (for I know not why I should not use the word) but also persuasion, consolation, and exhortation necessary. To these he adds *an enquiry into causes*, which I see not why I may not call (*ætiologiam*), *ætiology*, since the Grammarians, the professed guardians of the Latin tongue, make use of it in their own right. *Posidonius*, I say, affirms that profit may be received from *the description of every virtue*, and this he calls *ætiology*; others call it *characteristics*, that give the signs or marks of every vice and virtue, whereby such things as seem alike are distinguishable.

This then hath the same force as precepts; for he that gives precepts, saith, *you must do so and so, if you would be temperate*; and he that draws a character, saith, *he is a temperate man, who takes care to do, or to avoid such and such things*. Nor is there any other difference between them, than that one gives the precepts, the other the example, of virtue. Now, these descriptions, or to use the term of the publicans) (rr) *εικονισμοὶ*, *signatures*, (or samples) I own are borrowed from use and experience. Let us propose what is commendable, and we shall find those who will follow it. You think it requisite when you would buy an horse, that some one should acquaint you with the marks that promise a good one, lest you should be bit, and put off with an arrant jade; how much more useful is it to know the signs of an excellent understanding, which are transferable from one man to another?

Continuo pecoris generosi pullus in arvis
 Altius ingreditur, et mollia crura reponit.
 Primus *inire* viam, et fluvios tentare minaces
 Audet, et ignoto sese committere ponto.
 Nec vanos horret strepitus; illi ardua cervix,
 Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, obesaque terga,
 Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus.—

——— tum si qua sonum procul arma dedere
 Stare loco nescit, micat auribus, et tremit artus,
 Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem. G. iii. 75.

*The colt that for the field of battle is design'd,
 By sure presages shews his generous kind,
 Of able body, sound of limb and wind;
 Upright he walks, on pasterns firm and straight,
 His motions easy, prancing in his gait;
 The first to lead the way to tempt the flood,
 To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood;
 Dauntless at empty noises, lofty neck'd,
 Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly back'd;*

——— *when he hears from far
 The sprightly trumpet, and the shouts of war,*

Pricks

Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,

Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd fight. Dryden.

While our *Virgil* is here describing an horse, he gives you an excellent description of a brave man; at least for my part I should desire no better: was I to draw *Cato* fearless and intrepid amid the clashing noise of civil discord, and marching foremost to invade an army that had took possession of the *Alps*, and opposing himself to all the dangers of a civil war; I should paint him in the same colours, with such a fierceness of look, and in such an attitude. Surely no man could do more than he did, when he made head at the same time both against *Cæsar* and *Pompey*; and while some espoused *Cæsar's* party, and others *Pompey's*, he challenged them both, and shewed them, that the poor commonwealth had yet one party left. But it is too little to say of *Cato*,

—— nec vanos horret strepitus;

—— nor trembles at empty noises:

for why? he was not afraid of true alarms, nor the real approach of his enemy: when in defiance of ten legions, besides the auxiliaries from *Gaul*, and other nations, intermixed with the *Romans*, he spake freely, and aloud exhorted his countrymen to maintain their *liberty*; and to try all means, even to the death itself, rather than to lose it; at least that it was more honourable to fall into slavery by constraint, and the chance of war, than calmly and voluntarily to receive the yoke. What vigour! what a noble spirit! what confidence in the midst of such hurry and public confusion! He knew himself to be but one, and of too little consequence to be concerned for; and that the question was not, *whether Cato should be free, but whether he should live among a free people*. From hence sprang that contempt of danger and of death. While I am admiring this great man's invincible constancy, which he still preserved, though his country was ruin'd, I cannot help saying with *Virgil*,—

Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus.

His big-swoln muscles shew his lofty spirit.

It will be of use not only to declare who are usually good men, their shape and lineaments, but who have been such, and to describe their actions, or whatever else rendered them famous in their generation; as

that last and glorious wound of *Cato's*, through which in the arms of liberty he dismissed his indignant soul. The wisdom of *Lælius*, and his cordial amity with *Scipio*; the excellent deeds of *Cato* the Censor, both at home and abroad; the couches of *Tubero* (*tt*), made of plain wood, and set in open view, and covered with goat-skins instead of an embroidered counterpane; and the earthen vessels set before the guests, at a solemn banquet in *Jupiter's* chapel; what was this but to consecrate poverty in the *capitol*? Had we no other great action of this man, to rank him with the *Catos*, was not this enough? This was a censure, a tacit reproof, not a banquet. O how little do these men of our times, who are so fond of *glory*, know what it means, and how to be attained? The people in *Tubero's* days saw the furniture of many noblemen, but admired only *his*: all *their* gold and silver hath been broken and melted down a thousand times, but these earthen vessels of *Tubero* shall last for ever.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* This Epistle is an appendix to the foregoing, setting forth, that neither the preceptive nor dogmatical philosophy are sufficient of themselves; but that examples or characters after the manner of *Theophrastus* have their use, and consequently lay claim to recommendation.

It will be proper to observe here, that, in determining characters among the ancients, it is neither just nor candid to examine them by those rules of moral conduct which if known were at least not admitted, with the same purity and extent, to which they have since been refined and enlarged, by the clearer discoveries and stronger authority of divine Revelation. *Melmoth Lælius*, p. 173.

(a) Ut id quod in diem suum dixeram debere referri representem.] *Lipsius* (Elet. c. 26) reads it, quod in diem dixeram debere representem; the rest he rejects as being injudiciously inserted. *In diem debere*, and *representare*, are opposite terms, borrowed from the law, relating to pecuniary matters; as if *Seneca* should say, metaphorically, *You desire, Lucilius, that I would make my appearance, and pay the money down, and not set another day.*

(b) At least they do not know the reason of the fitness and propriety of the action; and herein, saith *Muretus*, the Stoics seem to judge rightly: but it is very absurd to say as some of them do, that a man from being very miserable may become happy, and yet not in the least be sensible of the change.

(c) See Aristotle's *Ethic.* l. 2.

(d) *Plutarch*, (Sympos. viii. 9. 'Tis rational to conclude that all diseases that rise from want, heat or cold, bear the same date with our bodies; but afterward, over-eating, luxury, and surfeiting encouraged by ease and plenty, raised bad and superfluous juices, and these brought various new diseases, and their perpetual complications and mixtures still create more.

(e) Non

(e) Non minus pervigilant] Some copies read; *pervigilantur*, from whence *Pincian*. conjectures *pugillantur*, as *Juvenal* makes mention of women-boxers—

Endromidas Tyrias, et femineum ceroma

Quis nescit? vel quis non vidit vulnera pali? Juv. vi. 245.

They turn viragos too, the wrestlers toil

They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil. Dryden.

And *Terence* alludes to them when he says, si qua est paulo habitior, pugilem esse aiunt; and *if she is a little plumper than ordinarily, they say she is a bruiser.*

(f) Et vinum omne vomitu remetiuntur] So *Martial*, Data vina remensus.

Nec cœnat prius aut recumbit ante

Quàm septem vomuit meri deunces.

Juv. 6. 424.—tandem illa venit rubicundula, totum

Oenophorum sitiens, plenâ quod tenditur urnâ

Admotum pedibus, de quo sextarius alter

Ducitur ante cibum, rabidam facturus orexim,

Dum redit, et terram loto ferit intestino,

Marmoribus rivi properant aut lata falernum

Pelvis olet. Nam sic tanquam alta in dolia longus

Deciderit serpens, bibit, et vomit. Ergo maritus

Nauseat, atque oculis bilem substringit opertis.

At length she comes, all flush'd, but ere she sup,

Swallows a swelling preparation cup,

And then to clear the stomach spews it up.

The deluge vomit all the floor o'erflows,

And the sour savour nauseates every nose.

She drinks again; again she spews a lake:

Her wretched husband sees, and dares not speak;

But mutters many a curse against his wife,

And damns himself for chusing such a life. Dryden.

And these preparatory doies are what *Plutarch* reckons among the causes of so many new and strange diseases. This abominable custom, as *Lipsius* observes, began and came into fashion in the time of *Pompey*; when *Asclepiades*, the physician was living, who very justly condemned it. *Plin.* c. xxvi. c. 3. Damavit merito et vomitiones, tunc supr. modum frequentes. As does *Celsus*, (l. 1. c. 3.) Qui istud luxuriæ causâ fieri non oportere cõstat; interdum valetudinis causâ rectè fieri experimentis credit.

(g) *De brev. Vit.* c. 12. Quanta celeritate, signo dato, glabri ad ministeria discurrant.

With what speed, at a sign given, do they attend their several offices bareheaded?

(h) Sociorum garum, pretiosam malorum piscium taniem] *N. Lipsius* rejects the word, *malorum*. *Plin.* l. 31. s. 43. Garum conficiebatur ex pisce, quem Græci *Garon* vocabant,—nunc scombro pisce laudatissimum, et quamvis nunc ex infinito genere piscium nat., nomen tamen pristinum retinet, a quo initium sumpsit.—*Sociorum* dict. quod a sociis P. R. nempe Hispani Romam deferretur; vel a societate publicanorum qui vectigal garo impositum exigent: (*N. in loc.*) vel quia in sodalitatibus et conviviis eo uterentur. (*V. L.*)

Pliny says it was made of (*Scombri*, ad nihil aliud utiles) *Tunny fish*, good for nothing else. Be that as it will, it was in high vogue, as we learn from *Martial*:

Sed

Sed coquus ingentem piperis consumit acervum,
 Addit et arcano mixta Falerna garo. l. 7. Ep. 26.
 Exspirantis adhuc scombri de sanguine primo
 Accipe fœcosum, munera cara, garum. l. 13. Ep. 102.
al. fastosum, munera rara, garum.

Hor. f. ii. 8. 46.—Garum de fuccis piscis iberi.

Wine five years old, and Caviare I join.

See Hadr. Jun. Animadv. l. 6. c. 17. Rhodig. Ant. Lect. l. 30. c. 25.

(i) Some refer this to a dish of *Æsop's*, and indeed *Pincian* inserts his name, Quondam *Æsopi* nobilem patinam, but this *Lipfius* does not approve of; for the dish here spoken of consists of fish, but *Æsop's* was of *ferwl*. (Plin. x. 51.) This *Æsop* was an excellent player of tragedies, cotemporary with *Cicero*, and very rich, but a most extravagant glutton. And he has as extravagant a son, taken notice of by *Horace*, f. 11. 3. 239. *Seneca* therefore alludes to some one else. And I will venture to say that my neighbour, the late Mr. Quin, the comedian, did not deserve all that is said of him on this account.

(k) Veneriæ, sphondyliques] Plin. ix. 52. Navigant ex his veneriæ præbentesque concavam sui partem, et aure opponentes per summa æquorum velificant.

Plin. l. 32. f. 53. Spondylus. N. Gr. σφῆνδυλος. Athenæ. l. 3. p. 87. *Macrobius*, l. 2. c. 9. makes mention of them in a pontifical feast. *Martial*. l. 7. Ep. 19.

Rosos tepenti spondylos sinu condit.

See *Kendall*. de Test. l. 1. c. 40.

(l) I have chiefly followed *Gronovius* in order to give the words another turn from what follows, as *piget esse singula*, would be much the same with *grave est luxuriari per singula*, though I must own that *Seneca* frequently repeats the same meaning under different expressions; so that one would often think, as here, that some gloss had crept into the text.

(m) Homo sacra res.] Alluding to that proverbial saying, Homo homini Deus. Gr. ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπου δαίμων, applicable in many cases of beneficence, but never more justly than to the honest, intelligent, and consequently successful physician. Was I to mention the names of *Heberden* and *Baker*, I am sure every one would accept it but themselves.

(n) See Ep. 7. f. Trices H. S.] which if only *millia* be understood, it is about 214l. 2s. 6d. if *centena millia* 21412l. 10s. the old English translation renders it 75000 crowns. *infr.* Quinque mill. H. S. which is about 35l. 13s. 9d. the old English translation about 200 crowns.

(o) *Catullus*. Sulcitata cano vulturium capite.

Martial. Cujus vulturis hoc erit cadaver.

(p) Which *Cicero* entitles, de virtute; *Pincian*. de officio.

(q) It was usual to light up lamps not only in honour of the gods, but of some great personage, or on some extraordinary occurrence.

Herodis venere dies, unctâque fenestrâ

Dispositæ per quem nebulam, vomûere lucernæ.—Perf. N. 181.

When flow'rs are strew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,

And windows with illuminations grac'd,

On Herod's day:—Dryden.

Cuncta nitent; longos erexit janua ramos.

Et matutinis operitur festa lucernis. Juv. xii. 91.

All's right; my portal shines with verdant bays,

And consecrated tapers early blaze. Power.

(r) *Apul.*

(r) Apul. Met. l. 11. Rebus ritè consummatis inchoatæ lucis salutationibus religiosi primam nunciantes horam perstrepunt. *Arnob.* l. 7.

Quid sibi volunt excitationes illæ quas canitis matutinis

Ad tibiam vocibus? *Prudentius.*

Mane salutatum concurritur, omnis adorat

Pubes.—

Vid. *Scal.* ad Tibull. i. 1. *Briffon.* de Form. l. 6.

It will not, I hope, be taken amiss if I apply this prohibition and censure from *Seneca* to the absurd, not to say impious, salutations that we frequently see in our churches, even in the midst of the most solemn parts of divine worship. Deum colit, qui novit, *He who knoweth, and considereth what God is, will worship him aright*, will have more respect to the solemn business he is engaged in, than to be guilty of such fashionable foibles.

(s) Apul. xi. De pompa *Isais*, Alicæ, quæ nitentibus speculis pone tergum reversis fientienti deæ obvium commonstrarent obsequium. *Agust.* de Cic. Dei, sunt quæ Junoni ac Minervæ capillos disponant, non tantum simulacro, stantes, digitos movent ornantium modo. Sunt quæ speculum teneant. *Tertull.* de Jejun. Qui in idolis comendis et ornandis, et ad singulas horas salutandis adulantur, *Curatorem* facere dicuntur.

(t) Omnibus inque locis ades omni tempore, præsens

Deditus in partes omnes; tamen omnis ubique

Integer usque manes.—Vida. H. Deo. 204.

Since in all parts of the unbounded space,

Thy presence dwells; for God fills every place.

And what beyond these worlds hath its abode,

Is all but the immensity of God:

Thy nature still, howe'er diffus'd it be,

Is ever uniform, entire and free. M.

For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. Matth. 8. 20. Gen. 28. 16. Job. 9. 11, 12. 139.

(u) *Thine, O Lord, saith David, is the greatness, the power and the victory, and the majesty, for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine: thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honour come of thee; and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great and to give strength to all,* i. Chron. xxix. 11, 12.

(x) *He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.* Sam. 3. 33.—*The Lord is long-suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.* ii. Pet. 3. 9.—*As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turns from his way and live: Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?* Ezek. 33. 11.

(y) *Primus est deorum cultus, Deos credere.]* I have generally kept to *Seneca's* use of the singular or plural number when speaking of the Deity; but here, I think, I might be allowed to change the plural to the singular as he had just before used the singular, in saying almost the same thing, Deum colit, qui novit.

So the Apostle: *Without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of all them that diligently seek him.* Heb. 11. 6. Doubtless, it is an indisputable condition to the serving God, to believe there is a God to be served: and none are more zealous for his service than those who are most persuaded of his existence. M.

(z) *The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.* Ps. 33. 5. *And the Lord passed by before him*
and

and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth. Exod. 34. 6. i. Chron. 16. 34. Nahum, 1. 7. Matth. 20. 45.

(aa) Seneca here among other requisites towards the right worshipping of God, makes this one, to believe a Providence, and that the Providence of God is as general as his creation, governing all things by the same infinite power by which they were made: which is consonant to the whole tenour of Scripture. See Deut. 11. 14. Prov. 16. 33. Matth. 6. 28. 10. 30.

Cicero was a strenuous advocate for Providence; I assert, says he, (de Nat. Deor. l. 2.) that the universe, with all its parts, was originally constituted, and hath without any discontinuance been ever governed by the Providence of the Gods. "This argument the Stoics generally divide into three parts: 1st, The existence of the Gods being once known, it must follow that the world is governed by their wisdom. 2dly, As every thing is under an intelligent nature which hath produced that beautiful order in the world, it is evident that it is formed of animating principles. The 3d is deduced from those glorious works which we behold in the heavens and the earth." But the notion of a Providence seems first to have been entertained by the Egyptians, whom, (as I have observed in my notes on Vida's hymns) Aruchius makes to reason thus: Providence is so essential to a Prince, that he cannot be ever called a Prince without it, (as Seneca says above, sine bonitate nulla majestas est,) and the more august a prince is, the more perfect ought his providential care to be: God therefore being the greatest and most august of all Princes, to him must belong the most perfect providence. But we must observe that Seneca likewise requires a belief in a special or singular providence; as when Job says of himself, Thou hast granted me life and favour: and thy visitation hath preserved my spirit. Job, 10. 12. Or as God himself saith unto Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. So that it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy. Rom. 9. 15.

(bb) Hi nec dant malum, nec habent—ceterum castigant,—et aliquando specie boni puniunt. al. spe boni.---al. specie mali.] If *bi* in the foregoing sentence relates to the immediate antecedent, as I have rendered it, I should prefer *specie boni*; but if it agrees with *Dii*, I should rather have read it *specie mali*, in this sense, Hi nec dant malum, nec habent, The Gods neither afflict with evil nor have any themselves; (but this is much the same with what is said before, nec accipere injuriam queunt, nec faciunt) though the punishment which they sometimes inflict on man, hath the appearance of evil.

Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty. Job, 5. 17. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. Heb. 12. 6. Prov. 3. 11. Rev. 3. 19.

(cc) Satis Deos coluit quisquis imitatus est.] That all worship, all religion, consists in the imitation of God, is an extraordinary sentence in the mouth of an Heathen, among whom the Gods were supposed to act such things which a wise man would abhor to think. But Seneca had higher notions of the Deity, and here affirms little less than what is consonant to the sound doctrine of Christianity. That the person who does his best endeavour to imitate God, and who has a firm trust in the Supreme Being, is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness; he reaps the benefit of every divine attribute; and loses his own sufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection. Be ye therefore perfect, saith our Lord, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect. Matth. 5. 48. See Ep. 90.

(dd) Ye have heard that it was said of old time, Thou shalt not kill, and whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment; but I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment. Matth. 5. 21. And the Apostle exhorts us, to be kindly affectioned one to another: Recompense, saith he, no man evil for evil: if it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Rom. 12. 10.---20.

(cc) Thus the prophet *Isaiah*, in the name of the Lord, *Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry; and that thou bring the poor to thine house; when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou bide not thyself from thine own flesh? And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as noon-day.* Is. 58. 6---10. Deut. 15. 7. Ezek. 18. 7. Matth. 25. 35.

(ff) And thus argues St. Paul. *As we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we being many are one body, and every one members one of another.* Rom. 12. 5. And again more fully, *As in the body natural the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the hand to the feet, I have no need of you; so in the great body of mankind, all the members, even the parts that seem more feeble, are necessary, and have their office, that there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care one for another; and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.* i. Cor. 12. 12.---26.

(gg) Put ye on, therefore, saith the Apostle, *bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering—but above all these things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness.* Col. 3. 12---14.

(bb) It is better, saith St. Peter, *if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well doing than evil doing.* i. Pet. 3. 17. And *Blessed are ye, saith our Lord, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake: rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.* Matth. 5. 11. 12.

(ii) Terence, *Heauton.* Act. 1. sc. 1.) *Cicero* applies this excellent sentence, as the voice of nature, to the practice of all social virtues, saying, *est enim difficilis cura rerum alienarum quam Terentianus ille Chremes, humani nihil a se alienum putet.*

And yet this very *Chremes*, this man of universal benevolence, is the same person who commands his wife to expose his new-born daughter, and flies into a passion with her, for having committed that hard task to another, by which means the infant escaped death: *si meum imperium exequi voluisses, interemptum oportuit:* and he likewise characterises such who had any remains of this natural instinct as persons, *qui neque ius, neque bonum, atque æquum sciunt, who know not either justice or equity:* such were the sentiments published with applause on the Roman theatre. And it appears from our Author so late as his own time, that it was usual to destroy weak and deformed children. *Portentosos fœtus extinguimus.* Sen. de Ira, l. 1. c. 15.

(kk) The Apostle makes use of much the same metaphor, Ephes. 2. 19 --22. *Know therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, and are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief Corner Stone: in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy Temple in the Lord. From whom (saith he in another place) the whole body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working of the measure in every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying itself in love.* Ephes. 4. 16.

(ll) *Ambros.* Virtutes individuas esse, sed opinione vulgi sejunctas.—*Connexæ sibi sunt concatenatæque virtutes ut qui unam habet, plures habere videatur.* *Gregor.* Una virtus sine aliis, aut omnino nulla est aut imperfecta. *Apuleius* imperfectas virtutes semet comitari negat, eas vero quæ perfectæ sunt, individuas sibi, et inter se connexas esse. The reason given is, that *where there is any one perfect virtue, (and of such the Stoics always speak) there is reason also perfect; which cannot be, unless it extends its force and influence to all other virtues.* So *Cicero* (de Fin. 5. cum sic copulatæ connexæque sint virtutes, ut omnes omnium participes sint, nec alia ab alia possit separari,

tam proprium suum cujusque munus est; ut fortitudo in laboribus periculisque cernatur; temperantia in voluptatibus, prudentia in dilectis. *The union and blending of the virtues, however is distinguished by a certain philosophical way of reasoning; for when they are so joined and connected that they all partake of one another, and are inseparable, yet each of them has its proper function. Thus courage discovers itself in toils and dangers; Temperance in neglecting pleasures; Prudence, in distinguishing things good and evil: Justice, in giving every one his own. See Ep. 67.*

(mm) The Apostle to the same purpose, *Let us walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called. Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man: that we henceforth be no more children tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive: but, speaking the truth in love, may in all things grow up into him, which is the head, even Christ. Ephes. 4. 1---15.*

And again, *Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines; for it is a good thing to have the heart established with grace. Heb. 13. 9.*

(nn) So the Stoics call all external, otherwise good things.

(oo) So our Lord to his Disciples, *As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; but severed from me, ye can do nothing: if a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered. John, 15. 1---6.*

(pp) *If thine enemy hunger, saith St. Paul, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt reap coals of fire on his head. Rom. xii. 20. from Prov. 25. 21. compared with ii. Kings, 6. 22.*

(qq) Like this is what St. Paul saith to the Corinthians, *We speak wisdom among them that are perfect, yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, who come to nought; but we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God had ordained before the world unto our glory. i. Cor. 2. 6.*

(rr) The Receivers or Farmers of the customs or public revenues.

(ss) *Per quod liber amisit animum] al. Libertas.* So the old translation, *Through the which Liberty herself lost her existence.*

(tt) *Tubero.* Vid. Ep. 98.

EPISTLE XCIV.

On Contentment and Magnanimity.

STILL, Lucilius, are you forgetful, and still complaining; and seem not to understand, that there is nothing evil in these worldly affairs, but what you make so yourself; by being thus displeased and ever querulous. For my part, I think there is nothing that can be called
miserable

miserable in man, unless he thinks there is something miserable in the *nature of things*. I would quarrel with myself, if I thought there was any thing that I could not endure. Am I sick? It is part of my destiny. Is my family afflicted? am I hard pressed by the usurer? does my house crack? losses, wounds, difficulties, fears, do they all assault me? It is nothing more than what is common in the world: nay, further, *it must be so*. These things therefore cannot be said to *happen*, they are *decreed*.

If you will believe me, *Lucilius*, I will lay open to you my inmost thoughts and affections. Thus then, when any thing seems adverse or hard to me, do I behave myself: I obey not God forcibly, but willingly; I follow him, not from necessity, but with all my mind and all my soul (*a*). Nothing can befall me that I will receive, either with an heavy heart, or a sorrowful countenance. There is no kind of tribute but what I will pay readily; considering that all we either mourn or fear is but the tribute we owe to Nature for our existence. It is in vain either to expect an exemption from these things, or to ask it (*b*). Are you racked with pains in the bladder? have you had continual losses?—I will go further: are you in fear of your life? And did you not know that you wished for these things when you wished for old age (*c*)? All these things as necessarily attend a long life, as in a long journey we must expect dust, and dirt, and showers.

But you would fain live, you say, and yet be free from all these inconveniencies. Such an effeminate declaration by no means become a man. I would fain see how you would take this wish of mine; which I protest I make, not only with a great, but good, intention; *may neither Gods nor Goddeses permit Fortune to indulge you in ease and pleasure.* Put to yourself this question, whether, if God was pleased to favour you with your choice, you had rather live in the shambles than in a camp. Know, *Lucilius*, that life is a warfare (*d*): such men therefore who are ordered from place to place; who undergo all manner of

difficulties in the execution of the most dangerous commissions; these are your brave men, and chiefs in an army: while they who enjoy public ease at the expence of others labours, are mere poltrons (*e*) who buy their safety with disgrace.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) This is true wisdom, the principal doctrine of the Stoics, and confirmed throughout the whole tenour of the Gospel. “He is but a bad soldier, who sighs and marches on with reluctance; we must receive the orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to slink out of the part assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things; whereof even our sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God who governs all; as *Cleantes* did in those excellent lines which are going to lose part of their grace and energy by my translation of them. *Bolingbroke*. (See the original Epistle, 107, N. f.)

*Parent of Nature, master of the world,
Where'er thy providence directs, behold
My steps with cheerful resignation turn.
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear,
Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?*

— Thus let us speak, thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is to struggle against, to censure, the order of Providence; and instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for that of correcting our Maker. *Id.*—See also *Adams* on Suicide, p. 176.

(b) “This established course of things it is not in our power to change: but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men; as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude; and to conform ourselves to the order of Nature; who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order: let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen; (or, as *Mr. Pope* expresses it, *whatever is, is right*;) and never to be so foolish as to expostulate with Nature.”

The best resolution we can take, is to suffer what we cannot alter; and to pursue, without repining, the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked out to us. *Id.*

(c) Ἦρας ἐπὶ ἀν μὲν ἀτῆ, πᾶς ἐυχεται, ἢν δ' ἐπὶ ἐλῆ,
Μίμνεται· ἔστι δ' ἀπὸ χρεῖστον ὀφειλόμενον.
*All wish for age, but when it comes, they cry,
They have enough, and rather wish to die.
Εἰ τις γηρασας ζῆν ἐυχεται, αἴτιον ἐστι
Γηράσκειν πολλῶν ἐν ἐτίων δεινόςτα.*

(d) This allusion is common in scripture. *I have fought a good fight*, saith *St. Paul*; *I have finished my course*; *I have kept the faith*; henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness. ii. Tim. 4. 7. *This charge I commit with thee, son Timothy, that thou mayest wear a good warfare.* i. Tim. 1. 18.

(e) Turdilli sunt, tuti contumeliæ causa.---*Al.* Turburilla sunt. *Pincian.* Tubilinæ, the name of a Goddes amongst the ancients. *Lips.* Turdi sunt. From one *Turdus*, a man of so infamous a character, that his name became a proverb.---*Seneca*, the father, makes mention of him, in l. 9. *Controv.* 4.---*Turdilli*, *Oufils*; or some such birds, that are safe in being despicable.

EPISTLE XCV.

The Wicked never secure.

YOU are mistaken, *Lucilius*, if you think luxury, disorderly behaviour, and other indecencies, which men are apt to lay to the charge of their own times, the peculiar vices of this age (*a*). There is no age exempt from them: but it is man that is in fault, not the age. And if once we begin to examine into the licentiousness of certain times, I am ashamed to say, that nothing could be more notorious, than the crimes that were committed in the face of *Cato*.

Would any one think that money should be employed in that solemn trial, when *Clodius* was accused of adultery, committed in disguise with the wife of *Cæsar*; and of violating the holy rites, instituted for the good of the people (*b*); at what time men are so far from being admitted, that the very pictures of any male animal were covered (*c*)? But the Judges took money; nay, what is much worse, they exacted, by way of fees, the violation of matrons and young noblemen. There was less heinousness in the crime, than in the absolution of it. The accused of adultery divided with his Judges his sinful sport; nor was he secure until he had involved his Judges in the same guilt with himself.

Such were the transactions in the trial of *Clodius*, wherein *Cato*, if nothing more, was summoned to give evidence. But because the thing exceeds all belief, I will give you the very words of *Cicero*; *Accersivit ad se, promisit, intercessit, dedit, jam verò, (O Dii boni, rem perditam!) etiam noctes certarum mulierum, atque adolescentulorum nobilium perductiones, nonnullis iudicibus pro mercedis cumulo fuerunt. Calvus, the manager for Clodius, called the Judges to him: he made them large promises, he entreated, he gave them money; but now, (O ye Gods,) what abominable wickedness! some of the Judges, by way of*
3
a blessing,

a blessing, above their fee, were to be introduced by night to the enjoyment of certain women of quality and young noblemen. There was no room to complain of the fee, be it what it will, since it was attended with such a blessing, as, would you have the wife of that severe old fellow, (Cato, suppose?) I will procure her for you. Or do you prefer the wife of that rich man (Crassus?) you shall enjoy her. And when you yourself have committed adultery, condemn it, if you can. Yes, that beautiful lady, if you desire her, shall be at your service; I promise you a night with her, when you please; you shall be sure to have her during the adjournment of the trials. It is more to procure and distribute adulteries, than to commit them: the former consists in summoning the matrons, and artfully taking them off their guard; the latter in freely abusing them. These Judges however of Clodius, demanded of the senate protection and a guard, which they had no need of, as they had no design to condemn him; but they obtained it: whereupon when they had acquitted him, Catulus said smartly to one of them, Quid vos præsidium a nobis petebatis? To what intent do you ask a guard? was you afraid any one should take the bribe from you, which you had just received?

Amidst all these jokes the adulterer was acquitted, even before the trial; and his pimp taken no notice of during the process; who indeed escaped sentence, which he more deserved than the other. Can you think then any age more corrupt in morals than this; when lust could not be restrained by holy ceremonies, nor public justice? when in that very enquiry, which was extraordinarily debated in the senate, greater villainy was committed than in the matter in question? The enquiry was, whether a man, after committing adultery, could live safe in Rome? and it appeared, that *without committing adultery* he could not be safe.

Such were the transactions in the time of Cæsar and Pompey; nay, in the time of Cicero and Cato, even that Cato, in whose presence the people dared not to demand the celebration of the sports called *Floralia* (d). Think you, then, men were more severe with regard to what they saw, than in the courts of judicature? No; such excesses have happened,
and

and will happen. The licentiousness of critics is sometimes restrained by fear and discipline, but never subsides of itself. There is no reason therefore you should think, that in our time *only*, the laws have little credit, and licentiousness the fashion. For my part, I think our youth are not so profligate as at the time when the person accused of adultery denied the fact to his judges, and the judges confessed, or exposed their guilt to him. When whoredoms were committed in order to qualify such as were to try the cause; and when *Clodius*, (becoming gracious by those very crimes that rendered him guilty) instead of proper allegations, and proving his innocence, turned procurer for his judges. Would any one believe this, that he who was accused of one criminal fact, should get acquitted by committing more? Every age will have a *Clodius*, but not every age a *Cato*.

We are all prone to evil, because herein we seldom want either a leader or a companion: not but that the business goes on without either a companion or a leader. Men are not only prone, but run headlong into evil: and what renders many incurable is, that artificers are ashamed of any errors in their professions, but men delight in the errors of life. A pilot rejoiceth not in the wreck of his ship, nor a physician in the death of his patient, nor an orator in losing his client's cause: but, on the contrary, men take pleasure and even glory in their sins. One man, for instance, triumphs in committing adultery, especially if with great difficulty he obtained the favour; another, in overreaching, and pilfering from, his neighbour: nor does the sin ever displease them, provided they have the good fortune to escape punishment.

Now this is owing to the prevalency of bad custom. For, observe, that you may know, there is still a sense of good, left even in minds that are most corrupt; and that men, however negligent, are not quite void of shame; almost all dissemble their crimes: and, when they have succeeded, they enjoy the fruits of their actions, but at the same time endeavour to conceal the actions themselves. Whereas a good conscience desires to appear openly, and *to be seen of men*; nay wickedness

is afraid of darkness itself. I think it therefore elegantly said by *Epicurus*, *Potest nocenti contingere ut lateat, latendi fides non potest; a guilty person may possibly lie concealed, but he cannot trust to it; or perhaps you may think it better expressed in this manner: Ideo non prodest latere peccantibus, quia latendi etiam si felicitatem habent, fiduciam non habent: it is of little avail for a sinner to hide himself, for let him hide himself as he will, he can never be assured of peace and security.*

Thus it is; *wickedness may be safe, but it never can be secure.* And I cannot think this assertion anywise repugnant to the doctrine of our sect (*e.*) And why? because the first and greatest punishment of offenders is in the offence itself: nor does any wickedness, though fortune may adorn it with her choicest gifts, nay, though she may defend and protect it, go unpunished. Because the punishment, I say, of wickedness is in wickedness itself: nevertheless both the one and the other are still pressed upon and followed with this secondary chastisement, a continual dread, and diffidence of security.

And why should I desire to deliver wickedness from this certain punishment? why should I not leave a mind so engaged still in suspense? We must dissent indeed from *Epicurus*, when he saith (*f.*), *nothing is just by nature; and that crimes are avoided, because fear is not to be avoided: but herein we must agree with him, that evil deeds are scourged by conscience, and the greatest part of her torture consists in that anxiety which presseth upon and wrings her, because she can put no confidence in any thing that promiseth her security.* For thus *Epicurus* argues, we naturally abhor villainy, because no one is so safe as to be out of the reach of fear; good fortune delivers many from punishment, but no one from the fear of it; because there is implanted in us an aversion to whatever is condemned by nature: therefore there can be no surety of concealment, even to those who endeavour to conceal themselves; since conscience accuseth them, and betrayeth them to themselves. It is the property of guilt to tremble. It would be bad for us indeed, forasmuch as many crimes escape the law, the Judge, and penal statutes, if these natural and grievous punishments were not immediately inflicted; and fear supplied not the place of a beadle.

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ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Et alia quæ objecit suis quisque temporibus.] So *Hesiod*, the most antient author of that fiction, relating to the four ages of the world, complains of his being born in the *iron* age, the worst of the four.

Μικέτ' ἔπει τ' ὀφθαλμον ἐγὼ πεμπόισι μετῴναι
 Ἀνδράσιν, ἀλλ' ἢ πρότε δαιεῖν, ἢ ἵππῃτα γένεσθαι,
 Νῦν γὰρ δὴ γένος ἐστὶ πιδύρειον. Hef. s. 172.
*Of public vice now reigns such ample store,
 Would I had ne'er been born, or born before!
 This surely is the iron age.*——

(b) “This feast, or sacrifice, was made to *her* whom the Romans called *Bona Dea*, the good Goddess, the Greeks *Gynæcea*; and it being celebrated only by women, *Clodius*, being a handsome young man, took on him the disguise of a singing girl, in order to carry on an intrigue with *Pompeia* *Cæsar*'s wife; but being discovered, he was brought to trial, when *Cæsar* himself appeared, and to the surprize of every one declared, *he had nothing to charge him with*. *Why then*, said the accusers, *have you divorced your wife?* *Because*, says he, *it is enough for Cæsar's wife to be suspected*. So *Clodius* got clear of the judgment, most of the judges giving their opinion in a confused manner, upon several causes at the same time, that they might not be in danger from the people in condemning him; (for in opposition to the nobility they all took his part) nor in disgrace with the nobility by acquitting him.” So far *Plutarch* in his *Life of Cæsar*.

And *Cicero* in his *Epistle to Atticus*, (l. 1. Ep. 15.) concerning this affair, says, “Our illustrious *Arcepagites* called out that they would not assemble, unless a guard was appointed them. This matter was debated, and only one member was found who did not desire the guard. The affair was then carried before the Senate, where it was granted in a most formal, honourable manner: the judges were commended, the providing a guard was committed to the magistrates, nor was there a man found who imagined that *Clodius* would stand his trial. Twenty-one of the judges were determined against him, though they were threatened with the greatest dangers. But thirty-one of them obeyed the calls of hunger rather than of honour.”

(c) So *Juvenal* speaking of this very affair, l. 6. 336.

—— ubi velari pictura jubetur
 Quæcunque alterius sexus imitata figuram est.
And ev'n male pictures modestly are veil'd.

(d) At what time the more celebrated courtesans dance naked. The learned are agreed that the vulgar notion of *Flora* the strumpet, is purely a fiction of *Laëtantius*; from whom it was taken. *Flora* appears to have been a *Sabine* goddess, and the *Ludi Florales* to have been instituted A. U. C. 613. The main part of the ceremony was managed by a company of lewd strumpets, who ran up and down naked. However the wisest and gravest *Romans* were not for discontinuing this custom, though the most indecent imaginable. For *Cato* when he was present at these games, and saw the people ashamed to let the maids strip while he was there, immediately went out of the theatre, to let the ceremony have its course. *Liv.* xxv. *Kennet*.

(e) i. e. Stoicism. The Stoics maintained that virtue and vice were to be followed or eschewed, merely upon their own account; whereas the *Epicureans* had respect to reward and punishment.

Vol. II.

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(f) *Epicurus*

(f) *Epicurus* adds, τὴν ἀδικίαν ὡς καὶ τὴν ἐαυτοῦ κλον, κ. τ. λ. *Injustice is not an evil in itself, but in the fear and suspicion of being discovered.* On the contrary the *Stoics* (Cic. de Fin. l. 3.) *minimè vero probatur huic disciplinæ (Stoicæ) aut amicitiam aut justitiam, ob utilitates adscisci aut probari, jus autem, quod ita dici appellarique possit, id esse natura, alienumque a sapiente, non modo injuriam cuiquam facere verùm etiam nocere.*

There absolutely could be no such things as justice or friendship, unless they were cultivated for themselves. As to what is termed right, the Stoics hold it to be Nature itself; and that it is inconsistent with the character of a wise man to do an injury, nay, the least prejudice to any person.

EPISTLE XCVI.

All Happiness from within; in this transitory State of Things.

NEVER think a man happy, *Lucilius*, whose happiness is in suspense. He depends on frailty, who rejoiceth in an adventitious good. Such joy will pass away as lightly as it came: but the joy that ariseth from within, is faithful, is firm; it continually grows stronger, and holds out to the last *. Other things which the vulgar admire are only good for a time. What then is there no pleasure or profit in them? who denies it (*a*)? but it must be when they depend upon *us*, and not we upon *them*. All things within the power of fortune may thus be made fruitful and pleasant to us; if he that possesseth them is master also of himself; and subjects not himself to his possessions.

For they are mistaken, my *Lucilius*, who think that what fortune can give us is either good or bad. She gives us indeed the material part of good and evil; and to her we owe the beginning of those incidents, which in the issue may prove either happy or unhappy for us. But the mind is stronger than any fortune; it conducteth its own affairs, right or wrong; and is itself the cause of its own happiness or misery. A bad mind turns every thing to bad; even such things as have the appearance of good: but the man of an upright and pure mind corrects the depravity of fortune; and softens, by the art of patience, every hard and disagreeable condition. The same likewise receives prosperity with gratitude and moderation; and adversity with constancy and courage. Who although he is prudent, although he is so judicious in his transactions, as never to engage in any enterprize

beyond his strength; yet never can attain that entire good, which is placed beyond the threats of fortune, unless he is fixed, and steady against all uncertainties.

Whether, *Lucilius*, you will be pleased to observe other men, (for in such a case we are apt to judge more freely) or to consider yourself, without prejudice or partiality; you will perceive, and confess, that none of these things, which are esteemed so precious and desirable, are truly useful; unless you will arm yourself against the levity of chance, and the uncertainty of things depending thereon; unless you frequently, and without murmuring and repining at any loss, can say, *Dii aliter visum est,—(I might think perhaps I deserved better fortune, but) the Gods thought otherwise (b).* Or to give you a verse of a more strong and just expression; say this, when any thing happens contrary to expectation, *Dii melius (c).* *The Gods know better*, (what is good for us than we do ourselves). A mind thus composed no accident can injure; and thus will a mind be composed, if a man reflects upon the variety of contingencies in human affairs, before he is made sensible of them; if he enjoys his children, his wife, his estate, as if he was not always to enjoy them; and if he could not be made more wretched upon this account, was he obliged to part from them. *That* mind alone is wretched, which is ever anxious concerning what may happen; which is miserable before real misery reacheth it, and in continual dread lest those things which it now delights in should not continue to the end of life: for such a one can never be at rest; and, in expectation of some future evil, will lose the enjoyment of the present good.

There is but little difference between grieving for a thing lost, and the fear of losing any thing. Not that I hereby, *Lucilius*, recommend negligence or carelessness: no; do your endeavour to avoid such things as are to be dreaded; do all that can be done by prudence and forecast (*d*); consider well what may hurt you: nothing can be more serviceable to this purpose than a reasonable confidence, and a mind resolutely steeled with patience. The man is secure against the power of fortune, who is determined to be submissive. Tranquillity excludes all manner of

tumult. Besides, nothing can be more miserable, nothing more ridiculous, than to be always in fear: what madness is it for a man to anticipate his misfortunes!

Lastly, to include in a few words my sentiments on this subject, and to describe these over-busy-bodies, and self-tormentors, let me observe, they are as impatient and intemperate, when what they expected comes upon them, as they were before. He certainly grieves more than is necessary, who grieves before it is necessary: for, by the same infirmity, that he does not expect sorrow, he knows not how to consider it rightly; and by the same unreasonableness, he not only fancies that his felicity will be lasting, but that whatever good hath befallen him, it must necessarily encrease: and forgetful of the grand machine (*f*), whereby all things are tossed and scattered about, he promiseth to himself alone stability in casual things. *Metrodorus* therefore seems to speak excellently well in that Epistle where he comforts his sister upon the death of her son, a child of a charming disposition, saying,

Mortale est omne mortalium bonum (*g*),

Mortal is every good of mortal men.

He is speaking of those goods which men so greatly affect and readily pursue: for the *true good* never dies: it is sure, and everlasting, *wisdom and virtue* (*b*). This is the only good to mortals; but so unreasonable are they, so forgetful of what they are; and whither they are going; nay, whither every day pusheth them on; that they wonder and are amazed at losing any thing, though it is certain they must one day lose all.

Whatever it is that you call yourself master of, you may have it indeed, but it is not thine. Nothing can be firm to an infirm creature; nothing eternal and unperishable to frail mortals on this side the grave. It is as necessary that all worldly goods should perish, as at any time be lost. And this, if rightly understood, would prove a comfortable inducement to us to part, with a steady mind, from what we knew we must necessarily lose.

What remedy then shall we find out against these losses? Why, this; that we still keep in memory the things that are lost, and suffer not the fruits we received from them to perish with them. *To have*, may be taken from us; but *to have had*, never. He is very ungrateful, who when he hath lost any thing, supposeth that he owes no thanks for the enjoyment of it. Chance may rob us of a thing, yet leave us the benefit of it; unless we lose this too by an unreasonable desire and longing after it.

Say moreover to thyself; there are none of all these things that seem so terrible, but what are conquerable. There are many who have overcome each particular, as, *Mucius*, fire; *Regulus*, torture; *Socrates*, poyson; *Cato*, death, by his own sword. Let us also endeavour at some glorious victory. Again,—those things which under a specious shew of happiness allure the vulgar, have been often, and by many despised. *Fabricius (i)*, when general in chief, despised riches; and, when censor, condemned them. *Tubero (k)* adjudged poverty worthy of himself and the capitol; when, at a solemn feast, using earthen vessels, he shewed that men ought to be contented with these things wherewith the Gods themselves disdained not to be served. *Sextius* the elder, a man every way qualified for a statesman, when offered the senatorial robe by *Julius Cæsar*, would not accept it, for he well knew that what was given him, might be taken from him. Let us likewise assume this noble spirit, and prove as exemplary to others, as these have been to us. Why do we draw back? Why do we despair? What has been may be. Let us only make pure the mind, and *follow nature*; (*m*) for whoever swerves from following her, must fear, must desire, and be a slave to casualties. We may return to the right way, we may recover ourselves, if we please. Let us then endeavour it, that we may patiently bear whatever may afflict the body, and say to Fortune, *Cum viro tibi negotium est, quære quem vincas*; *you have now got a man to deal with; look out elsewhere for one whom you may conquer (n)*.

By these and the like speeches, is assuaged the virulence of that ulcer, which I heartily wish eased, and if not cured, made supportable,

able, that I may grow old under it. Not that I am greatly affected in this matter: our present question is concerning our loss of a most excellent *old man* (*o*); for he truly may be said to be full of days, who desires no more should be added to his life, for his own sake, but for theirs to whom he may be serviceable. He acts generously in that he still lives. Some men would not so long have endured their pains, but he thinks it as scandalous to fly to death as to fly from it. *But supposing him otherwise persuaded, shall he not go?* Why not; if he can be no longer of service to any one; if he can do nothing more than attend upon his pain? But this, my *Lucilius*, is to put philosophy into practice, and to be exercised in the truth; to shew how a prudent man can fortify his mind against death, and against pain, when either that approacheth, or this oppresseth him. What is to be done, must be learned from the doer of it.

Thus far then we have argued, whether it be possible to resist pain; and whether death, how near soever, can make a great mind stoop and tremble. And what need is there of many words? The thing speaks itself. Let us observe this, that neither death makes such a one more courageous and strong against pain, nor pain against death: he arms himself against both, and puts his confidence therein. Neither thro' hopes of death, does he more patiently endure pain; nor does the irksomeness of pain make him die more willingly: he bears the one, and waits the other (*p*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* Those indeed who have no internal resource of happiness will find themselves uneasy in every stage of human life: but to him who is accustomed to derive all his felicity from within himself, no state will appear as a real evil into which we are conducted by the common and regular course of Nature. *Melm.*

(a) See Ep. 23.—*For every creature of God is good, and not to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving.* i. Tim. 44.

(b) This is spoken of *Ripheus*, a just and good man, whose hard fate *Æneas* is lamenting; and thinking that he deserved much better, he checks himself with this excellent reflection, *that it was the will of the Gods that he should suffer with the rest.* Cato, p. 8.

“ Vain men! how seldom do we know what to wish, or pray for! When we pray against misfortunes, and when we fear them most, we want them most. It was for this reason *Pythagoras* forbade

bade his disciples to ask any thing particular of God; the shortest and the best prayer we can make to him, who knows our wants, and our ignorance in asking, is this, *Thy will be done*. Bolingbroke on Exile.

The Christian on the like occasion is taught and commanded, by our Lord himself to say, *O Father of Heaven, thy will be done*. Matth. 6. 10, Luke, 11. 2.

(c) Ovid. Met. ix. 496.—Dii melius—*The Gods forbid*.—Sewell.

(d) So the charge of our Lord to his Disciples, *Be ye as wise as serpents, and innocent as doves*. Matth. 10. 16.

(e) *Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof*. Matth. 6. 34.

And St. Paul, *I would have you without carefulness*. i. Cor. 7. 32.

(f) Obliti hujus petauri, quo humana jactantur. *Pincian al. hujus peccati,—al. obliti sat quo—*

An magis oblectant animum jactata petauris

Corpora—*Mart.*

Ad numeros etiam ille ciet cognata per artem

Corpora, quæ valido saliant excussa petauris.

Alternosque cient motus: elatus et ille

Nunc jacet, atque hujus casu suspenditur ille.

To these join those, who from an engine tost,

Pierce through the air, and in the clouds are lost;

Or poise on timber, where by turns they rise,

And sink, and mount each other to the skies.

(g) Muret. observes that *Metrodorus* borrowed this sentence from *Euripides*—*Θυτῶν δὲ θυτῶν δακρυ*.

(b) Like the Christian charity, *it never faileth*. i. Cor. 13. 8. Or, like the word of God; *Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away*. Matth. 24. 25.

(i) *Fabritius* was in the highest veneration among the *Romans*, as a man of virtue, and a good soldier, but extremely poor. Being sent ambassador to *Pyrrhus*, *Pyrrhus* received him with great kindness, and pressed him in private to accept of a handsome present in gold, not to engage him in any thing dishonourable, but as a pledge of friendship and hospitality. *Fabritius* however would not accept it upon any terms. See *Plutarch*. Life of *Pyrrhus*.

(k) *Elins Tubero*, the very best of men, and who above all the *Romans* knew how to support his poverty with magnificence. *Id.* in the Life of *Emilius*. See Ep. 95.

(l) See Ep. 59.

(m) The nature of man as it now is cannot justly be set up as a proper rule or standard of virtue, but must itself be regulated by an higher cause, by which we are to judge of its rectitude, and of its corruptions and defects; and therefore the ablest of the Stoics in judging of what is according to nature, were for considering the nature of man as in a conformity to the law of reason and the nature of the whole. But this way of talking seems not well fitted to furnish us with clear notions; and only serves to enhance our obligation to the Almighty for the further discovery of his will in his holy word.

(n) In order to which great end, it is necessary we should stand watchful as centinels, to discover the secret wiles and open attacks of this capricious goddess, before they reach us. When she falls upon us unexpected, it is hard to resist, but those who wait for her will repel her with ease.

“ I learned this important lesson long ago, and never trusted to Fortune, even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages which her

treacherous.

treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed them so that she might snatch them away, but she could not *tear* them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he that hath been deceived by good.—If we do not suffer ourselves to be transported by prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be of proof against the dangers of both these states; and having explored our strength we shall be sure of it. For in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.” *Bolingbroke* on Exile.

(o) There being no mention made before of any person to whom these words are referable, *Muret.* concludes that this Epistle is imperfect, (as certainly it is) and that much is wanting at the beginning. *Lipsius* thinks the same; but makes a doubt whether the person here alluded to may not be the *Marullus* mentioned in the next Epistle.

(p) Hunc fert, illam expectat] Whatever *Seneca* may have said elsewhere seemingly in favour of suicide, is sufficiently confuted by the example here recommended, which breathes the pure and sound doctrine of Christianity.

EPISTLE XCVII.

Consolatory, on the Death of a Son.

I HAVE sent you, *Lucilius*, the Epistle I wrote to *Marullus* on the death of his young son; for whom I was told he indulged an unmanly sorrow; and therefore I have swerved from my usual style as not thinking that he ought to be treated gently, when more worthy of reproof than consolation. To one indeed afflicted with a deeper wound than he knows how to bear, it is proper to give way a little: let him satiate himself; at least let him give vent to the sigh, and gushing tear: but let such as take upon them to weep at every trifling accident, be chastised, and taught to know, that even tears have their folly.

— Do you expect comfort? No: I shall rather reprove you. Are you so effeminately moved at the death of your son; what would you have done if you had lost a *friend*? Your son is departed, a child, an infant, in whom you could place no certain hope: nothing then is lost but a little time. We are too apt to seek occasions of sorrow, and unjustly to complain of Fortune; as if she would not give us, at some time or other, just causes of complaint. Truly I thought your mind strong enough

enough to support real afflictions, and consequently would despise such shadows of evil, at which men grieve merely for custom sake (*a*). Had you even lost a friend, (which surely is the greatest of all losses) you ought rather to rejoice in having had such a friend, than to mourn for having lost him. But few, alas! take any account of what courtesies they have received, or what favours they have formerly enjoyed. This evil then, among many other, attends upon sorrow; it is not only superfluous, but ungrateful.

And is it then all in vain, that you once had a friend? Is it nothing that you lived so many years in strict amity; and a social communication of improvements in study? Hast thou buried friendship too with thy friend? Or, if he was not serviceable to you, while living, why should you grieve at having lost him? Believe me, great part of those whom we loved, though chance hath taken them from us, still remains with us. The time passed is all our own; nor can any thing be more safe and surely ours, than what hath been. But we are indeed ungrateful for what is past, through the hopes of what is to come; as if this too, were we to succeed herein, would not soon come under the same predicament. He sets too narrow bounds on the enjoyment of life, who only rejoiceth in the present. Both the things that are to come, and the things that are past have their endearments; the former from expectation, the latter from memory: but those are still depending, and may not happen, whereas these cannot but have been. What madness is it therefore to forego that which is most certain! Let us acquiesce in those things which we have tasted; unless we entrusted them to so leaky a bosom as transmits every thing that it receives.

There are innumerable instances of those who have lost their young children without a tear: who returned from the funeral rites to the senate-house, or some public office, and were taken up with their proper regards; and that wisely too: for, 1st, it is in vain to grieve where grief can do no good: 2dly, it is unjust to complain of that happening to one, which happens unto all; and, lastly, it is a folly to lament and mourn, when there is so little difference between the person lost and

the friend that loseth him. We ought therefore to be of a more equal and steady mind, because we must certainly follow those we have lost.

Consider the celerity of most rapid Time: think on the short race we so swiftly run: observe the whole assembly of mankind, all going the same way; and separated by the shortest intervals, however long they seem. He whom we thought dead, is only gone before us: what then can be greater folly, than to bewail him who hath just stepped before you, when you yourself are travelling the same road? It is ridiculous to mourn, that an accident hath happened, which a man could not but know must one day happen: or, he must be very ignorant indeed, and impose upon himself, who knows not that man carries the seeds of death about him. It is to mourn a thing, which he allows could not be otherwise than as it is. Whoever complains at the death of any one, complains of his having been born. The same conditions bind all men. Every one that is born must die. We are distinguished I say by small intervals, but are all equal in death. The space between our first and our last day is various and uncertain: if you consider the *troubles* of life; even the life of a boy is long: if the *velocity* of it, the life of an old man is short. There is nothing that is not uncertain, deceitful, and variable as the weather. All things are tossed to and fro, and are transferable to their contraries, at the command of fortune. And in such a rotation of human affairs, there is nothing certain, I say, but death: and yet all men complain of that in which alone no one is deceived.

But *he died a child!* Perhaps it may be the better for him. But I am not as yet speaking of an early death. Let us consider the old man; and how little hath he exceeded the infant! Set before your view the ample round of Time; reflect upon the ages past and to come; and then compare with Time's immensity the space we call *the age of man*, so shall you see how little a thing it is that we so earnestly covet, and would fain extend. Consider likewise how much of this little is taken up with tears, with troubles, with the wishing for death before it comes: how much is tortured with a bad state of health, and with fear;
how

how many years are spent in childhood, in ignorance, and unprofitable studies! almost half of it is lost in sleep. Add hereunto labour, sorrows, perils, and the like; and you will find that in the longest life, little of it can properly be called *living*. And who will not grant it better, *soon* to return from whence we came, and to end our journey without fatigue?

Life in itself is neither good nor evil; though both good and evil dwell therein; so that your child hath lost nothing but the chance of falling into evil. He might indeed have proved decent and prudent; he might possibly, under your inspection, have been formed to good; yet, (what is more justly to be feared) notwithstanding all your care, he might have proved as bad as many other. Behold those young rakes, whom, though born of a noble family, luxury and intemperance have reduced to the constitution of a prize-fighter! Look upon those, who contaminate themselves with abominable lusts for hire! who scarce pass a day without being drunk, or committing some flagitious crime; and you will think it evident that more was to be feared than hoped for. You ought not therefore to provoke sorrow; and, by repining at small inconveniencies, accumulate real grief.

Do I then exhort you to strive and exert yourself? No, my friend, I should be ashamed to have so mean an opinion of you, as to think there was any necessity for summoning all your virtue to your aid in so trifling an affair. This is no cause of grief, it is only a slight sting, which you yourself have made painful. Philosophy *truly* hath been of great service to you, if you strenuously bewail the loss of a child, who was better known to his nurse than to his father!

But do I then recommend a flinty heart? would I have you look up cheerfully at the funeral of your son? nor suffer your mind to shrink at so great a loss? No; this would be inhumanity, not virtue, to behold the dead, with the same delighted eye we do the living, relation; or not to be moved at the first forcible separation in a family. And what if I was to forbid lamentation? There are some things not in our power; tears will flow from the most stubborn eyes; and thus, tears plentifully

shed, often ease the heart. What must we then do?—why, permit them, but force them not. Let them drop as long as they spring from affection; but not so long as custom or imitation may require. Let us not add to our sorrow, nor increase it by the example of others. An ostentation of grief demands more than grief itself. Who is it that indulgeth sorrow, while alone? The deep groan is utterd, to be heard. In private your mourners are calm and easy; but at the sight of any one, they burst into tears (*k*). Then it is they tear the hair, and beat the breast, which they might have done much more freely, when there was no one to forbid them. Then they wish for death themselves; and flounce upon the couch; but let the company depart, and their grief is over.

In this as well as in other excesses, we are wont to follow bad examples; and regard not what best becomes us, but what is customary on the like occasion. We lose sight of nature, and addict ourselves to the fashion of the vulgar; no proper guide in any respect, but in this, of all other, the most inconstant. Do they see any one bearing themselves up against affliction, they call him impious and cruel-hearted; do they see him dejected and overcome with sorrow, while hanging over the deceased, they call him weak and effeminate. We must reduce then all things to the standard of reason; but nothing can be more ridiculous than to make a parade of sorrow; and to seek approbation from a flood of tears; which I consider, with regard to a wise man in two respects, sometimes as issuing forcibly, and sometimes as flowing by permission. I will shew you the difference.

When some mnger strikes us with the disagreeable news of a departed friend; or, when a body is torn from our embrace to be laid on the funeral pile, a natural necessity excites our tears: the spirit of man, being smitten by a sudden impulse, as it shakes the whole frame, so it spareth not the eyes, pressing out and extorting the ever-ready fluid. Such tears as these start involuntarily. There are other, to which we willingly give vent, when put in mind of some dear friend we have lost; and there is indeed something sweet in such an indulgence of sorrow :
when

when we reflect upon their affability, chearful conversation, kind affection, and duteous piety, so that the eyes discharge as it were a flood of joy. These we indulge, and by the other we are overcome.

There is no manner of reason then, that you should either restrain, or pour forth tears, on account of visitors with their compliments of condolance. They flow not, nor cease to flow disgracefully, provided there is no feigning nor affectation in the case. Let them start if they will; it is no more than what may happen to men most moderate and composed. Nay, they have flowed, even whilst reason hath kept up her authority; with such moderation however, that both humanity and dignity were preserved. We may obey nature, I say, herein, and still maintain sedateness and gravity. I have seen those who looked venerable at the funeral of a relation: while in their countenance love sat enthroned; without exhibiting the least ostentation of mourning. There was nothing but what arose from pure affection. Such a decency is there in sorrow, which is always to be observed and kept up by a wise man: and as in other things, so in tears, there is a proper boundary: whereas among the imprudent, as their joy, so their grief, generally knows no bounds.

Receive then such things as necessarily happen with an equal temper. What is there incredible? what is there that is new and strange, in this affair? How many yet daily find employ for the undertakers? How many are the dissections (c)? How many will grieve upon the same account with you? As often then as you think on your deceased child, think him also to have been born a mortal creature; to whom as nothing certain was promised, fortune did not think herself obliged to carry him on to old age, but dismissed him at her pleasure. Speak of him however as often as you please; and celebrate his memory (d) as long as it is agreeable; for no one delights to converse with a sorrowful person, much less with sorrow itself. Do you recollect any witty sayings, any jests which you once heard with pleasure, repeat them often, and constantly affirm, that you doubt not, but he would have fulfilled the hopes your fatherly affection entertained of him. To forget a relation;
to

to bury the memory of him in his grave, to weep most profusely, and yet be sparingly mindful of him, is the part of a ridiculous and inhuman disposition. Thus the birds and beasts love their young, with a strong, and almost outrageous affection for a time; but being lost, or parted from them, all affection is extinguished. This becomes not a wise man. Let him persevere in the remembrance of a departed friend, but cease to mourn.

I can by no means approve of what *Metrodorus* saith;—*esse aliquam cognatam tristitiæ voluptatem; hanc ipsam captendam in ejus modi tempore; there is a certain pleasure allied to grief, which, at such a time, is to be coveted and embraced.* I have subscribed the words of *Metrodorus (f)*, and doubt not the censure you will pass upon them. For, what can be more base, than to affect a pleasure in grief itself? nay, to seek delight in tears and mourning? These are the men who object against us, as being too rigid, and defame our precepts as hard and cruel, in that we affirm, that grief is not to be admitted into the mind, or soon expelled. But which do you think the more incredible, or the more inhuman, for a man not to be sensible of grief at the loss of a friend, or to expect pleasure in the depth of sorrow? What we prescribe is just and right; when affection hath poured forth some tears, and hath, as I may say, eased the eye of its load, the mind is no longer to be given up to sorrow. And what say you? Why, that *there is a pleasure mixed with grief itself*; as when we dry up a boy's tears with a cake, and stop the crying of infants with the milky treat. Nor even when the child is on the funeral pile, or this friend is expiring, will you permit pleasure to cease; but would fain tickle and flatter sorrow itself. But which of the two is more fit and decent; either that sorrow should be removed from the mind; or pleasure admitted thereto? admitted, did I say? nay, it is expected, and sought after even in grief itself.

There is a certain pleasure, saith Metrodorus, allied to sorrow. We (Stoics) indeed might say this; but not you, (an Epicurean). For as you acknowledge but one good, which is pleasure; and but one evil,
3
which

which is pain and sorrow, what affinity can there be between good and evil (*g*)? or if there was, we should now especially find it out; and now see, if ever, whether in grief itself there is any thing pleasing and delightful. Certain remedies there are, which are salutary and of good effect to some parts of the body; but being lothsome, and not very decent, cannot fitly be applied to other parts; and what might prove of service at one time without putting modesty to the blush, may at another time, in case of a wound, be not so fit or decent. Are you not ashamed to think of healing or assuaging grief by the pleasure that is supposed to attend it? It is a wound, that requires the application of a severer remedy. Rather apply this reflection thereto; that no sense of pain can reach the dead; if it can, the person is not dead. Nothing, I say, can hurt him who is no where, who is nothing: if he can be hurt, he is still living. And which do you think the worse, either that he is no more, or that he is still in being? Certainly in that he is no more, no torment can affect him: for what feeling can he have, who is not? nor yet in that he still is; for he hath got over the greatest danger, which is death, by being no more.

This likewise we may urge to one who mourns and repines at the death of a young child. We are all, with respect to the shortness of life, compared with the immense circle of Time, both old and young upon the same level. So small a portion of the many ages past is ours; that we cannot but call it the least imaginable; though however little it be, it is still something. The time we live, I say, is next to nothing; though such is our folly, to enlarge and stretch it out, as a matter of great consequence.

Thus have I wrote to you, not as if you had expected from me so late consolation; for I doubt not but that you have reflected before upon all that you have read; but in order to reprove you for that delay, short as it was, in which you seemed to depart from your usual judgment; and in conclusion exhort you, to buoy up your mind against any stroke of fortune, and prevent by forecast all her darts; not as what may possibly be aimed at you, but as what you certainly will one day feel.

A N N O-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Moris causâ*] al. *amoris* And so the old French translation, *a cause de l'amour, qui est la plus grande playe de toutes.*

(b) *Clarius cum audiuntur, gemunt*] So, *Martial*;

Amisum non stet, cum sola est, Gallia patrem,

Si quis adest, iussæ profluunt lacrymæ.

Thus Gallia mourns; the ever ready tear

Starts from the eye when any friend is near;

But when alone, sad as she was before,

Sorrow subsides, and grief is heard no more. M.

Quam multis vitalia cruantur, (for the improvement, suppose, of the young surgeon.) So *Erasmus*, al. *emuntur*, al. *emittunt*.—*Gruter*. suspects some defect here, but despairs of curing it. *Lipsius* says, he should not have disapproved of *cruantur*, in the sense *Erasmus* received it, (ut possint condiri) if *Seneca* had wrote in *Egypt*, where it was usual to embalm the dead, and not at *Rome*, where there was no such custom. He therefore conjectures—*Quam multi vitam alii emittunt*—but waving all these, says *Gronovius*, *I think the reading according to Erasmus is right*: but he takes it in another sense, not as relating to embalming, but to some violent operation in physic or surgery; as *Seneca* writes elsewhere—*Lacerationes medicorum esse vivis legentium, et totas in viscera manus demittentium. Sen. Consol. ad Marc. 22.* I have taken them in another sense, which I think the words will bear; but after all should chuse the reading of *Lipsius*, because the plainest, *Quam multi vitam alii amittunt; we daily see funeral after funeral.*

(d) Ὁφείλου δὲ τοῖς ἀπονημένοις, ἢ διὰ τῆς ἀγαθῆς μνήμης τιμῇ, κ. τ. λ. *Plutarch. Consol. ad Apoll.* 'Tis the duty we owe a deceased friend to keep him in pious memory. No good man requires hideous groans, but hymns and praises; not grief, but a commendable remembrance. *Fœminis lugere honestum est, viris meminisse. Tacitus.* It is for women to weep and bewail a deceased friend; it better becomes men to keep a respectful memory of him.

(e) Vid. *Aristot. Rhet. i. 11.*—

Fleque meos casus, est quædam, flere, voluptas. Ovid.

Bewail my lot; 'twill give you some relief;

A certain pleasure oft attends on grief.

——— *Tunc flere, et scindere vestes*

Fataque, et injustos rabidis pulsare querelis

Cœlicolas, solamen erat.—Statius, in Priscillam.

It was a consolation, to complain

Of unjust beav'n, and mourn a rabid strain.

Apul. l. 6. inextricabilis periculi mole obruta, lacrymarum etiam extremo solatio carebat. Puer. in Paneg. Theodosii.—Est aliquid calamitatum delinimentum, dedisse lacrymas malis, et pectus laxasse suspiriis. *D. Ambros.* de obitu *Valentiniani*, pascunt frequenter lacrymæ, et mentem allevant, fletus refrigerant pectus, et mœstum solantur affectum.—Est enim piis affectibus quædam etiam flendi voluptas, et plerumque gravis evaporat dolor.

Nam miseris nec flere quidem aut lenire dolorem

Colloquiis impunè licet. Claud. in Rufin, l. 1.

*No harder lot can misery attend,
Than not to weep, or not enjoy a friend.*

But how great is *Shakeſpear* in this reſpect, when he deſcribes *Conſtance lamenting* her princely ſon *Arthur* !

“ Grief fills the room up of my abſent child ;
“ Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
“ Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
“ Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
“ Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
“ Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief——
“ O my dear boy, my Arthur, my fair ſon !
“ My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !
“ My widow’s comfort, and my ſorrow’s cure !”

(*f*) The words are wanted in all the copies but two, which *Eraſmus* ſays he ſaw ; but the letters or characters were ſuch that he could not read or make any ſenſe of them, worth tranſcribing.

(*g*) *For what communion hath righteouſneſs with unrighteouſneſs, and what communion hath light with darkneſs ?* ii. Cor. 6. 14.

EPISTLE C.

On the Writings of Fabian.*

YOU are pleaſed to inform me, *Lucilius*, that you have read with eagernels the books of *Caius Fabian*, which are entitled, *Civilium (a)* of *Politics*, and that they did not answer your expectation ; and then, as if you had forgot you was talking of a *Philosopher*, you cenſure his compoſition. Suppose it to be as you ſay, and that he pours forth his words, unweighed (*b*), there is ſometimes a grace in this manner, and a peculiar excellency in an eaſy flowing ſtyle. For I think there is a great difference between *ruſhing* and *flowing*. So in the works I am ſpeaking of, *Fabian* ſeems not lavishly to waſte his words, but to pour them forth with fluency. He is prolix indeed, but without diſorder and confuſion. This he himſelf confeſſeth and declares, that his ſtyle is by no means affected, or laboured, but ſuch however as might be known to be his. He pretended not to compoſe words, but to reform manners. He wrote not to pleaſe the ear, but to inſtruct the heart.

Besides, in his manner of writing, you have not time to examine particulars, but are smitten at once with the whole: though seldom such things as please at the first stroke will bear retailing, and the being scanned at the fingers ends. It is however of no little consequence to take the eye at first sight; though a diligent examination may possibly find out some things to be carped at, and disputed. If you ask my opinion, I think he is a greater man who hath seized upon our approbation, than one that hath merely deserved it: and I know too that he is more secure, and may more boldly promise his writings perpetuity. A laboured discourse becomes not a philosopher. When will he prove resolute and constant; or when make trial of his abilities, who is timorously concerned for the accuracy of expression?

Fabian was not negligent in his discourse, but sure: you will therefore find nothing in him low and mean: his words though chosen, are not affected; and though brilliant, yet are not unnatural, or inverted, as the manner of some is in this age. Nay, where they are common, not to say vulgar, they have an honest and noble meaning; not forced upon the sentence, but gravely and judiciously introduced. We shall see how little is pared too close; how little is too stiff; and how little wants polishing according to the present taste. When you take a view, I say, of the whole building at once, you will find it nowhere narrow or slight; though I must own there is no variegated marble, nor are the roofs interwoven with curious fretwork (*c*), nor is there a butler's hall; (*d*); or whatever else luxury, not contented with any simple decorations, hath invented and jumbled together in building. It is what is commonly called *a good house* (*e*).

Add this likewise, that all men are not agreed with regard to composition. Some would have the rough style made smoother; and others are so fond of the harsh and rugged, that if by chance they meet with a clause of a smooth and easy cast, they purposely strike it out; or make it break off abruptly, so as not to answer expectation. Read *Cicero*. His style is uniform: he keeps due measure: it is neatly worked up: soft and delicate, without trifling and effeminacy. On the other hand,

the style of *Asinius Pollio* is uneven, ever skipping, and starting, leaving his reader in the lurch, when he least expected it. In a word, every sentence of *Cicero* is complete; but *Pollio* drops us at once; except in a few sentences which are closed exactly in the same manner and form of expression.

Moreover, *Lucilius*, you are pleased to say, that *Fabian* appears to you every where low and groveling; whereas I think he by no means deserves this censure. What you object to, is not low and mean, but easy and pleasing; adapted to the tenor of a calm and composed mind; not rugged or waving, but every where smooth and plain. Though I grant he wants the spirit and fire of an orator, and those points and smart strokes that you require. But view, I say, the whole body, and you will find, if it be not very spruce, it is decent.

But you likewise say, *it wants dignity*. Pray tell me, whom you will prefer to *Fabian*? *Cicero*? who has wrote almost as many books on philosophical subjects as *Fabian*? If you do, I yield. But he is no little man, who is not much less than the greatest. Or, do you prefer to him *Asinius Pollio*? Again I yield: but in answer, beg leave to say, that a man must be allowed excellency, who, in so great a point as eloquence, hath but two before him. Or do you name *Livy*? for he not only wrote dialogues, which might be called philosophical, as well as historical, but several books that professedly treat of philosophy. And to him too I give place. But consider how many he must excel, who is excelled himself but by *three*, and these three the most eloquent.

But still there is something wanting in him. However elate his discourse it is not strong: and though abundantly flowing, it is never violent or rapid; and however pure, not sufficiently clear. You desire, you say, something sharp and severe against vice; something high-spirited and bold against dangers; something proud and haughty against fortune; a strong invective against ambition. You would have luxury reprimanded, lust disgraced, impatience bridled in: *I would have something*, say you, *rhetorically smart, tragically sublime, and something plain*

and familiar as comedy. Would you then have him fit down to so trifling an affair as the study of words? He devoted himself to the greatness of things, and draws eloquence after him as a shadow, being intent on more weighty affairs. I do not pretend to say that every sentence is exactly turned, and closely connected; nor will every word strike and rouse the reader. This I confess; that many periods run on without exhibiting any thing remarkably striking; and sometime will slip away unnoticed; but depend upon it you will every where find some new light; and however long he detains you, you will not think him tedious.

Lastly, he hath this further excellency; that he will convince you he wrote as he thought, and believed himself what he affirmed; you will find that his chief intent was, to let you know what pleased *him*, not what might please and flatter *you*. All that he says leads to perfection, and a good understanding. He seeks not applause. And such I may venture to say are his writings; though I trust more herein to my memory, than to reading what I have by me; and the chief tenor of it remains with me; not from any late conversation particularly, but summarily, as is usual, from an old acquaintance. When I had the pleasure of hearing him, such at least seemed his discourse, if not swelling it was full, and such as was proper to incite the minds of well-disposed youth, and allure them to walk in his steps; not without hopes of bringing them to perfection. And this I take to be the most effectual method of instruction. For a master rather frightens his pupils, who hath only inspired them with a desire of imitation, but gave them no hopes of success. In short, *Fabian* perhaps might abound in words, and is not to be commended for every particular; yet upon the whole he is very magnificent.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

• Caius Fabianus Papinius, an eloquent *Roman* orator, mentioned by *Pliny*, 36. 15.

(a) *Civilium*] *al.* artium civilium, *al.* artium et vilium. *al.* artium culium. *al.* archinilium. From which *Lipsius* suspects some Greek word, *ἐπιτιῶν φυσικῶν*, as it is cited under this title by *Cbarisius*, *Causarum naturalium*, of *natural causes*.

(b) Et effundi verba, non fingi] *al.* figi.---*inf.* non effundere, sed fundere. *Pincian*, non fundere sed effundere---because it follows, *adèd larga est*; and soon after, *nec torrens, quamvis effusa sit*.---From these expressions, *non effundere sed fundere*.---Electa verba, sed non captata,---nec contra naturam suam posita, splendida tamen.---Nec depressa, sed plana,---effusa sed non rapida, &c. One would think that *Sir John Denham* had this Epistle in view, when he wrote those celebrated lines, wishing his style to flow, as it certainly does, like the river he is describing.

Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;

Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.

(c) Nec concisura laquearium cubiculis interfluentium. *Lips.* Elect. i. 15. *al.* nec concisura aquarum a cuniculis---*al.* a cubiculis---*Erasmus* only leaves out the preposition. If so, the luxury here pointed at, is their having small reservoirs of water under the table in their summer-houses, wherein you may see the fish playing, suppose like our *gold fish*.

(d) Nec pauperis cella] *Erasmus* will not allow *pauperis* to be the genuine word; but he offers no other. *Muret.* thinks the same, and leaves, as he found it. But *Oppopæus* affirms the common reading to be right from the like expression in Ep. 18. *Nec pauperis cellas, et quicquid aliud est, per quod luxuria divitiarum tædio ludit.* So *Sen. Rhetor.* Ex cella migrabit in cubiculum dominæ suæ. *Controv.* vi. 7. The meaning then is, in carrying on the metaphor, that it was not so grand a house, as to have peculiar offices, or halls, for the servants.

(e) Quod dici solet, domus recta est.] *al.* testa. Recta domus a Seneca dicitur, quæ nimio luxu corrupta non est, neque laquearibus et marmoribus pellucet, neque eleganti tectorio, aut lacunari perpolita est: sed laudabilem quandam mediocritatem ostendit. *Turneb.* Adv. l. 26. c. 12. Sic *rectus* apparatus, Ep. 111. *recto* vivere, Ep. 123. *Hor.* S. l. 2. de parabili suo venere, *candida rectaque* sit. *Plin.* Ep. 9. 26. Dixi de quodam oratore seculi nostri *recto* quidem et sano, sed parum grandi, et ornato, ut opinor, aptè; nihil peccat, nisi quod nihil peccat. In my opinion *I judged right of a certain orator of our times, who is just and exact, but not elevated and graceful, when I declared, he has but one error, he never errs.* Orrery.

EPISTLE CI.

Reflections on the Uncertainty of human Affairs; occasioned by the Death of Cornelius Senecio.

EVERY day, every hour, *Lucilius*, certifies us that we are nothing; and, by some new argument, admonisheth us, while forgetful of our frailty; and then sets us upon thinking on death and eternity. Would you know what I mean by this preface, I will tell you.

You knew *Cornelius Senecio*, a Roman knight, eminent and courteous, who had raised himself from a small beginning to an ample fortune; and was now in a fair way to be what he pleased. For dignity is more easily advanced, than raised at first. Money also meets with many difficulties and impediments ere it can reach the poor man (*a*). *Senecio* as he aspired to wealth, took the two most effectual methods to obtain it; being industrious to get, and prudent to save; either of which are sufficient to enrich a man. This good man wonderfully frugal, and as careful of his constitution as of his estate, after a visit to me, as usual, in the morning, went and sat the whole day by a friend who lay desperately sick; and in the evening, having made a chearful supper, was seized with a violent disorder, the quinsy, which strangled him, and narrow as the passage was, set his soul at liberty.

And so within a few hours after having performed all the duties of a sound and able man, he died; even he, who was transacting money-affairs both by sea and land; who applying himself to public business, left no kind of profit unpursued, in the very height of his success, and when money came pouring in from every quarter, was unhappily snatched away.—

Infere nunc, melibæ, pyros; pone ordine vites. Virg.E. l. 74.

Now graft your trees, my friend, and prune your vines.

How

How ridiculous is it to promise ourselves a long life, when we are not certain of to-morrow? O! what folly is it, to stretch out and enlarge our distant hopes! saying, *I will buy; I will build (b); I will give credit; I will call in my debts; I will sue for honours; and when I have had enough of public business, I will retire, and indulge my weary age, in repose and quiet.* Believe me, all things are doubtful and uncertain, even to the most happy. No one ought to promise himself any thing that is to come. Nay, sometimes what we have got, slips through our hands (c), and casualty cuts the cord that was our surest hold.

Time rolls on indeed by a stated law, and makes many revolutions by a determined ordinance; but it is dark and obscure to us. And when a thing is certain to nature, but uncertain to me, what am I the better for it? We propose long voyages and a tour through many distant nations, and after that to return to our own country: or, we design ourselves for the field, and dream on the slow-coming rewards of the laborious camp (d), gradual commissions, and the passing through many posts of honour, 'till we reach the highest: while in the mean time death is waiting at our elbow, which, because it is seldom thought on, but when happening to another, we are now and then to be reminded of mortality by such examples; notwithstanding they stick by us no longer than while we are wondering at them.

But what can be more absurd than to wonder at such a thing happening to-day, which might happen every day? Our life is limited by the inexorable necessity of fate, though none of us know how near we are to our end. Let us therefore so dispose our minds, as if this day were to be our last. Let us defer nothing. Let us daily make even with life. The greatest and most common default in life is that it is imperfect; and yet amendment is still put off from one day to another. He that daily sets his last hand to the duties of life, stands in no need of further time.

But

But from this indigence, this want of time, ariseth fear; and an earnest desire of longer life still preys upon the mind. Whereas nothing can be more miserable than to live in continual doubt of what may happen (*e*). The mind that is continually reflecting upon how great, or what, our future fortune may be, is racked with inexplicable fear. By what method then shall we avoid this perplexity? Why by this only, *if our life be not prolonged in fancy, but stands collected in itself*. For he can have no dependence on the time to come, who makes not a good use of the present. But when I have once discharged the debt I owe myself, the mind becomes easy, and assuredly knows that there is little or no difference between a day and an age: and then, as from on high, looks down with contempt on the days or things to come; and with great complacency reflects on the course of time.

For why should the variety of accidents, or the inconstancy of fortune, give him any disturbance, who is constant and fixed against all contingencies? Therefore, my *Lucilius*, make haste to live; and think every day a life. He that forms himself upon this plan, and who hath looked upon every day as his whole life, is always secure. They who live upon distant hopes not only lose the time present, but undergo the anxiety of desire, and the miserable apprehension of death, which makes every thing miserable. Hence sprung that ridiculous wish of *Mecænas*, wherein he is contented to be weak, deformed, or to suffer the most acute pains that life can suffer, provided it were prolonged amidst these evils;

Debilem facito manu;
 Debilem pede, coxa;
 Tuber adstrue gibberum;
 Lubricos quate dentes;
 Vita dum superest, bene est:
 Hanc mihi, vel acutam,
 Si das, sustineo crucem.

Did

*Did Nature me unkindly treat;
 Distorted both my hands and feet;
 A bump unnatural on my back;
 My loosen'd teeth of jetty black;
 Or was I tortur'd with sharp pain,
 In every muscle, every vein;
 All this, and more, I would endure,
 Of life's enjoyment still secure. M.*

What would have been extreme misery, should it have seized upon him, is here wished for; and a lingering punishment desired, as if it were life. But how contemptible must we think a man, who would wish to live, though he were tied to a gibbet? *Yes, saith he, render me as weak as you please, so long as life remains in my broken and helpless body; disfigure me, provided this monstrous and deformed body may lengthen my life a few days; nay nail me to the cross, and torture me with the sharpest pains, provided I can feel them.* Such a desire has he to enrage his wound, and to hang stretched out on the cross, so long as he can defer that, which is the remedy of all evils, and the end of his punishment; and to have breath, so as to be ever dying, yet not die. Now, what can we wish worse for such a man, than that the Gods would hear his prayer? What could *Mecænas* mean by that his shameful and effeminate poetry? What by such a scandalous covenant with senseless fear? What by such a cowardly begging of life? Do you think *Virgil* ever recited that verse to him—

Usque adeone mori miserum est?

Is it then so hard to die?

He wisheth for the worst of evils; and desires such pains, as are most grievous to be endured, may be prolonged: and what the recompence? a longer life. But what sort of life would this be? only to be long in dying.

Can it be possible there should be found a man, who had rather pine away in torment, die piecemeal, and pour out his soul, as it were, drop by drop, than breathe it out at once? who being brought to the fatal

tree, already weak, deformed, distorted and afflicted with many other infirmities no less mortal than the cross itself, would wish to drag on a life loaded with so many pains? Deny now, if you can, that we owe Nature any thanks for this, among other her benefits, *that we must necessarily die.*

Many however are still ready to make worse covenants than this: they will betray a friend, so that they might preserve their own wretched lives, and prostitute their own children, for the poor benefit of seeing the light; which serves but to disclose their heinous crimes. We must shake off this fond desire of life, and learn that it is of little or no consequence, *when* we suffer, what we must *one day* suffer; that it is of greater moment *to live well*, than to live long; and that oftentimes it is living well, not to live long.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Pecunia circa paupertatem plurimam moram habet, dum ex illa ereptat—*al.* plurimum amorum—which will not admit, I think, of any meaning except it be, that *the money is sweeter, and better loved which is got by a poor man.* Pincian reads it, plurimam molem—no doubt the sense is the same with that in Juv. 3. 164.

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.—

Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie

Plung'd in the depths of helpless poverty. Dryden.

So when *Lampis*, a rich merchant, was asked how he got his vast fortune, he answered, *the greatest part of my wealth I got soon, and with ease, but slowly and with great pains the small part I begun upon.* See *Plut. Mor.* in the dissertation, *Whether aged men are fit for public offices.*

(b) *And he said, This will I do, I will pull down my barns, and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits, and my goods; and I will say to my soul, thou hast much goods, laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose will these things be?* Luke, 12. 20.

(c) Id quoque quod tenetur per manus exit] So. *Curt.* vii. 8. Fortunam tuam pressis manibus tene, lubrica est, nec invita teneri potest. *Having got Fortune in your hands, hold her fast, she is slippery, and not easily detained against her will.*

(d) Ut locupletem aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
Adferat—

*That ev'n the sixtieth year to you may bring
The eagle, and rich ensigns of a King.*

(e) Nihil est miserius dubitatione venientium—*al.* vehementer irruentium—*Pincian.* f. volventium five volutantium, *as it follows*, Quomodo effugiemus hanc volutationem.—Quantum fit quod restat, aut quale collecta mens inexplicabili formidine agitur.—*Pincian.* non collecta, *vel* incollecta.—*Lipfius*, aut quale collectu, mens.—*Gronov.* aut quale coniectantes.—*Seneca* in *Thyeste*,

Anxius sceptrum tenet, et moventes

Cuncta divinat, matuitque casus.

With great anxiety he rules the state,

And all the ills forebodes of adverse fate. M.

(f)

On this great theme kind nature keeps her school;

To teach her sons herself: each night we die,

Each day are born anew: *each day a life*;

And shall we kill each day?—*Young.*

(g) So, *Achilles* to *Ulysses* in *Homer.* Od. λ. 490.

Βυλόμενῃ κ' ἐπακροῦς ἐὼν θητέυμεν ἄλλῳ

Ἀδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ ὃ μὴ εἶστος πολὺς εἶν

Ἦ πᾶσιν νεκύεσσι καταφθιμίνεον ἀνάσσειν.

Rather I chuse laboriously to bear

A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air;

A slave to some poor hind who toils for bread,

Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead. Pope.

And *Euripides* in *Iphigenia*,

Τὸ φῶς τὸ δ' ἀνδρωποισιν ἥδιστον εἰπέν·

Life is sweetest.

Τὰ γάρ τε δ' ἡδεις μαίνεται δ' ὅς ἐυχεται

Θανεῖν· κακῶς ζῆν κρεῖστον ἢ θανεῖν καλῶς.

Below we're nothing; better 'tis to breathe

A wretched life, than lie renown'd in death. M.

Epicurus in *Laertius*—τὸν σόφον καὶ πρῶτόν τε τὰς δόξας, μεθίξεν τῷ εἶν. *The wise man, though he were blind, would still wish to live*; which *Lipfius* supposes *Seneca* to have had in view.

The foregoing lines were thus parodied in a newspaper, *March 14, 1782.*

Aye, tye my hands up if you will,

Pass vote on vote, and bill on bill,

Expose me to the worst disgraces;

Though all my slippery friends grow slack,

And *Charles F.* ride upon my back,

I care not, so I keep my places.

EPISTLE CII.

On Renown after Death; and the Immortality of the Soul.

AS a man seems troublesome who wakes another out of an agreeable dream; for he deprives him of a pleasure, which however false it may be, yet it hath the effect of truth: so your Epistle, *Lucilius*, did me an injury, in that it took me off from a very proper meditation, wherein I was engaged, and should have gone further, had I not been prevented thereby.

I was delighting myself with an enquiry into *the Immortality of the soul*; nay more, with a firm belief of it. For I was easily induced to give credit to the opinions of some great men; though I must own they seemed rather to promise this great truth, than to prove it (*a*). However I gave myself up to this so great hope: I began to disdain myself, and despise the concerns of life; even the remains of my yet unbroken age, being about to launch into that immeasurable time, and take possession of eternity; when I was suddenly awakened by the receipt of your Epistle, and so lost the sweet reverie, which I will try to recover, and redeem, as soon as I have dispatched this my present engagement to you.

You deny, it seems, that I was explicit enough with regard to the whole question in my former Epistle, wherein I endeavoured to prove, what most of our sect (the *Stoics*) agree in, that *the praise wherewith a man is honoured after death, is a real good*. For you say I have not fully answered this objection, *No good can arise from things distant; but praise is distant*. What you require, *Lucilius*, is indeed part of the question, but more properly to be debated in another place; and therefore I not only deferred this, but other things appertaining thereto. For, as you know, there are rational or logical questions intermixed with *moral*, I thought proper to treat only of the latter, as, *whether*

it was foolish and vain to transport our thoughts beyond the grave; whether all good dies with us; and nothing of the man remaineth, who is himself nothing! or whether we can receive any fruits from those things (whatever they be) which we shall be partakers of hereafter, before we actually enjoy them (c)? Now as all these questions relate to *morals*, they are therefore ranged in their proper place. But what logicians object against the foregoing opinion is to be distinguished from these, and therefore is set apart. At your request however I will examine into all that they affirm to the purpose, and then answer their objections. Yet unless I premise a few things, my refutations will not so easily be understood.

Know then that some bodies are continuous (*d*) and uniform, as man; other bodies are compounded, as a ship, an house, and every thing, the different parts whereof are joined, and united in one body: others again consist of things distinct from each other, and whose several members still remain separate, as an army, a people, a senate. For however the individuals, which constitute these bodies, are conjoined, either by law or duty, yet are they, in nature, distinct; and each a several body. Well then, to come to the point.

We suppose, *it cannot be a good, which depends upon things distinct*: for one good must be ruled and governed by one and the same spirit (*e*); there can be but one principal of one good (*f*). This is self-evident; as you will find upon reflection, if you at any time desire a proof of it. In the mean while, we lay down certain positions, whereon to fix the thread of our discourse (*g*).

You say then, that “*nothing can be good, which consists of or depends on things distinct*. Now this praise or *renown*, that we are speaking of, is the favourable opinion of good men. For as fame is not the esteem of one man; nor infamy the malignant report of one; so *renown* consists not in the approbation of one good man (*h*). Many men, famous and excellent in themselves, must agree therein, before it can be called *renown*. This therefore consisting in and depending upon the judgment of divers persons (i. e. such as are distinct) cannot be a good.”

“ *Renown* (it is further said) is *praise of good men given to good men*.
 “ Praise is a speech, and speech is a voice, signifying something; but
 “ mere voice, though it be that of a good man, is not *good*; nor is
 “ every thing that a good man does, alike good; for he sometimes
 “ applauds, and sometimes condemns. But no one can say, that either
 “ his clapping his hands, or hissing, though he may approve and ad-
 “ mire all that is done, is of any more real consequence than if he had
 “ sneezed or coughed; therefore his praise or *renown* is not a good. In
 “ a word tell us, if you please, whether it be the good of the person
 “ who praiseth, or of him who is praised? If you say it belongs to
 “ the latter, it is no less ridiculous than to say, that another man’s
 “ health is mine. But to praise a worthy man is a just action; so that
 “ it is the good of the former, or the person who praiseth, and not of
 “ the person who is praised.” Now this is begging the question; but
 I will cursorily answer the particulars.

First, it is still made a question *whether any good can arise from things*
distinct; and each side of the question hath its party, and reasons to sup-
 port it. Secondly, this praise or *renown* requires not the suffrages of
 many; it may rest satisfied with the judgment of one great and good
 man: for one good man is a competent judge of all other good men.
What then (it is urged) *shall fame be the esteem of one man, and infamy the*
malicious report of one only? *Glory* (say they) *we understand to be more*
widely diffused, as it requires the consent of many (i). But the condition
 is not the same in both cases. Because, if a good man thinks well of
 me, I am as happy therein, as if all men were to think the same. A
 right judgment is the same in all, as in one, and as they judge alike, they
 cannot disagree in their opinions concerning my deserts. Therefore
 what one hath said, imports as much as if they all had spoke, as they
 cannot but think the same thing. But then as to *glory* and *fame*, the
 opinion of one is not sufficient. In the former case, the opinion of one
 would be the opinion of all, because if all were asked it would be the
 same; but in the latter, divers men have divers judgments, and their
 affections also are different. When all things in this world are doubt-
 ful, light, and to be suspected, do you think that all men can be of one
 mind?

mind? The opinion of one man is not always the same. Truth indeed is always pleasing to good men; and the force and colour of truth is always the same. But there are those who delight in, and give their assent to, falsities; and in falsities there can be no constancy, they are ever varying, and discordant.

But *praise* (they say) *is nothing more than voice, and mere voice cannot be a good.* When men say that *renown* is the praise that is given to good men, by such as are good themselves, they allude not to the mere sound of words, but to the sense and meaning. For though a good man should hold his peace, and yet should think any one worthy praise, such a one is praised thereby.

Besides, *praise* is one thing, and *praising* another: this indeed requires the voice. In speaking of a funeral oration we say not (*funeris laus*) *praise*, but (*laudatio*) *praising*: the business whereof consists in elocution. But when we say such a one is worthy praise, we do not promise him the favourable report of men, but their judgment. Therefore praise is the approbation of one who thinks rightly, and who, though he be silent, yet praiseth the good man in his heart. For praise (as I said) is referred to the heart, not to the words, which express the praise conceived, and usher it into public notice. He sufficiently praises a man, who thinks him praiseworthy. When our tragic poet (*k*) saith

Magnificum esse laudari a laudato viro;

'Tis great by the praiseworthy to be prais'd.

And when as antient a poet says

Laus alit artes, *Praise cherisheth the arts (l).*

He does not say *praising* which is a sort of flattery, that rather spoils and corrupts them. For nothing hath done more prejudice to eloquence, and the like arts adapted to the ear, than popular applause. Fame requires the public voice; renown doth not: for it repeats not words, being satisfied with the judgments of men. It is accomplished, not only among those who are silent, but even those who oppose it. I will shew the difference between *renown* and glory. Glory consists in

the judgment of many, but true praise or *renown* in the judgment of good men only.

But whose good, it is asked, is renown, i. e. the praise given to good men, by good men themselves? Is it the good of him that is praised, or of him that praiseth? Of both; it is mine who am praised; forasmuch as nature hath created me a lover and a friend to all mankind: I both rejoice in having done good myself, and in having met with grateful interpreters of such my actions, as tend to virtue. It is indeed the good of many in that they are grateful, but it is mine also: for I am of such an happy disposition as to look upon the good of others as my own; especially the good of those to which I have in anywise been instrumental. And it is the good of him that praiseth me, because it is an act of virtue; and every act of virtue is good. But this good he could not have enjoyed, were I not what I am. Therefore worthy praise is the good both of the giver and of the receiver, as the passing a just sentence is the good of the judge, and of the party in whose favour the sentence is given. Or can you doubt but that justice is the good both of the creditor and debtor, in the payment of a debt? Now to praise a worthy man is justice: praise therefore is the common good, both of him that praiseth, and of him that is praised.

And thus, I think, I have sufficiently answered these cavillers. But we ought not designedly to sow subtleties, and draw down philosophy from the extensive throne of her majesty into narrow straights. How much better is it to walk in the plain and direct way, than to pretend to find out bye-paths, 'till we lose ourselves therein, and are constrained to return back again, after much pain and labour? neither indeed are these scholastic disputations any thing more, than the sport of men artfully endeavouring to beguile one another. Say rather how natural it is, and much more commendable in a man to stretch out his mind, as far as it can reach, into immensity.

The soul of man is great, and generous, admitting no other bounds to be set to her, than what are common with God. *First*, she acknowledgeth

ledgeth not any terrestrial city, as *Ephesus*, or *Alexandria*, or if there be any more populous, and whose buildings are more beautiful and of larger extent. No; she claims for her country the universe; the whole convex, wherein are included the lands and the seas; wherein the air expending itself between the earth and the heavens, conjoins them both; and wherein are placed the inferior deities, intente to execute their commissions. Nor, *secondly*, does she suffer herself to be confined to any number of years. *All years*, says she, *are mine*. No age is locked up from the penetration of learned men; no time so distant, or dark, that is not pervious to thought.

When the day shall come that will separate this composition, human and divine; I will leave this body here, where I found it, and return to the Gods (*m*); not that I am altogether absent from them even now; though detained from superior happiness, by this heavy earthly clog (*n*). This short stay in mortal life, is but the prelude to a better, and more lasting life above (*o*). As we are detained nine months in our mother's womb, which prepares us not for itself, to dwell always therein, but for that place whereunto we are sent, as soon as we are fit to breathe the vital air, and strong enough to bear the light; so, in that space of time, which reacheth from infancy to old age inclusive, we aspire after another birth as from the womb of Nature; another beginning, another state of things expects us. We cannot as yet reach heaven, 'till duly qualified by this interval.

Look then with an intrepid eye upon that determined happy hour. It is not the last to the soul, if it be to the body. Whatever things are spread around thee, look upon them only as the furniture of an inn. We must leave them and go on. Nature throws us out of the world, as she threw us into it. We can carry nothing away with us, as we brought with us nothing into it (*p*). Nay even great part of that which attended us when we came into the world, must be thrown off. This skin, which Nature threw over us as a veil, must be stripped off: our flesh, and our blood, that so wonderfully circulates through every part of it, must be dispersed; as also the solids, the bones and nerves,

which supported the fluids and weaker parts. This day, which men are apt to dread as their last, is but the birth-day of an eternity (*q*).

Be resigned then, and willingly lay your burthen down. Why do you delay, as if this was the first time that you departed from a body, wherein you were enclosed? Still you hesitate, and are reluctant; and it was not without great pain, and labour your mother was delivered of thee. You sigh and cry; thus didst thou weep (as it is usual) when a little infant *: at such a time excusable indeed, when you came into the world a mere novice, ignorant of every thing, and when taken out of a warm and soft bed, a freer air blew fresh upon you; and when you was as yet so tender as not to bear the touch of the hard hand, and so great a stranger as to be amazed at every thing you saw around, and knew them not. But now, it can be no new thing to you, to be separated from that, which was a part of you before: throw off then willingly this superfluous part; and patiently quit the body, which you have so long inhabited: why are you so sorrowful? was it to be torn in pieces, or drowned, or burned, there is nothing in all this but what is common.

The cawl, or covering of new-born infants soon wasteth away and perisheth: so will those worldly goods with which you are so enamoured: they are but the outward coverings wherein you are enwrapped. The day will come that shall unfold them and give you liberty, delivering you from this filthy apartment wherein you are now quartered. Even now desert it as much as possible, and soar aloft; estrang'd even from those things, which seem most necessary and dear to you. Meditate something more noble and sublime (*r*); that blessed day, suppose, when the mysteries of Nature shall be revealed to you; this darkness be dispersed; and the light shall break in upon you on every side. Imagine with yourself how great that brightness is, where so many stars intermingle their glorious beams; a light so serene and clear, that not the least shadow of darkness shall rest upon it (*s*); all heaven shines out with equal splendor; day and night have their turns only on this earthly globe, and the airy regions round about.

You will then say, you lived in darkness before: when you shall behold the full glories of that light, which now thou seest dimly (*t*), through the narrow circles of the eyes, and yet at so great a distance as to fill the mind with admiration and astonishment. How then will it amaze you, when, I say, you shall behold that divine light in its full spread of glory in heaven? Such a reflection as this cannot but raise the mind above every mean thought, and deter us from every vile and cruel practice. It informs us the Gods are witnesses of all our actions: (*u*) it commands us, to make ourselves acceptable to them; to prepare ourselves for communion with them; and have always eternity in view; (*x*) which whoever hath any conception of, he dreads no enemies; he hears the trumpet's sound undismayed; nor can all the threats in the world terrify his manly soul: for why should he be afraid of any thing (*y*)? What can deter him from the punctual discharge of every duty, who dies in this hope? When even the man, who thinks that the soul subsists no longer than while it is imprisoned in the body, and at its departure hence is entirely dissipated and dissolved, yet ceaseth not to endeavour to make himself useful, and to live in some measure after death? For though he be taken from our sight (*z*), yet

Multa viri virtus animo multusque recurfat

Gentis honos.—Virg. iv. 3.

The hero's valour, acts, and birth, occur

To the attentive mind——

Think how profitable good examples are; and you will find, that the remembrance of great personages is no less serviceable, and useful, than their presence.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* I know not where *Seneca*, in all his writings, has a better claim to the title given him, by Pope *Linus*, *Augustin*, and others of *almost a Christian*, than in this excellent epistle.

(a) *Seneca* (as Dr. *Leland* observes) seems to have been strangely unsettled in his notions with regard to the immortality of the soul, and a future state. Sometimes however he speaks in a clear and noble manner of the happiness of souls after death, when freed from the incumbrance of the body, and received into the place or region of departed souls. *Consol. al. Ep. 6. c. 28. ad Marc. c. 25.* See also *Epp. 63. 76.* And in this epistle it cannot but be acknowledged that he has some sublime thoughts on this subject. See *Lips. Physiol. iii. 11.*

(b) As *Solomon* saith, *I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous to me; for all is vanity and vexation of spirit.* *Eccles. ii. 17.*

(c) An ex eo, quodcunque erit, sensuri sumus aliquid fructus antequam percepi possit. *al. antequam aliquis fructus percipi, aut peti possit. al. an ex eo quod cum erit sensuri non sumus antequam—Pincian. an ex eo, quod cum erit sensuri non sumus, aliquis fructus, percipi possit, i. e. whether any profit can accrue to us, from that, be it what it will, which we shall not be sensible of. Gruter. antequam sit, aliquis—i. e. whether we can receive any profit from a posthumous fame, which when we shall have, we shall not be sensible of, being dead, before such fame can be. Gronovius only omits the particle quam, and understands it thus, whether such things as shall be said of us when we are not sensible of them, being thought upon while we are here, can be of any service to us.—Lipfius reads it, quod tum erit, aut equando aliquid fructus, i. e. immediately, or after (what has since been called) purgatory.*

(d) So *Plutarch* (in præcept. connub. 31.) Τῶν σωμάτων φιλόσοφοι τὰ μὲν ἐκ διεσάτων λέγουσι ὄναι, κ. τ. λ. *Philosophers assert that of bodies which consist of several parts, some are composed of parts distinct and separate as a fleet, an army: others of contiguous parts as a house, as a ship; and others of parts united at the first conception, equally partaking of life and motion, and growing together as are the bodies of all living creatures. Vid. Sen. Nat. Qu. ii. 2.*

(e) Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; for by one spirit are we baptized into one body. *i. Cor. 4. 13.* I beseech you, saith St. Paul, that ye walk worthy the vocation wherewith ye are called—endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace: there is one God, and one Spirit, even as ye are called, in one hope of your calling. One God, and father of us all. *Ephes. iv. 1. 6.*

(f) Τὸ ἡγημονικόν.

(g) Quo nostra tela nitatur. *Muret.* Cui nostra tela innitatur. Sentit enim assumendum aliquid per se notum, ad futuram argumentationis; quemadmodum tela subternitur stamen. *Erasm. al. in nostra tela mittuntur.* From whence *Pincian* reads it, quia in nos tela mittuntur, in this sense, which, I think, is not to be rejected, *In the mean while we must give you the objections that are thrown out against us.*

(h) *Sidon. Carm. 24.* Hic si te probat, omnibus placebis.

(i) *Philo Judæus*, on the words, *Evigilavit Noë, ὁ δὲ σοφὸς οὐκ ἐπιδόξος, ἀλλὰ ἐυκλεής, κ. τ. λ.* The wise man is not glorious, but renowned, and enjoys praise, not adulterated by flattery, but established in truth.

(k) *Lipfius* gives this verse to *Nævius*, who in Cicero (*Ep. Fam. xv. 6.*) Lætus sum laudari me (inquit Hector) abs te, pater, laudato viro. See the *Spectator*, No. 108.

(l) So, *Erasmus. al. Laus alterius. al. laus a literis.* From Cicero. Honor alit artes,—and *Ovid*, Laudataque virtus crescit, The more 'tis prais'd, the more will virtue thrive.

(m) *Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it.* Eccles. xii. 7.—iii. 20. 21.

(n) *We are always confident, knowing that while we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord; (for we walk by faith, not by sight) we are confident I say, and willing to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord; wherefore we labour, that whether present, or absent, we may be accepted of him.* ii. Cor. v. 6—9. See Ep. 65.

(o) Some notion and belief of the immortality of the soul and a future state obtained among mankind from the most antient time, and spread generally among the nations: not originally as the mere effect of human wisdom and reasoning, but as derived by a most antient tradition from the earliest ages, and probably made a part of the primitive religion, communicated by divine revelation to the first parents of the human race. The belief of it was countenanced and encouraged by the wisest legislators; but was much weakened by the disputes of the philosophers; and the general corruption of manners: from whence is justly inferred *the necessity of a divine revelation*, to assure mankind of the truth of this important article. Ita quicquid est istud quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vivit, quod viget, cæleste ac divinum est, ob eamque rem æternum sit necesse est. *Whatever thing is in us, which perceives, which understands, which lives, which has a force and vigour of its own, is celestial and divine; and for that reason must necessarily be eternal.* See N. q.

(p) *Be not then afraid, when one is made rich, when the glory of his house is increased; for when he dieth, he shall carry nothing away with him; his glory shall not descend after him.* Ps. xlix. 16. *Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return.* Job. 1. 21. *For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.* i. Tim. 6. 7.

(q) Dies iste quem tanquam extremum reformidas æterni natalis est. I have observed in N. o, that the belief of the immortality of the soul was much weakened by the disputes of the philosophers; when they who professed to believe it, often spoke of it with great doubt and uncertainty, or argued for it upon insufficient grounds. Thus *Seneca*, notwithstanding the clear and sublime sentence before us, yet in this very Epistle represents it as a kind of pleasing dream, and as an opinion embraced by great men, very agreeable indeed, but which they *promised rather than proved.* See also Epp. 69. 76. *Lips.* Physiol. iii. 11. *Leland*, vol. ii. p. 3. c. 3.

* *I myself am a mortal man, like to all, and the offspring of him that was first made of the earth.—And when I was born, I drew in the common air and fell upon the earth, which is of like nature; and the first voice that I uttered was crying, as all others do; I was nursed in swaddling clothes, and that with cares. For there is no king that had any other beginning of birth.* Wisd. viii. 1—5.

(r) Aliquid altius sublimiusque meditare] *Set your affections on things above.* Col. 3. 2. See Epp. 58. 65.

(s) So St. *John*, speaking of the new *Jerusalem*, *And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it: and the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory into it: and the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there.* Rev. 21. 23. 25.

(t) *For now we shall see as through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.* i. Cor. 13. 12. See Epp. 79. 93.

(u) The almighty Agent that created the universe must necessarily know all things that are, and all the powers and faculties of them, and consequently all that they can or ever will produce. He must thoroughly comprehend what is best and properest in every one of the infinitely possible cases, and methods of disposing things; how to order and direct the respective means, to bring about what is best and fittest to be done; and this is what we call *infinite knowledge*, or *omniscience*.

— What can 'scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
Omniscient ? Milton, x. 5.

(x) *Set your affections on things above.* Col. 3. 2. See Ep. 79. 93. *Ye were some time darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord : walk as the children of light ; proving what is acceptable to the Lord : and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.* Ephes. v. 8. 11. *I beseech you, brethren, for the mercies of the Lord, that you preserve your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service ; and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is the good, and acceptable and perfect will of God.* Rom. xii. 1. 2.

(y) *Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear. Fear him which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell.* Luk. 12. 5. Matth. 10. 28.

(z) *In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery ; and their going from us to be utter destruction ; but they are in peace. For though they be perished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality.* Wisd. iii. 2.

EPISTLE CIII. *

The Duty of Man, with regard to Caution, and a Knowledge of the World.

WHY, *Lucilius*, with fear and trembling, do you regard those things, that may possibly happen, and perhaps may never happen ; I mean, fire, the fall of a house, and the like casualties, which are incident to us, but await us not ? Rather inspect, and avoid, if possible, such things as lie upon the catch, and seize us unawares. Casualties are rare, though sometimes grievous indeed ; such as shipwreck, or the being overturned in a chariot : but man is every day in danger from man his fellow-creature (*a*). Be prepared against this, and contemplate with open eyes ; for no evil is more frequent, none more pertinacious, none more soothing : the tempest lours before it riseth ; our houses crack before they fall ; and smoke bewrays the kindling flame. But destruction from man comes on a sudden, and is the more closely and diligently concealed, the nearer it approacheth. You will be deceived,

ceived, if you trust to the countenances of all you meet: some have the appearance indeed of men, but the hearts of wild beasts (*b*). Except that the onset of these is more violent, and pernicious, being made without distinction on the first they meet, whom nature suffers them not to pass by: for 'tis necessity alone that sets them upon doing mischief. They are compelled to fight, either through hunger or fear: whereas man, unprovoked, takes a pleasure in destroying man.

But at the same time that you reflect upon what danger is to be expected from man, think also upon what is *the duty of man*. Consider the former to avoid being hurt, and the latter that you may do no hurt. Rejoice at the success of every one, and be grieved at their misfortunes: ever mindful of what you ought to do, and what to leave undone (*c*). And what will be the consequence of living in this manner? Why, it will not indeed certainly prevent you from being injured, but it will certainly prevent you from being deceived. Make your retreat however as soon as possible into the courts of Philosophy. She will protect you in her bosom. In her sanctuary you will be safe; at least much safer than at present. Men jostle one another, only when walking together; and as to philosophy, pride not yourself thereon: many have suffered from their insolent and disdainful behaviour in this respect. Let it expel your own vices, and not upbraid those of other men. Nor be singularly averse to the manners and fashions of the public (*d*); nor so act as to seem to condemn every thing but what comes from yourself. A man may be wise without such pomp and shew as to raise jealousy and envy in others.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* Some have thought this epistle nothing more than an appendix to the foregoing: but *Lipsius* approves not of this opinion.

(*) *Homo homini lupus.* *Plaut.* *Anacharsis*, the *Scythian*, being asked, τί ἐστὶ τὸ πολεμιον ἀνθρώπου, what is hostile to man? answered, Αὐτὸς εαυτοῖς, man himself.

(*b*) As *David* saith, they gather themselves together, they hide themselves and mark my steps, when they lay wait for my soul. *Pf.* 56. 6. My soul is among lions, and I lie even among them that are set on fire, even among the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword. *Pf.* 57. 4. Preserve me, O Lord, from the violent man; who imagine mischief in their hearts; they have

have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adders poison is under their lips. Pf. 140. 1. *There is no faithfulness in their mouth; their inward part is very wickedness, their throat is an open sepulchre, they flatter with their tongues.* Pf. 59. *They come to you in sheeps cloathing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.* Matth. vii. 15.

Hominum effigies habent, animos ferarum, nisi quod illarum perniciosior est primus incurfus, quos transire non queunt. *Lipsius* (Elect. l. c. 16.) reads it, *primis*.—*Pincian*. quos transire non querunt. i. e. only the first assault of wild beasts is dangerous and destructive; they return not upon whom they have passed by. *Gronovius*, nisi quod illorum, sc. hominum, i. e. men differ from wild beasts but in this, that their first onset is generally more dangerous and destructive, because it is made on those, who are not upon their guard, and who seek not to avoid them the first time, as they do the attack of wild beasts. Quos transire non quærunt, nempe illi, qui obvius sunt habituri. This defect of a nominative case, he shews to be frequent in his note on *Sen. de ira* l. 2. 12. Mentior nisi adhuc quærit ascendere. *Ovid. Met.* xi. 754. Et si descendere ad ipsum ordine perpetuo quæris. So that according to *Gronovius* we may render it thus; except that the first attack of men is the more pernicious in that we seek not to avoid them. But I have followed *Lipsius*, as I think the reading more plain and natural.

Epiæetus Diff. i. c. 3. observes that some men are like wolves, false, treacherous, hurtful; others like lions, wild, fierce, cruel: and most men like foxes, sly and fraudulent.

Lycurgus, an antient poet, says,

Φῆν πῶς πονηρόν ἐστιν ἀνθρώπων φύσις
 Τὸ συνολοῖ· ἔ γάρ ἄν ποτ' ἐδεδῆν νόμος
 Οἷοι τὶ τῶν ἄλλων διαφέρειν θηρίων
 Ἀνθρώπων, ἐδὲ μικρὸν ἀλλὰ ὀλίγῳ
 Πλεον' ἐστὶ τ' ἄλλα, τῷτο δ' ἐρᾶν θήριον.
*How great the sinfulness of man! the cause
 Of such a vast variety of laws!
 The difference 'tween man and beast; no more,
 Than, that on two legs walks, and this on four.*

(c) He that will love life, and see good days, let him eschew evil, and do good, let him seek peace, and ensue it. Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good? But if you suffer for righteousness sake, happy are ye. i. Pet. 3. 8—17.

It is remarkable that the precepts here given by *Seneca* are the very same with those of *St. Paul* to the Romans, and follow almost in the same order: Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one towards another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men. Rom. xii. 15—18. See also Prov. iii. 7. xx. 22. If. xii. 21. i. Thess. v. 15. Heb. xii. 14. which seems, in some measure, to confirm what I have elsewhere observed, that they were in some sort known to each other.

(d) So in a fragment of *Cicero's*; Philosophiæ quidem præcepta noscenda, vivendum autem civiliter. 'Tis necessary indeed to know the precepts of philosophy, though a man lives in the common way.

(e) He that, &c.

EPISTLE CIV.

On Travelling.

I HAVE fled, *Lucilius*, to my seat at *Nomentum* (*a*): from what, think you? from the city? No; from a fever, that I found creeping upon me, nay that had actually laid hold upon me, as I thought; I therefore ordered my chariot to be got ready immediately, though my wife, *Paulina*, was against my moving. But the physicians assuring me that the symptoms were strong upon me, as my pulse kept not its due motion in the arteries, but was high and irregular, I insisted upon going, and repeated the words of my Lord *Gallio*; who being in *Achaia*, and finding a shivering come upon him, immediately took ship, saying, *it was not a natural disease of the body, but accidental from the bad air of the place.*

This I told my *Paulina*, who always wishes me to take care of my health; and as I know her life is wrapt up in mine, it is for her good I consult my own. And though old age hath hardened and fortified me in many respects, I put it not to the trial: remembering that in this old person of mine there lives a much younger in participation of it, or for whom it is indulged; and therefore, as I cannot require or expect from her that she should love me, if possible, better than she does (*b*); she may well require this from me, that I should love, and take better care of myself than usual. It is reasonable to indulge all just and pure affections: and sometimes, if urgent causes require it, our breath, in honour to, and for the service of our friends, must be retained, and kept in, as it were, with the teeth; because a good man is bound to live, not only so long as it liketh him; but so long as he ought, and can possibly live, for the service of others (*c*).

The man who thinks that his wife or his friend is not of such consequence that he should wish to continue in life for their sakes, and not

rather die when he pleases, is a coxcomb. Let the soul have so much command over herself, when the service of a friend or relation requires it, as not only to be unwilling to depart, but, even when it is upon the wing, to return, if possible, to their assistance. It shews a nobleness of soul, thus to return again, as it were, to life, for the benefit of our relations; as many great men have done.

And this also I think a point of great humanity, for a man more industriously to keep up his old age; (the chief benefit whereof is the more prudent care of a man's self, and a more orderly and manly use of life;) particularly if he knows it can be agreeable, useful, and desirable to those about him. This affair also carries with it no small joy or recompence; for what can be more delightful than for a man to be so dear to his wife, as to make him more dear to himself? My *Paulina* therefore may think herself obliged not only to *her* fear and concern, but to mine also.—But to return :

Would you know what success my determination of going into the country met with? No sooner had I got out of the foggy air of the city, (and the stink of the smoke from so many kitchen fires, which being stirred send forth whatever poisonous vapours were contained therein, so as almost to choak us,) than I found an alteration for the better: how much more then must you think my health restored, when I reached my delightful vineyards (*d*)? As let loose into good pasture, I rushed upon my food with an eager appetite; and am perfectly recovered: the listlessness that attends a weak and crazy constitution is gone off; and my whole mind is again intent upon study.

The place however that a man is in, contributes very little to the study of philosophy, unless the mind assists itself; which can even give itself privacy in the midst of business and company. But he that chuseth his country-seat, only by way of idle retirement, will every where find enough to perplex and disturb him. For it is said that *Socrates*, when a person was complaining to him that he had received very little benefit from travelling, made this reply: *I do not wonder at it,*

*it, since you travelled with yourself**. O how happy would many a man be, if they could but throw off themselves! The chief adversaries that trouble, corrupt, and terrify them, are themselves. What avails it to travel over the seas, or to travel from city to city? If you would avoid that which most torments you, it is not your going to another place that will do it, but your being another man. Suppose you were to come to *Athens* or to *Rhodes*; it is nothing to the purpose what the manners are of the inhabitants, you bring your own thither.

You will think riches the only thing that can make a man happy. Poverty then will be sure to rack you, and (what is most miserable) even false poverty. For though you possess much, yet because another hath more, you will think you want at least as much as that wherein he exceeds you. Or do you think that happiness consists in honours? How will it torment you to see such a one made *Consul*; and much more to see another rechosen! It will sting you to see another's name oftener than your own in the *fasti*, or *public register*. Nay, so blind and mad will be your ambition, that if there is any one before you, you will think no one behind you. You will fancy death to be the greatest of all evils, when it has no other evil in it than to be feared before it comes; not only danger will affright you, but even the suspicion of danger. Vain shadows will scare thee.

For what will it profit you,

——— Evasisse tot urbes

Argolicas, mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostes;

Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,

And left so many Grecian towns behind; Dryden—

when peace itself, instead of comfort shall administer fear? You will give no credit to, nor put your trust in, things most safe and sure; when once the mind is disturbed, and having got an habit of heedless timidity, you are no longer able to provide for your own safety; for you will not shun, but fly from the stroke: and we are always most exposed to danger, when we have turned our backs.

If you think it a most grievous affliction to lose any one you love; know, that this is as ridiculous as to weep, that the leaves of fine sha-

dowing trees that adorn your houses are fallen. Whatever else you delight in, hath its time to flourish, and alike decays (*c.*) Time and Death shake off one thing after another. But as the loss of the leaves is easy to be borne, because they shall one day bud forth again; so likewise is the loss even of those whom you loved, and thought the delight of your life. Because, though they themselves return not again, yet the loss of them may be repaired by associating, suppose, with others. *But these are not the same.* True; neither will *you* be the same. Every day, every hour makes a change in you: but in others the alteration is more visible: here indeed it is not perceivable, because not so public and open: others are snatched away from us, but we steal as it were from ourselves. You will not reflect on these things, nor apply a remedy to these wounds in time; but are continually sowing the seeds of perplexity and trouble, by hoping some things, and despairing of others: If you are wise you will join these two together; and never hope, so as to think you cannot be disappointed; nor so despair, as to leave no room for hope. But to return:

Wherein can travelling be of any service merely as travelling! It will not of itself moderate pleasures, refrain desires, pacify anger, break the untameable power of love, root out any evil habit from the mind, endow it with sound judgment, and dispel error. In short, men that go out fools, will return the same, if not worse; on whom travelling hath no other effect, than for a while to amuse them with some novelty; as children are apt to admire every thing which they never saw before. And as to inconstancy of mind, this roving from place to place rather encreases it, which was bad enough before; and renders it more light and wavering. Hence you often see men passing from a place, at which they before most earnestly desired to arrive; and like birds of passage flock away faster than they came.

But travel, you will say, furnishes a man with the knowledge of nations; shews him mountains of different forms, desert plains, valleys watered with everlasting rills; rivers of an extraordinary nature, full worthy observation; as the *Nile* in *Egypt*, which flows highest in the summer

Summer season; or the *Tigris* in *Asia*, which at certain places is lost, and running far under ground, appears again, in its full magnitude; or the *Meander*, the sportful theme of all the poets, with all its turnings and windings; when, seeming to leave its own channel, it approaches the bed of some neighbouring flood, but before it has joined it, returns back, forming as it were a circle.—It may be so: but how seldom does all this make a traveller the better or a wiser man? We must be employed in study, and converse with such authors as are the masters of wisdom; that we may not only learn such things as have been already found out, but find out other ourselves of the like importance.

This it is that will raise our minds from miserable servitude to a most happy state of liberty. So long as you know not what is to be avoided, and what pursued; what is necessary, what superfluous; and what is just, fit and decent; it will not be travelling, but wandering. Such an excursion will prove but of little advantage to you; since you travel with the same affections attending you, and your vices consequently follow you. Did I say *follow*? I wish they did, or that they were further from you. You do not lead, but carry them. Hence it is that go where you will they weigh you down, and wring you with the same distresses.

Medicine is requisite for a sick man, not a journey. Hath any one broke his leg, or put out his shoulder, he does not enquire after his chariot, or a ship, but looks out for a skilful surgeon, to set the broken bone, or reduce the dislocated joint. Why then should you think a mind, put out of frame, and so miserably shattered, can be cured merely by change of place? No; this is too great an evil to be repaired by an airing.

Travelling, of itself, makes not either a physician, or an orator. No art is to be learned from the place only. How then can wisdom, the chief of all, be picked up in travelling? Believe me, was there any sort of journey that could set a man out of the reach of desire, anger, fear;

fear; all mankind would travel, and flock to the happy place. So long will evils prefs upon and tear you, though wandering both by sea and land, as you carry about you the causes of such evils. Are you surprized then at finding no benefit? How can you find benefit, when those very affections still attend you, which you seek to fly from?—First, amend thyself; throw off your burthen: at least reduce your fond desires within moderate bounds; root out all wickedness from thine heart; and if you would have a pleasant journey, heal your inseparable companion, Avarice will certainly not leave you, so long as you cohabit with an avaritious and sordid temper: pride will not forsake you, so long as you converse with one that is proud; nor will you lay aside cruelty, while accompanied by an executioner; as fellowship with adulterers will blow up the lustful flame. If you would be free from vice, depart as far as possible from all vicious examples.

The covetous, the debauchée, the cruel, the knavish, (enemies that will certainly wound you grievously, whenever they make their attack) are even now much nearer than you imagine, they are within thee. Address yourself therefore to better examples (*f*). Live with the *Cato's*, with *Lælius*, with *Tubero*; or if you chuse to converse with *Greeks*, live with *Socrates* or *Zeno*; the one will teach you how to die when necessity requires it; the other, before necessity compels you (*g*): or live with *Chrysippus*, or *Posidonius*; these will instruct you in affairs both human and divine. These will command you to put this knowledge in practice, and not only to talk elegantly, and with a delicate flow of words please the ears of an audience, but strengthen the mind, and fortify it against the frowns of the world. For the only quiet haven in this fluctuating and stormy life, is, for a man to contemn casualties, to stand resolutely fixed, to receive the arrows of fortune with an open breast, and not cowardly to hide himself, or turn his back.

Nature hath formed us great, and valiant. And as to some animals she hath given a fierce and cruel disposition; and to other, subtlety and cunning; and to other, cautious timidity; so hath she given to man a
glorious

glorious and lofty spirit, that puts him upon searching where he may live most justly and decently, not where most safely; resembling the great world; which he follows, and emulates, as far as human ability will permit. He displays himself at all times; he offers himself as in a theatre, to be gazed at and applauded (*b*). He is lord of all, and above all, earthly things; and therefore he scorns to yield to any incident tamely; or to think it too heavy for him to bear; nor can any thing make him stoop, or give up the dignity of man; not even

Terribiles visu formæ, letumque labosque. Virg. 6. 277.

Things dreadful to behold, turmoil and death;

if he can but look on them with a steady eye, and pierce the gloomy darkness that surrounds them. Many things that strike a terror by night, prove trifles, and a mere jest by day; even the before-mentioned

Terribiles visu formæ, letumque, labosque.

Thus excellently wrote our *Virgil*: he does not assert these to be dreadful (*re*) in reality, but (*visu*) in aspect, i. e. (*videri*) to seem (non esse) not to be so in fact. For what is there in these things so terrible as vulgar report makes them? What is there, I pray you, *Lucilius*, that should make a hero dread labour, or a mortal man death?

'Tis true, I often meet with those who think every thing impossible which they cannot do; and complain of our talking big, and requiring more than human nature can do: but I have a better opinion of them than they have of themselves; I think they *can* do what is required, but they *will* not. In short, who hath ever failed in his endeavours? Every thing is found much easier upon trial. Not because they are difficult, we dare not attempt them; but because we dare not attempt them they are so difficult; and if you desire an example, I will give you one.

Look on *Socrates*, the most patient man in the world (*i*), amidst a variety of sufferings, and heavy laden with all manner of affliction; invincible by poverty, which was rendered much more grievous by domestic ills; invincible by the laborious task of the field, while a soldier; as well as by the many evils that exercised him at home;
whether

whether you regard the savage temper, or petulant tongue of his wife; or his intractable children, who took after their mother, without the least spice of the father in them.

Thus was he either engaged in war, or under the dominion of a tyrant; or if at liberty at home, it proved more severe than either war or tyrants. Twenty-seven years (*k*) he bore arms, and no sooner were they laid down but the government became subject to thirty tyrants, most of whom were his professed enemies. At last an accusation is brought against him, of the most heinous crimes, (being indicted of the violation of the religious rites, and the corruption of youth) (*l*), committed against the Gods, the Magistrates, and his Country: and the issue of this was, a prison and poison. All these trials however moved not the firm mind of *Socrates*, so much as to make him change his countenance. This singular, wonderful, and most laudable spirit, did he keep up to the very last; nor could any one say that they ever saw him either more chearful, or more melancholy; such an equal temper did he preserve in all this inequality of fortune.

Would you have another example? Consider the late *Marcus Cato*, whom fortune harrassed, if possible, with more inveterate and stubborn rancour. He opposed her however in all places, and at all times, particularly in death: shewing, that a brave man can either live or die, in spite of fortune. His whole life was spent either in the actual broils of civil war, or in such troublous times as are usual before it breaks out. And therefore you may say, that *Cato* lived in a state of servitude, as well as *Socrates*; unless you think *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, and *Craffius*, were friends to, and confederates in the maintenance of, Liberty. No one ever saw any change in *Cato*, whatever change was in the government: in every station and in all occurrences, he continued still the same; in the prætorship; in a repulse; under an accusation; in the province; in the senate; in the army; in death.

Lastly, in that tottering condition of the commonwealth; when there stood on one side *Cæsar*, supported with ten legions of the bravest
3
veterans;

veterans; and depending on his alliances with many foreign nations: *Pompey* on the other side, alone, and sufficient to withstand the opposition. And while some volunteers followed *Cæsar*, and others *Pompey*; *Cato* alone raised a party for the commonwealth. If you form in your mind a right conception of those times, you will find on the one hand (for *Cæsar*) the busy mob, and plebeians, always fond of novelty, and a change of government; and on the other (for *Pompey*) the Nobles and Knights, or whoever bore office sacred or civil, in the state; while between them, only two were left destitute, the *Commonwealth* and *Cato*. You will be amazed, I say, when you observe

Atridem, Priamumque, et sævum ambobus Achillem,

Atrides, Priam, *and against them both,*

The fierce Achilles—

For he condemns them both; he disarms them both; affirming this to be his determination, If *Cæsar* prevailed, he would die; if *Pompey*, he would depart, self-banished from *Rome*. What now had he to fear, who, whether he conquered, or was conqueror, had decreed to himself *that*, which the most exasperated enemy could but inflict upon him? and accordingly he died by his own decree.

Hence you see, *what fatigue it is possible for man to bear*: *Cato* led his army on foot through the deserts of *Africa*: *that he can endure thirst*; when *Cato*, on the barren and sun-burnt hills, (dragging along the remains of a conquered army, that had no need of any baggage to load them, nor indeed had they any) suffered the want of water, though sweating in armour; and when by chance they met with a small current, he was the last who drank (*m*). Or, *that honours and infamy are to be alike contemned*, when, on the same day that *Cato* was denied the consulship, he diverted himself at tennis (*n*), in the *campus Martius* (*the field of Mars*). Or, *that the power of superiors is not always to be dreaded*. He opposed and provoked at the same time both *Cæsar* and *Pompey*; when no one dared to offend the one, unless it were to ingratiate himself with the other. Or, *that death may as well be despised as banishment*; when he pronounced against himself banishment, and death, and was never disengaged from war. It is possible therefore for

a man to attain such strength of mind, as to bear up against these and the like evils, so that it be free, and not voluntarily submissive to the yoke.

But *first*, for this great purpose, all pleasures must be renounced; they weaken and effeminate the mind; are always importunate, and so mean as to sue to Fortune. *2dly*, Riches are likewise to be contemned; they are the chief instruments of slavery. Gold and silver, and whatever else adorns or loads the houses of the happy great, is to be rejected. Mortifications must be undergone for the attainment of liberty; it is not to be purchased for nothing: if you have any real value for it, you will esteem very thing else but in a low degree (*o*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Where he had a country-seat and vineyard. See Ep. cx. Columella, iii. 3.

(b) Ut me fortius amet—*Pincian*, ut se fortius amet, *because otherwise*, says he, *the sense would be deficient*. I cannot think so.

Seneca argues that because *Paulina* cannot love him, better than she does, he ought in justice to her, to love himself better. Besides, she shewed much greater love for *Seneca* than for herself, when some time after she voluntarily submitted to undergo the same fate with her husband; and accordingly had her veins opened at the same instant that his were; but her death was prevented by an order from *Nero*. See Pref. *Tacit.* annal. 15.

(c) *Lipsius* here refers the reader to *Cicero* (de fin. iii.) Sæpe officium est sapientis, desciscere a vita, cum sit beatissimus, si id opportunè facere possit.—(Which is thus rendered by *Guthrie*)—*It is often the duty of a wise man to leave life, though possessed of perfect happiness, if it is proper for him to do it, which propriety is to be measured by the opportunity he has of living agreeably to nature.* But what says *Seneca*?—Cum bono viro vivendum sit non quamdiu juvat, sed quamdiu oportet.] 'This, I think, is another very remarkable passage against whatever *Seneca* hath elsewhere advanced in favour of suicide. A good man, says he, thinks not his life at his own disposal, but will live; quamdiu oportet; i. e. 'till it please God to call him hence.

(d) Which he took so much delight in as to manage them himself, and even to dig. *Natural Quest.* iii. 7.

(e) Quicquid te delectat, æquè viget, ut videras, dum vireret. Utique aliud alio die casus excutiet. *Lipsius*.—Which he thus explains: *As the trees though stripped of their foliage still live, as much as when they were green and flourishing; so our friends, when absent and invisible to us, are still alive.*—This *Gronovius* absolutely rejects, and insists upon, Quicquid te delectavit ac tenuit, ut videras, dum viderat, ubique aliud—ut i. e. simul, vel simul atque; (ut vidi, ut perii. Virg.) i. e. *Whatever hath delighted, as soon as you have seen it, in its flourishing state, some accident or other will deprive you of it.*—*Pincian*: Æque viret. Vivunt dum virent. Utique alium—much in the same sense that I have translated it.—al. Æquè videt, (al. vide) ut videras,—which it is impossible,

ble, I think, to make sense of.—*Erasmus*, *Æquē viget, dum ut videras, dum viveret. Sentit enim nobis virere quiquid delebat. At delebat etiam memoria rerum bonarum.*—*Tout ce qui te plaisoit, est encore en la meme vigueur, qu' il estoit quand tu le voyois verdier. Vet. Gall.*

(f) Muret. observes that this precept is taken from that when *Zeno* enquired of the oracle what were the means of living most worthily and happily, he received for answer, *ἐὶ συγχρωτίζοντο τοῖς νεκροῖς. By conversing with the dead.* Whereupon he spent the rest of his life in study, and reading antient authors.

(g) *Zeno* was ninety-eight years old, when, coming from the public schools, he struck his foot against a stone, and tripping, fell upon the ground with one hand; whereupon he repeated these words of *Euripides*, *ἐρχομαι τι μὲ δυνῆς; I am coming, why in such haste to call me?* and went home and destroyed himself.—May we not say, notwithstanding the great encomiums bestowed upon him, that he was in his dotage? See Ep. 107. and the Index.

(h) *Laudari et aspici credit.*—*Pincian. gestit.*—*Lipfius* and *Gruter.* quærit. *Gronovius* approves of *credit*, which he thus explains: *He acts as they do, who are animated by the presence of those whom they revere, and study to please. He thinks himself upon a stage, where the eyes of every one are upon him.* So *Cæsar*, (de Gall. l. 3.) reliquum erat certamen positum in virtute, qua nostri milites facile superfunt, atque eo magis, quod in conspectu Cæsaris, atque omnis exercitus res gerebatur.—*The rest of the engagement was carried on with great valour, in which our troops have easily the pre-eminence, and the more so, as the affair was transacted in the sight of Cæsar and the whole army.* Curt. l. 9. Ubi cumque pugnabo, in theatro terrarum orbis esse me credam. *I will behave myself as upon the theatre of the world.*

(i) *Perpessicium* senem; the same word is used in Ep. 53.

(k) And some months. For so long lasted the *Peloponnesian* war.

(l) So in *Tertullian's* Apology. *Lego partem sententiæ Atticæ in Socratem corruptorem adolescentium pronuntiata.* Sen. de Tranquill. c. 15. Cum pueris ludere Seneca non crubescibat. Vid. Sidon. l. 3. Ep. 3.

(m) *Novissimus bibit*] So *Lucan.* 9. 595.

Ultimus hauritor aquæ, cùm tandem fonte reporto

Indiga conater latices potare juvenus,

Stans, dum lixa bibat.

Sparing of sleep still for the rest he wakes,

And at the fountain, last, his thirst he slakes:

When'er by chance some living spring is found,

He stands, and sees the cooling draught go round.

Stays 'till the last and meanest drudge is past,

And 'till his slaves have drunk, disdains to taste. Rowe.

“ Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,

Great and majestic in his griefs like *Cato*?

Heav'ns! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,

He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!

How does he rise against a load of woes,

And thank the Gods that throw the weight upon him!—

Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;

Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,

Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night

On the first friendly bank he throws him down,

Or refts his head upon a rock 'till morn :
 And if the following day he chance to find
 A new repaft, or an untasted fpring,
 Bleffes his ftars, and thinks it luxury. *Cato.*

(*) See Ep. 71.

(*) And let me perifh but in *Cato's* judgment,
 A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
 Is worth a whole eternity of bondage. *Cato.*

EPISTLE CV.

*Certain Precepts, with regard to Happinefs and Security, in the Conduct
 of Life.*

GIVE me leave, *Lucilius*, to point out a few things which, if duly
 obferved, will render your life more fecure, and I am fure you will
 give the fame attention, at leaft to thefe precepts, as if I had directed
 you what to do, in order to preferve your health in the bad air about
Ardea.

Confider what thofe things are, which generally incite and provoke
 men to ruin one another; and you will find them to be, *Hope, Envy,
 Hatred, Fear, Contempt*. Of all thefe *contempt* is fo much the lighteft,
 that many have fkulked beneath it by way of fafeguard (*a*); for whom
 a man contemneth, he may kick at perhaps, but paffeth him by. No
 man hurts a contemptible perfon frowardly, or purpofely. In a battle,
 the man that is prostrate is paffed over; he only is attacked who ftands
 his ground.

You will frustrate the *hope* of the wicked, if you have nothing to
 provoke their greedy and lawlefs appetite; if you have nothing, I fay,
 that is very remarkable: for whatever is extraordinary, however little
 known, is moftly coveted.

And

And thus may you prevent *envy*; if you live without pomp and parade; if you talk not of your wealth and endowments, but can enjoy them with self-complacency.

You will prevent *hatred*, by giving no offence, by provoking no one designedly, or wantonly, and living peaceably with all men, as common sense shall direct you. Many have been in great danger from *hatred*; though some have experienced it without a profest enemy.

Not to be feared, a moderate fortune and mildness of temper will prove the surest means: when men shall know you to be one, when they may in some measure offend with impunity, being easily pacified, and most assuredly reconciled. But *to be feared*, is as dangerous and troublesome at home as abroad; whether it be by servants or children. There is no one but who hath sufficient power, if they please, to hurt you. Add therefore, that he who is *feared*, hath reason also to *fear*. No one who is dreaded can assure himself of security.

Lastly, as to *contempt*, he hath the management of it in his own power, who hath brought it upon himself; who is despised because he regarded it not, rather than because he deserved it. To prevent the inconvenience whereof, let a man study the *liberal sciences*, and procure friendship with those who have an interest with men in power: to whom it will be proper to make application; though not so to involve and engage yourself, as to make the remedy worse than the disease. Yet nothing will be of more service herein, than not to be over-busy and talkative, conversing chiefly with yourself.

There is a certain pleasure in talking, which steals upon a man, and flatters him; and often, like a cup too much, or love, is apt to disclose the secrets of the heart. There is scarce any one but will tell again, what he hath heard, though but seldom the whole of what he heard. And who relates the matter, will likewise declare his author. All men have some one or other, whom they think they can trust with what they themselves have been entrusted. Hence pretending to set a watch
upon

upon their lips, and to be contented with the attention of one only, they make the people privy to all they know (*b*); so that what before was a secret, is made a common report.

The best means however of security is to do no ill. Passionate men lead a confused and troublesome sort of life. They necessarily fear a return of what mischief they do, and are at no time free therefrom. They tremble as soon as they have done it, and are ever after in suspense (*c*). Conscience will not suffer them to rest; and often sets them upon an enquiry into themselves (*d*). He is punished who only expects punishment; and he who hath deserved punishment, expects it. An evil conscience may sometimes think itself safe, but never secure (*e*). For a criminal, though not immediately apprehended, must think himself liable thereto. Even his dreams disturb him: and when he hears the crime mentioned accidentally, his own guilt stares him in the face: he never supposes it sufficiently obliterated, or closely enough concealed from the world. Let the guilty then escape as they will for the present, they can put no confidence therein.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) As *Brutus* (in *Livy*) *Neque in animo suo quidquam regi timendum, neque in fortuna concupiscendum relinquere statuit, contemptuque tutus esse, ubi in jure parum præsidii esset.* He was determined to leave nothing upon his mind that could affect the state, or was subject to the caprice of fortune, choosing to be safe, from contempt, where there was no dependence upon legal right.

(b) Or, being contented to tell his story but to one person, he will make the people that one. Or, *Ut garrulitatem suam custodiat, et contentus sit unius auribus, populum faciet.* He will suppose the people can help their prattling, and be contented with telling their story, each to one person. I know not what else to make of this passage, for I think *Pincian's* reading scarce admissible; *poculum*, instead of *populum*, i. e. A man will prattle to one or more according to what he has drunk.

(c) The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. *Pl. 57. 20.*—The Heathens were sensible of these horrors of conscience as well as Christians. *Dii deique! quam malè est extra legem viventibus! quod semel meruerunt, semper expectant.* *Petron. in Claud. Ruffin. ii.* Good God! how miserable it is to live uninfluenced by law! The punishment which they have deserved they always dread.

Quid demens manifesta negas? en pectus inultæ

Deformant maculæ vitiisque inolevit imago

Nec sese commissa tegunt. *Claud. ii. 504.*

Wouldst thou deny what is so manifest?

Thy guilty stains are openly impress'd,

And every secret vice stands full confess'd. *McLampus, p. 197.*

E P I S T L E C V I.

• *Whether Good be a Body* *.

I HAVE been more tardy, I confess, than usual, *Lucilius*, in not answering your Epistle; not because I was too busily employed: I scorn such an excuse, for I have leisure enough; as every one may have if they please. A man is not always engaged in business; but some create it to themselves: nay, and place great part of their happiness therein. Why then, you will say, did I not answer your request sooner (a)? Why to tell you the truth, it has some connexion with my present purpose; as you know I am determined to comprize the whole of *moral philosophy*, and to explain every question relating thereto. (b) Therefore I was some time in doubt, whether I should put you off for the present, 'till this subject would have its proper place, or in the mean time give you something extraordinary for your satisfaction. But it seemed more kind and humane not to detain one longer, who came so far. Therefore I have selected the following from the series of those questions, which depend upon one another, and will send you some other, of my own accord, to prevent your request. Do you ask what these questions are? Why, truly, such as there is more pleasure and curiosity in knowing, than profit, as in this before us—*Whether Good be a body*.

Now I affirm it to be a *body*; because it acts. *Good* acts upon the mind or soul; and in some measure forms and governs it, which are the properties of *body*. Even the good of the body, is a body, and therefore so is that of the soul: for this likewise is a body. The good of man must necessarily be a body, forasmuch as man is bodily, or hath a body. I am greatly mistaken, if those things which nourish the body, and either preserve or restore health, are not also bodies, and therefore every *good* that is his, is body. I cannot think that you will doubt,

doubt, whether the *affections* (to throw in here another thing not contained in the question) are bodies; such as *anger, love, sorrow*. If you doubt it, consider whether they do not alter our countenances, contract and dilate the brow, raise a blush, or make us look pale. And do you think that such visible marks can be impressed upon the body by what is not a *body* itself? If the *affections* then are body, so are also the diseases of the mind, as *avarice, cruelty, habitual vices*, or such as are grown quite incurable; and also malice, or a wicked heart, with the several species of it, as malignity, envy, pride. As these then are bodies, so is *good*. First, because it is contrary to these; and, secondly, because it exhibits the like signs, and has the same effect. See you not what fierceness fortitude gives the eye? How intent is prudence! how modest and still is reverence and devotion! how serene is joy! how rigorous is severity! how careless and remiss is mirth (*c*)! Therefore they are bodies, I say, which alter the colour and habit of bodies, and exercise dominion over them.

Now all these virtues I have mentioned are good, and whatever proceedeth from them. Can you doubt, whether that, by which a thing is touched, is body?

Tangere enim, et tangi, nisi corpus, nulla potest res.

— now whatso'er does touch,

Or tend to touch, is body, —

as *Lucretius* saith. But all these things could not have such an effect upon the body, did they not touch it; therefore they are bodies.

Further, what hath power of compelling, of forcing, of restraining, of commanding, is body. And doth not fear restrain? boldness impell? fortitude incite, and give vehemence? Does not moderation recall, and curb in? Does not joy elate, and sorrow cast down? In short, whatever we do, we do by command of virtue or vice. And what commands the body, must be a *body*; so likewise what gives strength and force to body, must be *body*. Good of the body is bodily, or hath a body; the good of man is also the good of a body, therefore it hath a body.

Thus far then in answer to your question. And now I will say to myself what I suppose will be your reply: this is mere playing at tables; our subtlety is spent in mere trifles. These things make not a man good, however learned they may make him. Wisdom is more plain and open; nay, more simple. There needs not much learning, to form a good understanding and a sound conscience. But as we waste other things, in vanities and superfluities, so do we philosophy itself. There is excess and intemperance in literature, as well as in other articles. We learn not what belongs to life, but what belongs to the schools.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

* Many opinions of the Stoics, as *Erasmus* observes, were solid and of great moment, (as is manifest from these Epistles) but some remarkably vain and ridiculous. Of the latter sort is the question before us, which *Seneca* touches, as they say, *with a light finger*. From this question however, as from false premises follow false conclusions, they proceed so far as to affirm, that not only virtues and vices, and all the affections of the mind were *bodies*; but that they were *living animals*, and revered as such. Of which folly and absurdity, see more in Ep. 113.

(a) Quare non rescriberem tibi, de quo quærebās] *Muret. al. ei, de quo*—which *Gronovius* abides by, saying he sees no reason why we should not as well say, rescribere rei, as *ad rem*. Sen. Pref. 3 Excerpt.—Illius orationes non legunt, nisi eas quibus *Cestius* rescripserit.

(b) *Lactantius* mentions these books, but alas! they are not extant—an irreparable loss!

(c) What vigour is given to the eye by fortitude? what steadiness by wisdom? What modesty, what stillness, it puts on in the expression of awful respect! How is it brightened by joy! how fixed by severity! how relaxed by mirth! *Webb* on painting, p. 136.

E P I S T L E CVII.

On Patience in all the Accidents of Life.

WHY, *Lucilius*, what is become of your prudence? where is your wonted subtlety of discernment? where thy magnanimity? Can such trifles move thee? Your servants, it seems, took the opportunity while you was busy, to run away. If these your *friends* (for so our *Epicurus*

was pleased to call them) have deceived you, the damage is but small. They are gone, who often interrupted you in your business; and being troublesome to *you*, made *you* so to others. Nothing of this kind is unusual, or not to be expected. It is as ridiculous to be offended and troubled at such an accident, as it would be to complain of being besprinkled, or bespattered with dirt as you walk the streets.

'The condition of life is the same with being in a public bath, in a crowd, or on a journey. Some one will intrude upon us, and accidents will happen. To *live*, a man must not be over-nice or delicate. You are entered upon a long journey; you must necessarily sometimes slip, jostle, fall, be weary, 'till you cry out, *O death!* that is, you must finish your journey (*b*). In some place perhaps you will leave a companion, bury another, and be afraid of another: such continual inconveniences will you meet with in the road of life. But the mind must be prepared against these things; it should know, that it is come to a place where

Luſtus, et ultrices poſuere cubilia curæ,

Pallentesque habitant morbi, triſtiſque ſenectus. *Virg.* 6. 275.

Revengeful cares and ſullen ſorrows dwell

And pale diſeaſes, and repining age,

Want, fear, and famine unreſiſted rage. Dryden.

These are the attendants on life: you cannot escape them, though you may despise them: you certainly will despise them, if you often reflect upon them, and presuppose their certain attack. There is no one but who receives, more courageously, such things, to which he hath long reconciled his mind; and who opposeth more boldly those adversities which he made familiar to him by reflection. But on the contrary, when a man is unprepared the lightest accidents surprise and terrify him: we must therefore take care that none may happen to us unexpectedly; and as all things are the more grievous on the account of novelty, the serious meditation here recommended, will cause that nothing shall happen to you, as to a mere novice.

Have

Have your servants left you? and is that all? Some have robbed their master; others have vilified him; others have betrayed him; others have trampled upon him; some have made an attempt on their master's life by poison; others by a false accusation; others have murdered him. These, and all other mischiefs you can imagine, have happened to many, and will happen again. Many and various are the arrows that are aimed at us; some are sticking in us; others, upon the wing, will soon reach us; others, about to pierce our neighbours, will lay us under some uneasiness, as if they were levelled at ourselves; yet let us not wonder at these things, to which we were born incident; and of which no one therefore has reason to complain: because all men have their share; yes, I say, an equal share: for what a man hath escaped, he was as liable to suffer, as they that suffered. A law is equal and just that is made for all, though all meet not with the same treatment.

Let equity then be the ruling principles of our mind; and let us pay the tribute of mortality without murmur and complaint. Winter brings on the cold, and we shiver: summer restores the heat, and we sweat. The inclemency of the weather, and a bad air try the constitution; and we are sick. A wild beast by chance may meet us; or man, more dangerous than wild beasts, fall upon us. Some are lost by water; some by fire: and this state of things it is not in the power of man to alter.

But this we can do; we can assume a mind that is great and good, which will enable us patiently to bear all casualties, and go hand in hand with Nature; by whose command it is that so many changes and revolutions happen in this her kingdom. Clear weather succeeds the clouds; and when the seas have awhile been calm, fresh storms arise: different winds blow in their turns: day succeeds night: part of the heavens rise above, and part sink beneath the horizon (*c*). The eternity of things is made up of contraries. Let us apply our mind to their law (*d*). Let us for ever follow and obey it; concluding, that *whatever is, is right* (*e*). So that we ought by no means to censure and chide Nature.

The best way is to endure what we cannot prevent, or amend; and without murmuring hold communion with God; by whose providence all things are directed. He is but a bad soldier who follows his captain grumbling and fighting. Wherefore let us receive his commands with earnestness and alacrity; nor think of deserting our course in this beautiful round of things, the work of God; though whatever we suffer be interwoven in it. And thus let us address the Almighty, *who guides and directs this vast machine*; as our *Cleanthes* teacheth us in those elegant verses, which, after the manner of the most eloquent *Cicero*, I have endeavoured to translate, in the Latin language: if they please you, well; if not, let it suffice for me to have followed the great *Cicero*.

Duc me, parens, celsique dominator poli,

Quocunque placuit: nulla parendi mora est.

Assum integer: fac nolle: comitabor gemens.

Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt.

Malusque patiar, quod pati licuit bono (*f*).

Father of heav'n, and ruler of the skies!

(Thy works all glorious, and thy thoughts all wise!)

Lead me where'er you please; without delay,

Prompt, and alert, thy summons I obey.

Were I unwilling, still I must go on,

And follow thee, with many a sigh and groan.

With gentle hand Fate leads the willing mind,

But drags along the stubborn, and the blind.

Thus more severely shall I feel the load,

That presseth lightly on the just and good.

Thus let us live; thus let us pray, that death may ever find us willing and alert to go. This is true magnanimity, which resigns itself to God. On the contrary, he is of a low and degenerate mind, who is reluctant, who is so vain, as to find fault with the dispensations of Providence; and presumes rather to censure and amend the *Gods*, than himself.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* See *Bolingbroke* on Exile, ad fin — *Melmoth's* Cato, p. 263.

(a) The Stoics did not allow any one qualified to be a *friend* but their wise man: the rest were only *companions*, united for advantage sake: sicut et terram serimus ob fructus, *as we sow land for the sake of the crop*. See Epp. ix. lxxi. II. Our Epicurus, because *Lucilius* was an Epicurean.

(b) Iter metiaris] *Pincian*, emetiaris, *al. idem mentiaris, al. id est, mentiaris: that is, you must lie; in what? in calling upon death, yet not desiring his presence.*—The word, *mentiri*, here puts me in mind of *Sir Henry Wotton's* definition of an ambassador: *He is one who is sent ad mentiendum foris, to lie abroad.*

(c) This is according to the *Ptolemaic* system, but we, who more justly follow the *Copernican*, know it to be in appearance only.

(d) This is a capital dogma of the Stoics, sequi naturam, i. e. Deum; *to follow Nature; that is, God.* Ep. 4, &c. *Lips.* Manud. iii. 19.

(e) Et quæcunque sunt debuisse fieri putet.] *Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?* Gen. xviii. 25.

(f) These verses are from the *Greek* in the *Enchiridion* of *Epicæteus*. *Lipsius* therefore rejects the fourth of the *Latin* as spurious, or taken from some other place.

Ἄγε δὲ μετὰ Ζεῦ, καὶ σὺ γ' ἡ πεπρωμένη,
'Ὅπως ποῶ' ὑμῖν ἔμῃ διαταγμένους
'Ὡς ἔφομαι γ' ἄνατος. ἦν δὲ μὴ θέλω,
Καλὰς γενόμενος ἑδὲν ἥτορ ἔφομαι.

See Ep. 96. (N. 2.)

EPISTLE CVIII.

The right Use of reading or hearing the Philosophers.*

WHAT you enquire after, *Lucilius*, is one of those things which it is requisite to know, merely for knowledge-sake: and since it is so requisite, and you seem so earnestly to insist upon it, nor will wait a little while, 'till I have finished those books which will contain the whole of moral philosophy regularly digested, I will oblige you; but give me leave first to premise a few things, in order to inform you, after what manner the commendable thirst of learning, with which you seem thus

thus transported, may be so ordered, as not to hinder you in your respective progresss.

All sciences are not to be received at random, nor rushed upon at once. From particulars we must learn the whole. Every one must suit their burthen to their strength †: nor must we involve ourselves in more business than we know how to go through with. You must not drink of this stream as much as you please, but as much as you can hold. Yet never fear; you shall hold as much as you can desire. The more the mind receives, the more it expands itself. This is what our master *Attalus* taught us, when we besieged, as it were, his school, coming first, and going away the last: nay, teasing and provoking him to some dispute, as we walked along, when he was not prepared for us, but met us accidentally. *Both he that teacheth, saith he, and he that learneth should have the same point in view, ut ille prodesse velit, hic proficere: they must both intend profit; the one by giving good instruction, the other by receiving it.*

He that attends the schools of philosophers should daily carry away with him some improvement. He should return home more wise, or better disposed to wisdom. And so indeed will he return; for such is the power of philosophy, that she not only improves the student, but the conversant. He that walketh in the sun will be tanned, though he did not walk there for that purpose. A man who hath set some time in a perfumer's shop, will carry away with him the scent of the place; so they who attend philosophers, must certainly reap some benefit, let them be as negligent as they please: but observe, I say negligent, not repugnant. What then? have we not known some who for many years attended on philosophy, without being in the least tinged therewith? Certainly; and even such as seemed so very constant and industrious, that we might call them not the disciples, but the inmates, of philosophy. But the misfortune is, some come only to *bear*, not to learn, as they attend the theatre for pleasure's sake; to delight the ear with some speech, or a sweet tone of voice, or a diverting story, exhibited in comedy. Such you will find great part of an audience, who make the philosophical schools but a place of idle resort: they come not thither

in order to dispossess themselves of any vice, or to receive any law for the better regulation of manners, or better conduct of life: but to please the ear with the twang of eloquence. Some too bring their tables with them, not to set down and remark *things*, but *words*; which they may deliver again occasionally with as little profit to their hearers, as they had received from them themselves. Others are roused at the sound of some big words, and seem as much affected as the speaker himself; alert both in mind and countenance; throwing themselves into such attitudes as the eunuchs, and those who were mad by command, were wont to do, at the sound of the *Phrygian* pipe (*b*).

These however are smitten with the beauty of things, and not with the empty sound of words. If any thing is smartly said against death, or fortune is boldly insulted, they immediately resolve to act upon these principles: they are really affected, and would be all you could wish them, were the same impressions to remain upon their minds; and if the people, ever dissuasive of what is right, were not immediately to check this remarkable impulse. Few have been able to carry home the resolutions they at first conceived (*c*). It is no difficult matter to stir up an audience to a desire at least of what is right and good. Nature hath laid the foundation in our souls, having sowed therein the seeds of virtue (*d*). We are all of us born with these endowments and to this purpose. When a proper person instructs or teacheth, then are those good qualities roused that before lay dormant.

Hear you not how the theatres resound, when a sentence is uttered, which we cannot but acknowledge to be just, and give testimony to the truth of it by our applause! as,

Defunt inopiæ multa, avaritiæ omnia.

Poverty wants many things, avarice all.

In nullum avarus bonus est, in se pessimus.

Worst to themselves are misers, good to none.

Even the most sordid and avaritious person applauds these lines, and rejoiceth in his own conviction. How much more effectually do such sentiments come from the mouth of a philosopher? When salutary precepts

precepts are thus agreeably expressed in verse, they descend the readier into the hearts even of the unskilful. For (according to *Cleantes*) as our breath gives a more clear and shrill sound when driven through the passage of a trumpet, it finds a large vent at the end: so our understandings are rendered more clear, when confined to the strict laws of a verse. The same things are heard with less attention, and affect us less, when delivered in prose or common discourse, than when decorated with poetical numbers; and good sense, pointed, and contracted within certain feet or measure, is darted, as it were an arrow from a strong arm.

Many things have been said with regard to the contempt of money, and in long harangues are we taught, that men should think true riches to consist in the virtues of the mind, not in patrimony;—that he is wealthy who adapts his disposition to his circumstances; and with a little makes himself rich by content:—yet our minds, I say, are more affected when we hear such admonitions in verse, as,

Is minimo eget mortalis, qui minimum cupit.

He wants but little, who but little covets.

Quod vult habet, qui velle quod satis est potest. Publ. Syrus.

He hath his wish, who wisheth but enough.

When we hear these and the like sentences we are brought to the confession of truth. For they who think nothing enough, admire them, and will even exclaim against money.

Now, whenever you perceive this affection, urge it, press it home; persecute your audience with this topic; laying aside all ambiguities and syllogisms, and cavils, and other whimsies of an idle brain (*e*). Speak boldly against avarice, against luxury: and when you perceive that you have in some measure prevailed, and moved their hearts, prosecute the subject with more vehemence: it is almost incredible what good effect such a discourse will have, being intended as a remedy, and wholly designed for the good of the hearers. For, tender minds are soon worked up to a sense, and the love, of what is good and right.

Truth

Truth lays her hand upon the docil, and such as are but slightly corrupted, when she meets with an able advocate.

For my own part, when I have heard *Attalus*, inveighing against the vices, the errors and the evils of life, I could not help pitying the errors of mankind, and looking upon *Attalus* as a man sublime, and far exalted above the common pitch of mortals. He said indeed of himself *that he was a king (f)*. But to me he seemed somewhat more, who dared, and justly too, even censure kings. But when he began to recommend poverty, and to shew, whatever exceeded necessary use, was all a mere superfluous load, and an heavy weight upon the bearer; I many times wished to depart from the schools a poor man. When he began to traduce our pleasures, to praise chastity of body, a sober table, a pure mind, untainted, not only by unlawful pleasures, but by unnecessary and vain amusements, I required nothing more to set bounds to gluttony and every irregular appetite. Some of these instructions made a deep impression upon me, for I aimed at every thing with great earnestness: but being drawn off from these lectures, to lead the life of a citizen, rather than a philosopher's, I preserved but a few extracts from so fair and good a beginning.

From hence however I took my leave of oysters and mushrooms; for these are not food, but only serve to provoke the appetite of those, who are full, to eat more; they are things which slip down easily and are as easily returned; which is an acceptable pleasure to gluttony, and such as love to cram themselves with more than they can hold. Hence too I abstained from all manner of ointments and perfumes, because the best smell of the body is none at all (*g*). And hence my stomach is never indulged with wine; and all my life-time I have disdained warm bathing, supposing it to be a too delicate and useless custom to seeth the body, and weaken the solids by extravagant sweating. Some other resolutions indeed I have been obliged to break; yet so as still to preserve moderation in those things wherein I proposed abstinence; and indeed such moderation as is next to abstinence, if not more difficult:

because some things are more easily expelled totally from the inclination, than kept in due measure.

But since I have begun to tell you with how much more earnestness I applied myself to philosophy, when a young man, than now when I am old, I shall not be ashamed to confess to you, what affection for *Pythagoras Sotion* (*b*) inspired me with. He taught me, why *Pythagoras* abstained from animal food (*i*), and why after him *Sextius*: their reasons were different, but, of both, very great. *Sextius* thought, that there was food enough for man in the world without shedding blood; and that the taking pleasure in butchering helpless animals, only inspired men with cruelty: he added hereunto, that luxury was not to be encouraged; and supposed that variety of meats, and particularly such as are foreign to our constitutions, are by no means a preservative of health, but the contrary. Whereas *Pythagoras* held that there was a sort of relationship among all animals, and a certain intercourse, whereby they passed out of one form into another. No soul either of man or beast (if you believe him) perisheth; nor indeed ceaseth any longer than while it is transmigrating into another body. And that after many revolutions and changes from one sort of body to another, it returns again to man. In the mean while this opinion had no small effect, in making men dread wickedness, and especially parricide: since it is possible they might unknowingly light upon the soul of a parent, and with knife and teeth violate the body wherein was lodged some kindred spirit.

When *Sotion* had explained to me these things, and confirmed them by his arguments; *Do you not think*, said he, *that souls are distributed from one body to another; and that it is only this transmigration which we call death? Do you not believe that in those animals, wild or tame, or that dwell in the great deep, the souls, that were once in man, still survive? Do you not believe, that nothing in this world perisheth, but only changeth its place and form? and that not only the celestial bodies make their several circuits, but that animals, and their souls likewise, have their revolutions? Many great men have believed these things. Suspend therefore for a while*
 3 your

your judgment; and weigh every thing diligently. If these things be true, to abstain from shedding of blood is innocence; if false, frugality. And as some check to cruelty, I only ask you to abstain from what is the food of lions and vultures.—Prevailed upon by these instructions, I began to abstain from eating flesh, and at the year's end, such abstinence became not only easy to me, but pleasant (*k*): I fancied my spirit more alert and free than it was before; nor to this day can I pretend either to affirm or deny it.

But you will ask, perhaps, how I came to discontinue this way of life? My youth fell out in the reign of *Tiberius Cæsar*, at what time the sacreds of some foreign nations were banished *Rome* (*l*); and among other superstitions, this was alledged as one, *the abstaining from the flesh of certain animals* (*m*). At request therefore of my father, who was no great admirer of philosophy (*n*), but hated reproach, I returned to the eating flesh as usual: nor had he much difficulty in persuading me to eat better suppers. And as *Attalus* was wont to recommend a hard bed, which sunk not with the weight of the body, such I use to this day; in which, when I rise you cannot see the least impression.

These things I have related to you, *Lucilius*, to shew you, how readily and earnestly youth attend to the knowledge and practice of what is good; if there is any one to instruct them, any one to push them on: but on the one hand, there is generally a great defect or fault in the instructor, who teaches them rather how to dispute, than how to live; (*o*) and, on the other, in the scholars, who bring with them to their master the design of having their tongue or wit polished, and not the mind. From whence, what before was philosophy, is now become philology.

Now, it is of great moment to examine what end we pursue, or with what design we engage in any business. He that sets up for a Grammarian, and examines *Virgil*, does not read that excellent hemistich,——*fugit irreparabile tempus*. G. iii. 284.

Time flies irrevocable,

M m 2:

with

with an intention to make the following reflection; *we must watch (p), unless we mend our speed we shall be left behind: the swift day drives us on, and is driven itself: we are imperceptibly hurried away (q): we postpone every thing, and are slow and lazy, while every thing about us is passing away with great rapidity: but that he may observe, when Virgil is speaking of the swiftness of time he always useth the word, fugit, he flies;* so

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
 Prima fugit; subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus,
 Et labor, et duræ rapit inclementia mortis.
*In youth alone unhappy mortals live;
 But, ah! the best of days are fugitive:
 Discolour'd sickness, anxious labours come,
 Disconsolate age, and death's inexorable doom.*

He who applies himself to philosophy, makes such remarks too on these words, as best suit his profession. *Virgil*, he observes, never saith, *dies ire, the day passeth*, but, *fugere, it flies*; which is the swiftest kind of speed: and that our best days (or prime of life) are first torn from us. *Why cease we then to incite and spur ourselves on, that if possible we may equal the velocity of the swiftest thing in the world (r)?* Our better days fly off, the worse succeed. As the contents of a vessel, when poured out, flow purest at first, while the more heavy and turbid particles subside, and thicken at the bottom; so is it in our life; the best of it comes first; and this we generally permit others to draw off, while we reserve the dregs for our own use ‡. But let this be fixed in our mind, and received with as much satisfaction as if it came from an oracle,

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
 Prima fugit.—

Why the best (of days?) because the remainder is uncertain. *Why the best?* because, when young, we are more apt to learn; we can apply the easy, and as yet tractable, mind, to the knowledge of good: and because this time of life is fittest for labour, to exercise either the faculties of the soul in study, or the strength of the body in useful toil. The remainder is more sluggish and feeble, as being nearer the end. We must therefore bend our whole mind thereto; and, omitting almost all diversion, labour this one point: lest, too late, to our confusion, we come to understand

derstand the celerity of fleeting time, which it is not in the power of man to keep back.

Let every first, as undoubtedly the best, day, give us satisfaction and be made our own. Let us seize it as it flies (*s*). This is what he does not think of, who reads these lines of *Virgil* with a Grammarian's eye, that therefore every first day is the best, because *diseases succeed*, because *old age presseth hard upon us*, and percheth over the head of such as still think themselves young (*t*). He only observes, *that Virgil always joins together diseases and old age*; and well he may; for old age is itself an incurable disease. Moreover, he observes, that *Virgil* gives old age the epithet, *tristis*, *disconsolate*,

— Subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus.

Nor need you wonder, that every one collects from the same materials what is most suitable to his particular inclination. In the same meadow the ox seeks grass, the dog a hare, and the stork a lizard. When the Philologist, the Grammarian, and the Philosopher take in hand the books of *Cicero*, de Republica, *of a Republic*, each one hath a different pursuit. The Philosopher wonders that so much could be said *against strict justice*. The Philologist remarks, that among the *Roman* kings, there were two, for the one of whom there is no father to be found, nor for the other any mother. For it is still doubted who was the mother of *Servius*; nor is there any mention made of the father of *Ancus*, who is always styled *Numa's* grandson (*u*). He likewise observes that the person we call *Dictator*, and read of him in history under this title, was antiently called *Magister Populi*, *the People's Magistrate*; as it stands at this day in the books of the *Augurs*; and as a further proof, he observes, that from hence comes the title of *Magister Equitum*, *the Master of the Horse*, (or, *Premier Knight*). With the like sagacity he observes that at the death of *Romulus*, there was an eclipse (*x*): and that an appeal even from Kings has been made to the people (*y*): and this some think may be proved from the *pontifical* books, and the historian *Fenestella*. The Grammarian in explaining the same books observes, in his Commentaries, that *Cicero* first used the word *reapse*, i. e. *re ipsa*; and also *seipse*, i. e. *se ipse*. And then he passeth on to those things, wherein

wherein the custom of the age hath made any alteration; as when *Cicero* saith, *Quoniam sumus ab ipsa calce ejus interpellatione revocati*, (*because by his importunity we are called back again from the very goal*) what the antients called, *calcem*, in the *Circus*, we now call *cretam* (κ), (*the chalk*). And then he collects some verses from old *Ennius*, and particularly those relating to *Africanus*,

— Cui nemo civis neque hostis

Quivit pro factis reddere opræpretium (*aa*).

Wherein he remarks that *Ennius* useth the word *opera* for *auxilium*, saying, *that neither friend nor enemy could give any assistance to Scipio*. And he thinks himself extremely happy in having found out from whence *Virgil* took——*Quem super ingens*.

Porta tonat cœli. G. iii. 261.

When o'er his head the rattling thunder roll'd.

This, saith he, *Virgil* stole from *Ennius*, and *Ennius* from *Homer* (*bb*): for this epigram is preserved in the same books of *Cicero*:

Si fas endo plagas cœlestum ascendere cuiquam,

Mi soli cœli maxima porta patet;

If to ascend the skies to me were giv'n,

I might expect the widest gate of heav'n.

But lest I should fall myself into pedantry, or prattling philosophy, while I have greater things in view, let me conclude with this caution, that both the reading and the hearing philosophers must be made subservient to the purposes of an happy life; that we are not to catch at old or new-coined words, or extravagant metaphors, and rhetorical flourishes of speech; but to observe such precepts as may prove of use, and remark such noble and manly sentences as may be afterwards transferred to things. Let us so learn, that words may become works.

But I think none deserve worse at the hands of all mankind, than those who teach philosophy merely as a venal trade (*cc*): who live not, as they instruct other people to live, but exhibit sad examples of the unprofitableness of their doctrine, being guilty themselves of every vice, they so severely inveigh against in others. Such a preceptor seems to

me

me of no greater use to mankind, than a pilot, who is sea-sick or drunk in a storm. The rudder must be held with a strict hand, the waves beating so strongly against it; we must hale in the sail, and wrestle, as it were, with the sea itself. Of what service can a pilot be at such a time, who is so sick, as scarce to be in his senses? With how much stronger a tempest, alas! is our life tossed, than any ship can be! there is no time to prattle, but to direct and manage wisely.

Besides, all that these mén can pretend to say, and proudly boast among their *profound* audience, the people, is not their own. *Plato, Zeno, Cbryſippus, Poſidonius*, and many other the like learned men, have said and reſaid the ſame things before. But I will ſhew you how they prove what they ſay to be their own: *let them live up to what they preach (dd)*.

Having now ſaid all that I intended, I ſhould apply myſelf, *Lucilius*, to answer your request, but that I think proper to refer you to another Epistle, wherein you may expect the diſcuſſion of all you aſk; leſt at preſent you ſhould apply an ear already tired, to what will require the moſt curious and attentive.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* Vid. *Plutarch. Mor. Fol. p. 22. Epp. 51. 83.*

† Sumite materiam, veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam
Viribus, et verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent
Quid valeant humeri—*Hor. A. P. 39.*
Ye writers, try the vigour of your muſe,
And what her ſtrength will bear, and what reſuſe,
And after that, an equal ſubject chuſe—Creech.

(a) They ſpeak one to another, every one to his brother, ſaying, *Come, I pray, and hear the Prophet.* And they come unto thee, according to the coming of the people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them. For with their mouth they ſhew much love, but their heart goeth after their covetouſneſs. And lo! they are to them as a very lovely ſong of one that bath a pleaſant voice, and can play well on an inſtrument; for they hear thy words, but do them not. *Ezek. xxxi. 11. 30.*

(b) The ſtatue of *Rhea* called likewiſe *Ops, Cybele, the mother of the Gods, &c.* was brought from *Pefſinus*, on the borders of *Pbrygia*, to *Rome*, by *Scipio Naſica*; and was there highly honoured, and worſhipped, with the ſound of the drum, pipe, and cymbals; at what time, the prieſts, and others
hired

hired for the purpose, threw themselves into all manner of antic postures. Ὀσπρη γὰρ εἰ τῷ
 φρυγίᾳ δούλῳ ἀνέοντες κ. τ. λ. *Lucian in Nigrino.* Vid. Brodæ, Miscell. l. v. c. 13.

(c) See the parable of the Sower, Matth. 13.

(d) Ep. 95. Omnibus Natura dedit fundamenta semenque virtutum, &c. *Cic. de Fin. v. 15.*
 Est enim natura sic generata vis hominis, ut ad omnem virtutem percipiendam facta videatur, &c.
The strength of reason in man is so formed, as to be fitted for the perception of every virtue; therefore
young children, without any instruction, are affected by the resemblance of those virtues, which they had
the seeds of within themselves, because these are the elements of their nature; and as they increase,
virtue proceeds to its perfection. Vid. Lips. Manud. ii. 10.

(e) So St. Paul to *Timothy*, *Preach the word, be instant, in season and out of season, reprove,*
rebuke, and exhort, with all long-suffering, and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not
endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts, shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching
ears: and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables. ii. Tim. iv.
 2—5.

(f) This is a noted paradox of the Stoics. *Cic. de Fin. l. 3. Quam magnifica, quam constans*
conficitur persona sapientis! &c. How magnificent, how uniform, is the whole character of a wise
man! who after reason has told him, that what is virtuous can alone be good, is necessarily happy, and
in reality possesses all those qualifications which are scoffed by the foolish: such a one has a better right to
the title of king, than Tarquin had, who could neither govern himself nor others. And thus Seneca
the tragedian of one, that is free from vice, nor subject to the dread of casualties, or of death
itself.

Rex est qui posuit metus,
 Et diri mala pectoris;
 Qui tuto positus loco
 Infra se videt omnia;
 Occurritque suo libens
 Fato, nec queritur mori.

He is a King, whose mind is clear
From every ill, and knows not fear;
Who seated high, as on a throne,
Upon the busy world looks down;
Nor dreads a change of mortal state,
But willingly submits to fate. M.

Which however does not escape the ridicule of *Horace*, as an *Epicurean*.

Ad summam sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives,
 Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum,
 Præcipue sanus, nisi cum pituita molesta est. Ep. i. i. 106.
In fine, the sage, we see, is far above
All earthly Kings, and only less than Jove;
Is blest with honour, freedom, beauty, wealth,
And (from the phthisic free) with perfect health. Shard.

Vid. Lips. Manud. iii. 13.

(g) Ecastor, mulier rectè olet ubi nihil olet. *Plaut. Mostell.*

Esse quid hoc dicam, quòd olent tua Basia Myrrham,
 Quodque tibi est nunquam non alienus odor:
 Hoc mihi suspectum est, quod oles bene, posthume, semper,
 Posthume, non bene olet, qui bene semper olet. *Mart. ii. 12.*

— Rides nos, Coracine, nil olentes,

Malo quàm bene olere, nil olere. *Ib.* vi. 55.

(b) *Sotion*, *Seneca's* preceptor. *Ep.* 49. *Lipf.* *Manud.* i. 12.

(i) "It is plain from *Revelation*, that *animal food* was permitted, and fermented liquors not forbidden; and consequently that there is neither *virtue* nor *vice* in the use of them absolutely, but in the order, time, quantity, and other circumstances of their usage. Also, that in our present situation, and under our present circumstances, for some persons and for some purposes a reasonable quantity of *animal food*, and fermented liquors, may be absolutely necessary, &c." *Cheyne's Philosophical Conjectures*, p. 87. See *Osborne's Paradoxes*, p. 535.

(k) *Lipfius* freely joins with *Seneca* herein; and condemns the *Europeans* for indulging themselves so grossly in *animal food*.

(l) "Measures were also taken for exterminating the solemnities of the *Jews* and *Egyptians*, and by decree of senate, four thousand descendants of franchised slaves, all defiled with that superstition, but of proper strength and age, were to be transported to *Sardinia*, to restrain the *Sardinian* robbers; and if through the malignity of the climate they perished, despicable would be the loss: the rest were doomed to depart *Italy*, unless by a stated day they renounced their profane rites." *Tacit.* *Ann.* ii.

Hence it is manifest, as *Muret.* observes, that it was not the same *Seneca*, who wrote these Epistles and the Declamations, since he who wrote the Declamations says of himself, *what he might have heard Cicero*; and is therefore concluded to be the father of our Author.

(m) Particularly, *swine's flesh*. And as to the doctrine of *Pythagoras* in general, he taught that the human soul is a part of the divine substance, and therefore it is immortal. And that after its departure from the body it is resolved into the universal soul. Yet he maintained the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, which he learned from the *Egyptians*. He supposed it to be physical, and necessary, but endeavoured to apply it to moral purposes. He excepted some eminent souls, which he supposed to go immediately to the Gods. The doctrine however of the immortality of souls, as he taught it, was of little advantage to mankind. He held periodical revolutions of the world, and that the same course of things shall return, and come over again. But, *Leland* observes that we cannot be sure of his real sentiments, as he made no scruple to impose upon his hearers. *Vol.* ii. p. 305.

(n) Qui non calumniam timebat, sed philosophiam oderat] But *Lipfius* thinks it not quite so decent in *Seneca* to speak thus of his father. (Though he seems to speak much in the same strain, *Consol.* ad *Helv.* c. 16.) and therefore reads, Qui non philosophiam oderat, sed calumniam timebat. And indeed his father, (*in Controv.* l. ii.) exhorts his son *Mela*, *Seneca's* brother, to the study of philosophy, and likewise recommends retirement.

(o) Qu. Whether this may not be laid to the charge of most schools to this day? I would fain except *Eton*.

(p) Vigilandum est] So our Lord to his Disciples, And what I say unto you I say unto all, watch. *Mark.* xiii. 37. *Matth.* xxiv. 12. xxv. 13. *Luk.* xxiv. 36. *Act.* xx. 31. *i. Cor.* xvi. 13. *ii. Tim.* iv. 5.

(q) Inficii rapimur] "The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,

"Too subtle is the moment to be seen:

"Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone. *Young.*

(r) "So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,

"Tis later with the wife than he's aware;

"Prudence itself goes slower than the sun;

"And all mankind mistake their time of day;

"Ev'n in old age.

“ Thus at life’s latest eve we keep in store
 “ One disappointment sure, to crown the rest,
 “ The disappointment of a promis’d hour.” *Young.*

‡ See Ep. i.

(s)

“ To-day is yesterday return’d ; return’d
 “ Full power’d to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn ;
 “ And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
 “ Let it not share its predecessor’s fate. *Id.*

(t)

“ ——— Fresh hopes are hourly sown
 “ In furrow’d brows. So gentle life’s descent,
 “ We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
 “ We take fair days in winter for the spring ;
 “ And turn our blessings into bane.—Since oft
 “ Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
 “ He scarce believes he’s older for his years. *Id.*

(u) The son of *Numa* was so eclipsed in the splendor of his father, that his name is lost.

(x) Olim deficere sol hominibus extinguique vitus est, cum Romuli animus, &c. *Cic. Fragm. vid. Patric. p. 19.*

(y) As *M. Fabius* said to his son, videro, cessurusne provocationi sis, cui rex Romanus *Tullus Hostilius* cessit ; *I shall then see whether you submit to an appeal from the people, as did the Roman king Tullus Hostilius.* Liv. viii. 33.

(z) Cretam] So *Murel*. Est et vilissima, (de *Creta* loquitur) qua circum præducere ad victoriæ notam, pedesque venalium trans mare advestorum denotare instituerunt majores. *Plin. xxxv. 17. al. Metam. Vid. Patric. in Fragm. Cic. p. 14.* Septem stadia quadrigæ currunt quorum finis est creta. *Isidor. 18. 34.*

(aa) Sic f. *Ennius*. Hic est ille situs, cui nemo civis nec hostis——*Scipio* says of himself,

Ab sole exoriente supra Mæotis paludes

Nemo est, qui factis me exuperare queat.

Si fas cædendo cœlestia scandere cuiquam est,

Mi soli——

Vid. Laßant. i. 1. Patric. in Fragm. Cic. Turneb. in Cic. de Leg. ii. 22. Ib. Operæpretium, i. e. operæ. Opera, for auxilium, as is frequent in the comedies. Da mihi hanc operam. De me tibi favours.

(bb) Πρωτην δὲ πύλιν, πολυπύχην Ὀυλύμπιον. *3. 411.*

Through the first gates of the wide-spreading heav’ns.

(cc) Hear ye this, ye Christian preachers ! yes, let us hear it and blush at this too just reproof from an Heathen. Ever mindful of our *Homer’s* description of a good parson.

But Chrystys love, and his Apostles twelve,

He taught, but first he follow’d it himself. *Chaucer.*

EPISTLE CIX.

No one so wise but he may be improved.

YOU desire to know, *Lucilius*, whether the wisdom of a wise man is improveable: we say, a wise man is replete with all good, and hath attained to fullness of perfection: how then, it is asked, can any one be serviceable to him, who hath already attained every good? I will tell you. Good men edify one another in the exercise of their virtues, and in maintaining the dignity of wisdom. And herein one man requires the assistance of another, with whom he may converse in friendly debate. As practice improves the strength and skill of the wrestler, and keeps in the hand of the musician, who is master of the chords; so must the wise man be exercised in the practice of virtues: and after the same manner that he excites himself to action, is he excited by another wise man. But

Wherein, you say, can a wise man profit a wise man? Why, he will animate him, and give him an opportunity of displaying his virtues. Besides, he will express his own thoughts, and probably inform him of some new discoveries; for there will be always something remaining for a wise man to find out, and in the searching whereof he may employ his mind. A bad man generally hurts his companion; in that he makes him worse, by raising his passions, instilling false fears, flattering his chagrin, and commending his pleasures. And then take evil men most pains, when they communicate their vices to one another, and enter into combinations of mischief. On the contrary, the good will ever benefit the good, in that his conversation will inspire joy, and strengthen his confidence; and from the sight of mutual complacency the pleasure of both will be heightened. Moreover, as before observed, he will still communicate the knowledge of something new; for a wise man is not supposed to know all things; and though he knew them, yet perhaps some one may find out a shorter way, and point out a more compendious method of compassing the whole work.

A wise man will be of service to a wise man, not only by his own strength and powers, but even by those of him whom he assists. He indeed being left to himself is able to maintain his own part, and discharge his duty: he will exert his own speed: yet nevertheless he that only encourageth another in running, assists him. Nor does a wise man only benefit another, but likewise himself. You will say perhaps, *let a man suspend his own natural powers, and he does nothing.* You might as well say there is no sweetness in honey. For he that eateth it, must be so qualified in tongue and palate, as to relish, and not be offended at, the taste of it. For to the sick, such may be the nature of the disease, as to make honey seem bitter. Each of them therefore must be such, as that the one is qualified to instruct, and the other to receive instruction.

But you reply, *As it is in vain to heat a thing that is extremely hot, so is it to pretend to add goodness to one who is superlatively good. Does the husbandman who thoroughly understands his business go to another for instruction? Or does a soldier, when sufficiently equipped for battle, require more arms? Therefore neither does the wise man ask any thing, for he is already sufficiently instructed, and sufficiently armed against the perils of life. He that is excessively hot, need not any thing more to warm him: the heat is sufficient for itself.* Now to this I answer,

First, the things here compared by no means agree. For heat is simply one thing; but there are various ways of benefiting one another. And then heat, as heat, is not necessarily assisted by any accession of heat: but the wise man cannot maintain and keep up the spirit of his mind, unless he admits some friends like himself, with whom he may communicate his virtues. Add now, that there is a certain friendship and connection between all virtues; he therefore is of service, who loves the virtues of other men that are like his own; and in his turn exhibits his own to be esteemed and beloved by them. Like things give delight; especially if they are just; and men know how both to approve and be approved. None but a wise man can skilfully move the mind of a wise man; as nothing but man can rationally move man.

As

As there is need therefore of reason to move and incite reason, so is there of perfect reason to incite perfect reason.

They are said to profit a man, who give or procure for him money, favour, safety, and the like things, that are estimable and necessary for the uses of life; and herein even a fool may profit a wise man: but to be of real benefit, is for a man to move the mind of another according to the nature and fitness of things; either by his own virtue, or by the virtue of the person moved; and this cannot be done without the good even of the person who confers the benefit; for it is necessary that in exercising another's virtue, he must exercise his own.

But waving these things which are undoubtedly the *chief good*, or efficient of the same, a wise man may nevertheless profit a wise man in other respects; for only to meet with a wise man is of itself a desirable thing to another; because good naturally delighteth itself in good (*a*), and consequently every good man is as pleased with a good man as with himself.

But I must necessarily, for argument's sake, pass from this to another question; for it is asked, *whether a wise man will deliberate upon asking the opinion of another concerning his duty in civil and domestic (if I may so say) mortal affairs?* Undoubtedly, as, in this respect, there is as much need of the counsel of another, as there is occasionally of a physician, of a pilot, of an advocate or proctor: therefore a wise man may be of service to a wise man, in that he will counsel and persuade him; but it is in those great and divine things before spoken of, wherein he will particularly assist him, by conferring on the *reason of things*, and by communicating their minds and thoughts to each other.

Moreover, it is agreeable to Nature or the fitness of things, to embrace our friends with sincerity, and to rejoice as much in *their* good actions as in our own; or else we should be wanting in that virtue, which in exercising itself grows splendid by use. Now, virtue persuades us to settle and dispose well of things present; to consult and
pro-

vide for the future; to deliberate and apply the mind to study, with care and diligence: but much easier will a man do all this, and unfold his faculties, who hath taken to himself a proper friend: he therefore looks out for one that is perfect; or at least who hath made such proficiency as to be almost perfect; and herein will such a one assist him, by the rules of common prudence.

It is said, that *men generally see more in other men's affairs than in their own*; and this certainly happens to those who are blinded by *self-love*, and who, through a suspicion of danger, see not their own interest: when a man is more secure and fearless he will become wiser. But yet there are some things, which even wise men can see better in others than in themselves. Besides, a wise man will cause another to will, or not will the same thing (*b*), which is ever of the greatest consequence, most delightful, just and proper. In the discharge of duty an excellent work! they will always draw together.

Thus then, I hope, I have fully answered your request, though this matter is discussed in its proper place; and comprized in those books wherein I have considered the whole of moral philosophy. But after all, *Lucilius*, think upon what I have often said to you, that in these matters we do nothing more than exercise our ingenuity. For I must repeat it again, and suppose you here to say, “Of what real service are these dry subjects? Will they make a man stronger, more just, or more temperate? I am not at leisure to be exercised in these superficial matters; I as yet want a physician. Why do you teach me an unprofitable science? You promised me great things, but entertain me with trifles. You undertook to make me intrepid, though swords were flourished over my head; nay, though a dagger was pointed to my throat. You said I should be secure, though fire raged around me; and my little bark were by a sudden whirlwind hurried into the wide and boisterous ocean: make good your promise; teach me to condemn pleasure, to despise glory; and then, afterwards, if you please, instruct me, to solve the most intricate questions; to distinguish ambiguities, to investigate things dark and obscure; at present, I shall be content with learning what is necessary.”

A N N O-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

- (a) Ὅς αὖτ' τὸν ὅμοιον ἀγνοεῖ διδὸς ὡς τὸν ὅμοιον. Od. p. 218.
Heav'n with a secret principle endu'd
Mankind to seek their own similitude. Pope.
 Τίτ' ἴξ' μὲν τέττιγι φίλος, μυρμακι δ' ἀμυρμαξ. Theocr. 9.
To grasshoppers the grasshoppers are friends,
And ant on ant for mutual aid depends.
 Αἰὶ καλοῖς πρὸς καλοῖν ἰζάνει. Προν.
 Γερων γερῶντι γλῶτ' ἂν ἠδισταί ἔχῃ
 Πᾶσι παιδί, καὶ γυναικὶ προσοφρον γυνή,
 Νοσῶν τ' ἀνδρὸς ὄντι. κ. α. λ. ap. Plut.

Lat. Pares cum paribus. Æqualis æqualem delectat. *Erasm.* l. ii. 20.
 Simile gaudet simili. Ib. 21. Cascus cascum ducit, &c.
 Indica Tigris agit rabida cum tygride pacem
 Perpetuam. Sævis inter se convenit uris. *Juv.* xv. 263.
Tyger with tyger, bear with bear you'll find,
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd. Tate.

And yet, says *Martial*,
 Uxor pessima pessimus maritus I
 Miror non bene convenire vobis.
Bad husband and bad wife! 'tis strange to me,
That two, so much alike, cannot agree.

The *Italians* say, Ogni simile appetisce il suo simile. The *French*, Chescun cherche son semblable, or, demande sa sorte. The *English*, Like will to like, (as the devil said to the collier.)—
King Harry (V.) loved a man, &c.

(b) *Minutius* in Octavio, ut et in ludicris et seriis pari mecum voluntate concineret, eadem vellet et vellet crederes unam mentem in duobus fuisse divisam. Vid. *Sidon. Apoll.* v. 9.

EPISTLE CX.

On the Contempt of Riches.

I SALUTE thee, *Lucilius*, from my country-seat at *Nomentum*,
 and charge thee to keep thy mind ever pure; i. e. to have the Gods
 propitious to you; as they are ever kind to those, who are kind to them-
 selves.

selves. Set aside however that opinion at present, which many are so fond of, *that every one hath his guardian God attending him (a)*, not indeed any principal God, but one of inferior note, from among those, whom *Ovid* styles *de plebe Deos*, *plebeian Gods*. But nevertheless, remember, that our ancestors, who were of this opinion, were *Stoics*. For to every person, male and female, they allotted (his) *Genius* or (her) *Juno*. We shall hereafter see, whether the Gods are so much at leisure as to attend on the affairs of every individual; in the mean time, know, that whether we are assigned to a several *Genius*, or quite neglected and given up to *Fortune*, you can wish no one a greater mischief than for him to be his own enemy: nor is there any need of execrating a man, whom you justly think deserving a punishment; or wishing the Gods incensed against him; for they certainly are so, though he seems promoted by their favour.

Apply your usual diligence, and consider well what things *really* are, and not what they are called; and you will find that more evils come upon us to which we have been accessory ourselves (*b*), than what happen merely by accident. For how often hath that which was called a calamity proved the cause and source of happiness *? How often hath what hath been received with congratulation and joy, built its seat on a precipice! and hath raised one, who was eminent before, still higher, as if he was to abide there, from whence he need dread no fall? But suppose he were to fall; such fall, if you consider the end, beyond which Nature hath no further power to cast us down, hath no evil in it. The end of all things is at hand (*c*): the time, I say, is near; even that which shall eject the happy, and deliver the wretched. And both these we are apt to stretch in fancy, and lengthen out, either through hope or fear. But if you are wise, *Lucilius*, measure all things by the condition of human life. Contract into a narrow sphere, both that which gives you joy and that which creates fear (*d*). It is of consequence to rejoice in nothing long, that you may fear nothing long.

But why do I throw out such hard strictures on this evil? There is no reason you should think any thing to be feared; they are all vain things

things that move and surprize us ; none of us have examined into what is truth. But we teach one another to fear. No one has the courage to set about a thing that gives him perturbation ; or to examine well into the grounds of his fear. Therefore things false and vain, gain credit ; because they are not disproved, nor their vanity discovered. Whereas were we to open our eyes, and take a diligent view of things, we should see how transitory, how uncertain, how harmless, those are, we are so much afraid of. Such is the confusion of our minds, as is described by *Lucretius* :

Nam veluti pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis
In tenebris metuunt, sic nos in luce timemus. Il. 53.

— as children are surpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark ; so riper years
Ev'n in broad day-light are surpriz'd with fears ;
And shake at shadows, fanciful and vain,
As those that in the breast of children reign. Dryden.

Well then, are we not more foolish than children, *we, who are afraid even in the light* ? But it is false, *Lucilius*, we are not afraid in the light ; we have ourselves spread darkness around us (*e*) ; we can see nothing ; either what is hurtful or what is expedient for us. All our life-time we are continually stumbling ; ye we stop not for this, nor walk more circumspectly (*f*). Now, you see what a mad thing it is to run headlong in the dark ; yet truly this is what we do, that we may be still further off when we are recalled : and know not whither we are carried ; yet we persevere with speed in our respective journey.

However, if we please, we may obtain light ; and there is but one way to be happy in this blessing : which is, by the study of philosophy, i. e. of things human and divine ;—so that a man be not sprinkled only therewith, but is dipped in and seasoned ;—and if, knowing these things, he reflects often upon them, and reminds himself of them ;—if he enquires into, and can rightly distinguish, good and evil ; to which often is ascribed a false title ;—if he seeks to know what is right and fit, and what the contrary ;—but particularly, what is *providence*. Not that the sagacity of human understanding rests here : it is desirous

to look beyond this world; to know its several motions; from whence it first sprung, and to what period this vast velocity is hastening. But alas! we have drawn off our minds from this divine contemplation; to set them upon things low and mean; to be slaves to avarice; and having thrown aside all useful reflections on the works of creation, their boundaries, and the almighty rulers and governors of the universe; we pry into the bowels of the earth, to learn what evils we may dig from thence, not contented with such things as are offered to our view. For whatever was for our good, our God and Father hath graciously set before us (*b*). He hath not expected our laborious search after it; having been pleased to offer it freely: but what might hurt us, he hath buried very deep. We cannot complain therefore of any thing but ourselves. Those things, which Nature had hid from us and forbidden, as tending to our destruction, we have brought into light ourselves. We have devoted the mind to pleasure: the indulgence whereof is the foundation and source of all evils. We have given ourselves up to ambition, and fame, and other affections as vain and fruitless.

What then do I exhort you to do? nothing new or strange. Our evils are not so new as to require new remedies. All that I ask of you, is, that you would consider, and weigh well what is necessary and what is superfluous: necessary things are every where obvious (*i*); but superfluities require the constant labours of our whole mind and body. *But you desire not, you say, rich beds trimmed with gold, or furniture adorned with jewels.* It may be so; there is no reason you should commend yourself for this: for what virtue is there in contemning such things as are not necessary? Then it is that you may command yourself, when you can despise even necessities: it is no great thing that you can live contented without a noble and royal equipage; that you desire no wild boars of a thousand weight on the side-table; nor a dish of the tongues of redwings, and other prodigies of luxury, that disdains whole animals, and only selects the nicer bits.

Then it is I shall admire you, when you disdain not the coarsest bread; when you are persuaded, that herbs and vegetables, in case of necessity,

necessity, were not provided only for the beasts of the field, but for the nourishment of man; when you shall know, that the young shoots, or top twigs of trees can fill the belly; which we now store with so many precious things, as if it were a treasure-house to preserve them. Whereas we need not be over-nice in filling it, it being nothing to the purpose what it receives, since whatever it be, it cannot long keep it. And yet you take pleasure in seeing a course of many dishes, to supply which both sea and land have been ransacked: some animals are the more grateful, if brought young and fresh to the table; others that have been long fed and crammed, so as to melt as it were in their own fat; nay, the artificial flavour of them delights thee. But verily these meats, so anxiously sought after, and so variously and highly seasoned, when swallowed down, turn all to the same filth. Would you despise the pleasure of dainty eating, only view it in its last stage.

I remember to have heard my tutor, *Attalus*, make the following harangue with great applause: “ Riches, said he, have a long while
 “ imposed upon me. I was amazed, when, in one place, or another,
 “ I saw their glittering splendor. I concluded, what I did not see
 “ was alike rich and beautiful with what was exhibited to view. But
 “ in a late pageant I saw the whole wealth of the city, gold and silver,
 “ finely embossed; jewels of various dies and of an exquisite water;
 “ and the richest apparel, brought not only from beyond our own
 “ territories, but from beyond the confines of our most distant enemies.
 “ On one hand, a tribe of boys, fair and comely, both in shape and
 “ dress; on the other, a range of beautiful women; with many other
 “ things, which the fortune of the greatest empire displayed, as recon-
 “ noitring at once all her treasures. *And what is all this*, said I to
 “ myself, *but to provoke the sensual appetites of man, forward enough of*
 “ *themselves? What means all this pomp of money? We are surely*
 “ *assembled here to learn covetousness*. But, in truth, I carried away
 “ with me less desire for it, than I had entertained before. I despised
 “ riches, not because they are superfluous; but because they are trifles.
 “ Saw you not, that in a few hours time, the whole train, though
 “ marching slow and in orderly ranks, passed by? And shall that

“ take up our whole life, which we should have thought long and tedious if it had taken up the whole day ?”——*He likewise added,*
 “ Riches really seem to me as superfluous to the possessors as to the spectators. This then is what I say to myself, whenever such a
 “ gaudy scene dazzles mine eyes ; when I behold a fine house, a spruce
 “ train of servants, or a litter supported by handsome strong-back’d
 “ lacqueys (l) : *what do you wonder at ? why are you amazed ? it is all*
 “ *pomp : these things are made a skew of, they are not possessed, they please*
 “ *a moment, and pass by.* Turn yourself rather to true riches ; learn
 “ to be content with a little, and with a truly great and noble spirit.
 “ cry out, *Give me water, give me a barley cake, and I will not envy*
 “ *Jupiter his happiness.* No ; even if these things are wanting. It is
 “ scandalous to place the happiness of life in gold and silver ; it is no
 “ less so to place it in water and barley-bread. *But what shall I do if*
 “ *I have not these ? Is there any remedy against extreme want and*
 “ *penury ?* Yes, hunger will soon put an end to hunger (m). Other-
 “ wise where would be the difference between being a slave to great or
 “ little things ? It is no matter how great the thing is, that fortune
 “ hath denied us ; if we must depend upon the pleasure of another for
 “ even this our water and barley-bread (n). He only is free ; not over
 “ whom Fortune hath the least power, but over whom she hath no
 “ power at all. Thus it is then : you must covet nothing, if you
 “ would rival *Jupiter*, who hath nothing to ask.”

Thus spake *Attalus* to us ; and Nature saith the same to all mankind.
 Which words if you frequently revolve in your mind, you will certainly make yourself not seemingly, but really, happy : and in effect you will think yourself so ; let others think as they please.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Epp. 25. 93. The antients called them *δωδεκα θεοι*, *Gods of an inferior class*; nay, they even supposed them mortal. But the general opinion was, that the beings they called *Genii* or *Dæmons* were certain spirits that administered, under the Supreme Being, the affairs of men, taking care of the virtuous, and punishing the bad, and sometimes communicating with the best; as particularly, the genius of *Socrates* always warned him of approaching dangers, and taught him to avoid them. *Plutarch*.

Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum
Naturæ Deus humanæ mortalis in unum—
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus et ater.
That Genius only knows, who's pleas'd to wait
On each man's natal star, and guide his fate:
An arbitrary God, whose smile or frown
Makes This a Gentleman, and That a Clown.

They rather, says *Murel*, assigned a *Genius* to a man, and a *Juno* to a woman; as in *Tibullus* one swears to her lover,

Perque tuos oculos, per *Geniumque* rogo.

And he again to her;

Hæc per sancta tuæ *Junonis* numina juro;

As in *Petronius*—*Quintilla* cursing herself, says,

Junonem meam iratam habeam.

“ And the tame demon that should guard my throne,

“ Shrinks at a *Genius* greater than his own.” *Shakespeare*.

So *Macbeth*, speaking of *Macduff*,

— There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My *Genius* is rebuk'd; as it is said
Antony's was by *Cæsar*. Id.

Vid. *Erasm.* Adagi i. 1. 72. *Lips.* Manud. 11. 19.

(b) This reminds me of an epitaph which I wrote many years ago upon a young gentleman; but it was thought too true for an epitaph, and therefore not accepted.

Here lies friend —, whose death this truth confess'd,
That mortals seldom know when they are blest'd;
Because he had no enemies, he tried
To be his own: so drank, fell sick, and died.

This likewise puts me in mind of what I have heard or read of a poor man, who, in *Queen Mary's* days, as he was drawn upon a sledge to execution on account of his religion, the sledge broke and fractured his leg; upon which he was compassionately carried into an house, and within a few days *Queen Mary* died, and his life was saved.

(c) *The end of all things is at hand, be ye sober therefore, and watch unto prayer.* i. Pet. 4. 7.

(d) Let us turn our endeavours towards such remedies, as prudence and philosophy are found

to preserve to us. And according to their advice, *pack up our hopes and fears into as narrow a room as we can possibly, by which we shall render the last more portable, and the first less tedious.*

Osborne. Advice to his Son.

(e) *Omnia nobis tenebras fecimus.*] Nothing is more frequent than the use of this metaphor in Scripture, but full to our purpose is, *Ye were some time darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord. All things that are reprov'd are made manifest by the light; for whatsoever doth make manifest, is light. Wherefore he saith (Is. 60. 1.) Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.* Ephes. v. 8. 14. *I send thee, (Paul) to the Gentiles, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light.* Act. 26. 18. Rom. 13. 12. i. Tim. 5. 5. i. John, 2. 8.

(f) *Nec-circumspectius pedem ponimus*] See then that ye walk more circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time. Ephes. v. 15. *Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time.* Col. iv. 5,

(g) See *Fitzosborne*, Letter 48.

(h) So *Moses*, in the name of the Lord, *I have set before thee this day life and good. It is not hid- den from thee; neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldst say, who shall go up for us into heaven, and bring it us? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst say, who shall go over the sea, and bring it unto us? But the word is very nigh thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.* Deut. 30. 11---15. See also *Rom. x. 6---8.*

(i) See Ep. 18.

(k) *Linguas phœnicopterorum*] Whatever bird it was, *Muret.* observes, that *Apicius* (that master of gluttony and dissoluteness) recommended the tongue of it as a most dainty morsel. *Sutton.* in *Vitell. c. 13.*

Dat mihi penna rubens nomen: sed lingua gulosis

Nostra sapit, quid si garrula lingua foret!

Gluttons have borrow'd this my name from Greek;

My tongue a dainty bit! oh, could I speak!

(l) It is observable that litters were not used by way of state, before the time of *Julius Cæsar*, but only for travelling. *Suetonius* mentions it as a particular privilege granted to one *Harpocras*, the being carried about the city in a litter, in the time of *Claudius Cæsar*: he also observes that they were not allowed to ladies of an easy fume, in the time of *Domitian*. See *Lips.* Flest. i. 19.

(m) This, with *Attalus'* leave, seems a very hard lesson, and somewhat like what the old nurse said to her child: *lie still, child, you will die presently.* But his argument is, that we should not be over-anxious even for necessities; and much less purchase them at the expence of liberty.

(n) See Ep. xxv. (N. d. e.) *Ælian* Var. Hist. iv. 13.

EPISTLE CXI.

On idle Cavils.

YOU desire to know, *Lucilius*, by what word we express in *Latin*, what the *Greeks* called σοφισματ, *sophisms*. I know of none who have expressed it properly, though some have attempted it; and the reason of this is, being averse to, and not using the thing itself, we made no account of the name. Yet that seems to me the most expressive which is made by *Cicero* (*a*). He calls them cavillationes, *cavils*; which whoever applies himself to, he forgeth indeed subtle questions; but makes no advance in the better conduct of life: nor is made thereby more strong, more temperate, or more elate. Whereas he, who hath fought his remedy against the evils of life in philosophy, becomes magnanimous, full of confidence, insuperable; and seems the greater, the nearer you approach him: like a mountain, the height whereof is not very apparent when viewed at a distance, but when you come near it seems to reach the skies.

Such, my *Lucilius*, is a philosopher, when a philosopher indeed; according to the truth of things, and not a counterfeit by art. He stands on an eminence, is admirable, upright and truly great. He does not strut, and walk on tiptoe, like those who help their height by some shift, and would fain seem taller than they are; but is contented with his natural stature. And why should he not be content; since he is too tall for Fortune to lay her hand upon him; and is therefore above all worldly affairs? In every state or condition he is consistent with himself, and the same man; whether his life runs smoothly on with a prosperous gale, or whether it be tossed by the boisterous waves of adversity.

Now such constancy can never be procured by the *cavils* before-mentioned. The mind plays with these things, without receiving any

benefit from them. It is to dethrone philosophy, and reduce her to the common level. However you may sometimes amuse yourself with them, but it must be, when you intend to trifle and do nothing. But let me give you this caution; they have one bad quality attending them; they are too apt to allure the mind with a certain delight, and induce it, by a specious appearance of subtlety, to fix itself upon them; when we have so much business of the greatest importance upon our hands; when scarce our whole life is sufficient to learn this one thing, *a contempt of life*. But *what of governing it*, you say? This, *Lucilius*, is the second work we have to do; for no one can manage, or govern it well, who hath not first despised it.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Cavillationes*, the word indeed is used by *Cicero*, but not in this sense, rather signifying quips, witticisms, and the like.

EPISTLE CXII.

Old Sinners very difficult to be reformed.

INDEED, *Lucilius*, I desire, as much as you, to instruct our old friend. But he is too tough and stubborn for me, or rather, I should say, what is more troublesome, he is too tender and delicate, his constitution having been broke by a constant and evil habit. I will give you an example from my own experience. Every vine is not fit for grafting: if it be old and worm-eaten; or if it be weak and slender, it will not receive the scyon, or not nourish it; it will not take with it, and communicate its nature and quality. We are used therefore to cut it off just above ground, in order that if it fails, a second experiment
may

may be made by setting it again in the earth. The person you write about, and are concerned for, hath not strength; he hath so long indulged himself in vice, that at the same time he both withers away, and hardens. He cannot close with reason, nor indeed give it entertainment.

But he is desirous, you say. Do not think so. I will not say that he tells you a lie; he only thinks he is desirous. He is at present sick of luxury; but he will soon return to it again. He says indeed *he is offended at his own life*. I do not deny it; for who is not offended at it? There are men, who have both hated and loved their life at the same time (*a*). We will therefore *then* give you our opinion, *when* he hath given us full assurance, that he really detests luxury and all manner of excess; at present we are not clear in this point.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Dr. Young hath beautifully expressed this but on another occasion.

“ Life we think long and short; Death seek and shun;
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.” N. T. 11.

EPISTLE CXIIL.

*A trifling Question, Whether Virtues and Vices are Animals *.*

YOU desire me, *Lucilius*, to give you my opinion of that question, so bandied about among the Stoics: *whether justice, fortitude, prudence, and other virtues, are animals*. It is from such questions as these, my dear friend, that we are thought to exercise our wits to very little purpose; and to waste our time in idle and useless disquisitions. However, I will endeavour to oblige you with an answer, and explain what some

among the *Greeks* (a) have understood of this affair; though I must own myself not of their opinion. The reasons that induced the antients to receive it, are the following:

It is manifest, say they, that (animus) *the soul* is an animal, seeing that it is the efficient cause of life in us; and that animals borrow their name from it (b). And virtue is nothing else but the *soul*, under such a modification, and therefore it is an animal. Besides virtue acts, but nothing can act without impulse or motion; and if it hath motion, which indeed properly belongs to animals, it is therefore an animal. If virtue, it is likewise said, is an animal, it is an animal through virtue; for why? it contains itself. As a wise man does all things by, or thro' virtue; so does virtue all things by itself: and therefore it is urged, that all arts are animals, all the objects of thought, and whatever is comprehended in the mind. From whence it follows, that millions of animals dwell in the narrow compass of the human breast; and all of us are so many animals, or contain so many animals.

In answer to this, let me observe, *though every one of the things alledged be an animal, they are not many animals.* And this I will explain to you, if you will hear me, with your usual attention and acuteness.

Every particular animal must have a particular substance: but all these supposed animals have one soul, or are contained in one soul, therefore they can be but one; they cannot be many. I am an animal; I am also a man; yet you will not say that I am *two*. And why? because they must be separable: the one, I say, must be deducible from the other, or else they cannot be two. *Every unit, however multiplied in itself, hath still but one nature, and is therefore one (c).* My soul is an animal, and I am an animal; yet we are not two; because, my soul is a part of myself. A thing is to be numbered by itself, when it subsists by itself; but when it is part of another, it cannot seem a different thing from that: because a different, or another thing, must be what is, properly, wholly and absolutely within itself.

I told you, that I professed myself of a different opinion from those who held this question in the affirmative. My reason is, because, according to this opinion, not only all *virtues* will be animals, but all other affections, and even the *vices* of the mind, as *anger*, *fear*, *grief*, *jealousy*; nay, further, all *opinions* and all *thoughts* will be animals: which by no means is to be admitted. For, not every thing that is done by, or belongs to, man, is a man.

What is justice? they say. *It is the soul, considered in such a respect, and if the soul is an animal, so is justice.* No; for justice is but a mode, or certain power of the soul. One and the same soul is convertible into various forms; but it is not so often another animal, as it was pleased to act differently; nor is whatever it does, an animal. If *justice* be an animal; if *fortitude*, and the other virtues be animals; do they sometimes cease to be animals that they may begin again? or are they always animals? They can never cease to be virtues; therefore there are many: nay, numberless animals in the one soul. No, say they, *they are not many, because they are connected in one; and are parts or members of one.* We suppose therefore the soul to resemble the hydra, that hath many heads, each of which fights, and does mischief of itself. What then? none of these heads is of itself an animal: but the hydra itself is one animal. No one will say that the lion in the *chimæra*† is an animal; nor the dragon an animal: these are but parts of her, and parts are not animals.

But from whence do you conclude *justice* to be an animal? *Because it acts and does good; and what acts and does good, must have power and motion, and what hath power and motion is an animal.* True, if this was its own power and motion, but it is not its own; it is the power and motion of the soul. Every animal, 'till it dies, is what it was at first; man, 'till he dies, is man; so an horse or a dog; for these cannot be any thing else than what they are. Let us then, for argument sake, suppose *justice*, i. e. the soul under such a modification, to be an animal; *fortitude* then is likewise an animal, it being the soul under such a modification. *But what soul?* That which before was *justice*: it is con-

tained in the former animal: it cannot pass into, or belong to, another: it must continue there where it began first to be.

Moreover, it cannot be one soul of two animals, much less of more than two. If then justice, fortitude, temperance, and other virtues, are all animals, how will they have but one soul? They must each have a separate soul or they will not be animals. One body cannot be the body of many animals: this they themselves allow. Let us ask then, what is the body of justice? *The soul*. And what is the body of fortitude? the same soul. But two bodies cannot have the same soul. *But the same soul*, they say, *puts on the habit of justice, or of fortitude or of temperance*. This might be, if at the time it was justice, it was not fortitude; or when fortitude, not temperance: but all the virtues happen to dwell together: yet how should these be different animals, when there is but one soul, which can constitute but one animal?

Moreover, no animal can be part of another animal; but justice is part of the soul, therefore it is not an animal. But, methinks, I am wasting time and labour, in proving a thing so manifest to all. We ought rather to be angry, than dispute with a man who will not allow, that *no part of an animal can be part of another*. Look around; view the several bodies of men; there is not one of them but hath its own peculiar colour, form, and proportion. And this among other things always strikes me with admiration, at the infinite wisdom of our great Creator, that in such a vast variety of beings, he hath made no two exactly alike (*d*). Even in those things which seem most alike, when compared, and curiously inspected, there will be found a difference. What a great and beautiful variety is there in leaves and flowers, every one distinguished by its own marks and qualities! So likewise in the different sorts of animals, in none of which there is an exact likeness, not even in those of the same kind. So hath the great Maker of all things ordered it, that, as being different beings, they should be dissimilar in form and proportion.

But

But the virtues, you say, are alike. Yes; and therefore they are not animals. Every animal acts of itself; but virtue does nothing of itself, but in communion with man. Again, all animals are either rational, as man, and the Gods; or irrational, as the beasts: suppose then the virtues were rational, yet they are neither men nor gods; therefore they are not animals. Every rational animal does nothing but when incited by some specious view; from this impulse it contracts a power; and this power is confirmed by *assent*: (I will explain what I mean by *assent*. It behoves me to walk; accordingly I walk; having first consulted with myself, and approved my own opinion: or it behoves me to sit, accordingly I sit.) But this *assent* or self-will is not in virtue. For take prudence by way of example(*e*); it behoves me, I say, to walk; now this belongs not to its nature: for prudence looks not out for itself, but for him whose it is: it can neither walk nor sit; therefore hath not in itself the power of assent; and what hath not assent is not an animal.

If virtue be an animal, it is a rational animal, but it is not rational, therefore not an animal. If every virtue be an animal and every virtue is good, then every good is an animal. This our Stoics avow. To save a father is good; to speak wisely in the senate is good, and to decree justly, is good: therefore to save a father, is an animal; a wise speech is an animal; and so far will this matter go, that it is impossible to refrain from laughing. Prudently to be silent, and to sup well, is good; therefore to be silent, or to eat a good supper, is an animal.

I must divert myself a little more with these fooleries, these subtle triflings. If justice and fortitude be animals, they are certainly terrestrial. Now every terrestrial animal is subject to cold, hunger, thirst; therefore justice is cold, fortitude is hungry, and clemency thirsteth. Why should I not ask them further, what is the shape of these animals? Is it that of a man, or of an horse, or of a wild beast? If they suppose it *round*, as they suppose God (*f*), I would ask whether avarice, luxury, and madness, are equally round? for these likewise they suppose to be animals. Having given them this rotundity, I would further ask them
whether

whether prudent walking be an animal or not; but on their principle they cannot deny it: they must acknowledge that walking is an animal, and indeed round and complete (*g*).

But that you may not think me a defterter, and here speak without book and authority, know, that there was a dispute between *Cleanthes* and *Chrysippus* upon this very point of walking: they could by no means agree. *Cleanthes* saith, that there is a spirit that acts from the *principal*, or superior and governing part of the soul, quite down to the feet. *Chrysippus*, that it is this very principal itself that acts (*b*). Why may not every one therefore after the example of *Chrysippus* maintain his own opinion, and laugh, if he pleases, at the supposed infinity of animals, which the whole world could not contain?

But the virtues, they say, are not many animals, but yet are animals; for as a man may be both an orator and a poet and yet be but one man; so these virtues are animals though not many animals: the same mind is just, and prudent, and brave, as it respectively bears itself with regard to each virtue. Here then let us end the dispute: I join issue with them; for at present I allow the soul to be an animal, referring what I have to say on this matter to another opportunity: but I deny that every *action* of it is an animal: for otherwise all words will be animals, and all verses; for if a prudent speech be good, and every good an animal, then is speech an animal. So a prudent verse is good: but every good is an animal, therefore every verse is an animal: therefore

Arna virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris (Virg. l. 1.)
is an animal, which they cannot say is round; because it hath six feet. Really this is such fine spinning, that the more I consider it the more I laugh: especially when I fancy a solecism, a barbarism, and a syllogism, are animals; and, painter like, assign to each of them a several face, which I think best suits them. Yet these are the things, *Lucilius*, which we so earnestly dispute upon with knitted brows, and a wrinkled forehead. I cannot here say with *Cæcilius*, O tristes ineptiæ (*i*), *wretched trifling!* ridiculæ sunt; *it is rather ridiculous.*

Let us therefore treat of something useful and salutary, and investigate the way that leads to virtue: teach me not that fortitude is an animal, but that no animal (at least man) can be happy without fortitude; i. e. unless he be strong and resolute against all casualties, and by serious meditation hath, in some measure, quelled all accidents, before they reach him. What is *fortitude*? the impregnable fortress of human imbecility: so that whosoever is surrounded by it, he stands secure in the siege of life: for he makes use of, and depends upon, his own strength and weapons. I will here transcribe an excellent sentence from our *Posidonius*; Non est quod unquam fortunæ armis putes te esse tutum, tuis pugna contra ipsam, fortuita non arment; *Never trust to, or think yourself safe, in the defensive arms of Fortune, but oppose her with your own; Chance provides us none.* Therefore, however armed we may be against our enemies, we are still unarmed against Fortune.

Alexander indeed spoiled and put to flight the *Persians*, the *Hyrca-nians*, the *Indians*, and every nation eastward to the great ocean. But he himself having slain one friend (*Clitus*) and lost another (*Hephestion*) lay in darkness; at one time detesting his cruel and wicked action, at another time his loss. The conqueror of many nations was overcome himself by anger, and sorrow. For such was his ambition, he had rather have all things under his command than his passions. O, how blind, how erroneous are men, who desire to extend their dominion beyond the seas, and think themselves happy, if, by the assistance of their soldiery, they can be masters of many provinces; and add continually thereto; ignorant at the same time of what is truly a great and godlike kingdom. *To command ourselves*, is the greatest empire in the world.

Teach me, what a sacred thing is *justice*; which always regards the good of another, asking nothing for herself, but self-exercise. She must have no connection with ambition and glory; but rest satisfied with self-complacency. Let a man persuade himself above all things, that it behoves him to be just, without hope or desire of a recompence. Nor is this enough; let him further persuade himself, that he must

voluntarily

voluntarily incline to this the fairest of all virtues; so that all his thoughts be as averse as possible, from any private advantage (*k*). You must not think that the reward of any just action is greater than the action itself. This too, be sure to fix in your mind, what I before hinted, that it is nothing to the purpose, how many are privy to, or witnesses of, your just and righteous dealing. They who are desirous to have their virtues blazoned abroad, labour not for virtue, but *fame*. You would fain have the honour of being thought a just man; but indeed it may so happen, that justice may be attended with infamy; and then, if you are wise, you will take delight in triumphing over unjust disgrace.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* Unless we had manifest testimonies of it, (as *Muret.* observes) we could scarce think it credible, that any so ridiculous an opinion should have been started as that which here *Seneca* laughs at, and confutes. For what can be more absurd than to suppose that not only the *soul* is an *animal*; (if so, it must then have another soul to animate it, and that another, and so on for ever) but that all virtues, vices, thoughts, and affections, are *animals*. Yet this opinion, ridiculous and absurd as it is, was held and maintained for truth, by the principal masters among the *Stoics*, those severe censors, those long-bearded doctors, those props and supporters of wisdom. Nor did they stop here, but supposed that *quality*, *quantity*, *figure*, and the like were all *animals*. This then is the folly which *Seneca* endeavours to confute in this Epistle: and concludes admirably in praise of *justice*; and with cautioning his reader against wasting his time in the foregoing trifles. There is also extant a short commentary among the *κεθευόμενα* of *Galen*, wherein this very opinion is ridiculed and condemned. The title of it is, 'Οτι οἱ ποιότητες ἀνῳματαί.

(a) Phæcasiatum palliatumque; *wearing white shoes and a cloak*, particularly the *Greek* philosophers, as distinguished from the *Roman* sandals and gown. Phæcasiatorum vetera ornamenta decorum. *Juv.* iii. 218.

(b) The word *animalis* comes from *anima*; and that from *animus*; as *agna* from *agnus*. The difference between *animus* and *anima*, though not always observed, seems to be that by *anima* they understood that power of the soul which giveth *life* and *sensibility*: and by *animus*, that which giveth *understanding*, *wisdom*, and the like.

(c) This, I think, may, in some measure, be applied to the great mystery that *faith* requires us to believe in the Christian scheme, *I and my father are one.* *John.* x. 30.

† The *Hydra* and *Chimæra*, two poetical monsters; the former, a serpent in the garden of the *Esperides*:

Mighty in bulk, and terrible in look:

That arm'd with scales, and in a dreadful fold,

Twinn'd round the tree, and watch'd the growing cold. *Creech* *Lucretius*, 5. 35.

The

The latter was supposed to have,

— *A lion's head, a serpent's tail,
A goat, the middle of the fancied frame,
And still with scorching nostrils breathing flame.* Ib. 5. 960.

(d) This indeed is (as *Lipſius* observes, mirandum, stupendum, divinum) *wonderful, amazing, divine*. The late ingenious Mr. *Hogarth*, in his *Analysis of Beauty* hath applied the like observation to the *human face*; which he calls a *composed variety*; for a variety uncomposed and without design is confusion and deformity. p. 17.

(e) *Putā enim prudentiam animal eſſe. Muret.* *Putā animal prudentiam eſſe*; but this is to ſuppoſe the thing in queſtion: *Gronovius* therefore reads with the MSS. *puta prudentiam eſſe, i. e. faciamus periculum in prudentia.*

(f) *Seneca* here ſeems to be witty upon his brethren the *Stoics*, with whom the *world* was both an *animal* and *God*. Concerning which *Varro* ſaith, *Quomodo poteſt rotundus eſſe, ſine capite, ſine præputio*. But *Plato* likewiſe was of this opinion; yet in *Timæus* he writes, *that it wants ears and eyes and feet, becauſe God wanteth not any inſtruments of this kind, as compelling and continuing all things in himſelf*. And to this both *Varro* and *Seneca* ſeem to allude. *Gentil.* l. 2. *Parerg.*

(g) In the ſenſe of *Horace*; *totus, teres, atque rotundus.* S. 11. 7.

(h) This *principal* or governing part of the ſoul, ſome (*Ariſtotle, Plato, Pythagoras, Hippocrates*) place, *ἐν τῇ ἡμετέρῃ σφαίρῃ· δὲ κεφαλῇ*, in the head; but the *Stoics* (*Empedocles, Parmenides, and Democritus*) place it in the heart.—Thus *Auſonius*;

*Mens quæ cœleſti ſenſu rigat emeritum cor:
Cor vegetum, mundi inſtar habens, animæ vigor ac viſ.*

So the *Epicureans*, *Lucret.* iii. 139.

*Sed caput eſſe quaſi et dominari in corpore toto
Conſilium quod nos animum mentemque vocamus;
Idque ſitum mediâ regione in peſtoris hæret.*

— *I muſt affirm the ſoul and mind
Make up one ſingle nature cloſely join'd:
But yet the mind's the head, and ruling part,
Call'd Reaſon, and 'tis ſeated in the heart.* Creech.

(i) O trifles ineptias] *Turpe eſt difficile habere nugæ,
Et ſtultus labor eſt ineptiarum.* *Martial.*

(k) Like the ſummary of all Chriſtian virtues, *Charity, it ſeeketh not her own.* i. Cor. 13.

EPISTLE CXIV.

On Language, Style, and Composition.

YOU are pleaſed to aſk me, *Lucilius*, how it comes to paſs that at certain times the public language becomes corrupt; and whence it is that the minds of men are ſo fickle, and inclined to error; as at one

time to delight in pompous, swelling expressions, and at another, the speech is so frittered into quavers, that when they talk, you would rather think they were singing: why, at one time, bold and extravagant periods have been in vogue; and, at another, broken sentences, so very concise, that much more is understood than expressed; and why, in another age the use of metaphors, and other figures of speech, by too frequent use, have been most immoderately abused. The reason is this, which you have often heard, and which is become proverbial among the *Greeks*, *Talis hominibus fuit oratio, qualis vita, as is the life of a man, such is his discourse (a)*. As then the behaviour and actions of a man are, for the most part, answerable to their discourse, so the common dialect is oftentimes an imitation, or the result of public manners. —When a government hath lost all regard to discipline, and given itself up to delicacies, it betrays its luxurious disposition by ribaldry and wantonness of speech; I mean not of one or two particulars, but as it is received and approved in general.

The soul and the understanding are seldom of two different colours: if that be sound, sedate, grave, and temperate; this likewise will be moderate and sober: but where that is corrupt and vitiated, this also is affected. See you not, when the soul languisheth, how listless the body is? the limbs become feeble, and the feet drag heavily along: that, if it be effeminate, the little mincing step discovers the infirmity; whereas when it is vigorous and active, the step is more free and bold: or, if it be mad, or what is akin to madness, if it be passionate, how turbulent is every motion! Men in such a state, never walk, but are hurried along; so affected is the understanding by the disposition of the soul: nor can it be otherwise; since it wholly depends upon, and is blended with it; it is entirely formed by this, ever obeys it, and seeks no other law of action, but what this commands.

The manner of *Mecænas'* living is too notorious than, at this time, to need a description. How prettily he walk'd! how delicate he was! how desirous to be gaped upon! how unwilling to conceal any of his foibles! Well then; and was not his discourse as dissolute as his life?
Yes;

Yes; he had as much affectation and vanity in his speech, as in his dress, his equipage, his house, and his wife. He was indeed a man of great abilities (*b*), had he properly applied them; had he not studied an obscurity of style, though at the same time it seemed to flow with an air of elocution. You will find him therefore talking like a drunken man, intricate, and roving from one idea to another, and taking amazing liberties. I will give you a specimen, (from his book *de cultu suo*.)

— Quid purius (*c*)

Amne, sylvisque ripa comantibus,
Vides ut alveum lintribus arent (*d*)
Verfoque vado remi ician hortos!
Quid si quis fœminæ cirro crispatæ
Labris columbatur incipitque
Suspirans, cervice et lapsæ fanatur.—
More tyranni irremediabilis
Rimantur factio, epulis lagenâque
Tentant domos, et sæpe mortem exigunt,
Geniumque festo vix suo testem.
Tenuis cerei fila et crepacem molam
Focum mater aut uxor investiunt.

*What can be purer than the running stream
Whose banks with a leafy coverture are skreen'd?
See how they plough the channel with their skiffs,
And row o'er the reflected gardens!—
What if some pretty damsel, twists and curls
Her jetty locks, and with her pouting lips
Bills like a dove, and now begins to sigh,
That none are smitten with her beauteous bloom!—
Tyrants implacable, and their fell faction
Pry into ev'ry corner of the house,
For some rich flaggon, or such delicacies
As they can find; and oftentimes exact
Death of the owners—
The Genius scarce is witness to his own feast,*

*When by the glimmering of a slender taper,
The mother, or the wife, invest the hearth,
Loud-cracking with the salt-besprinkled meal.—*

When you read such affected and hyperbolical stuff, do you not immediately conclude, that it must come *from one*, who always goes about the city in a loose robe (*e*)? For even when he was *Regent* in the absence of *Augustus*, he gave orders in a dishabille: *from one*, who in the palace, in the forum, in the tribunal, and in every public assembly, appeared with his face muffled, so that nothing could be seen but his ears. Like a runaway, as represented in a comedy (*f*): *from one*, who, (during the tumult of a civil war, when the whole city was alarmed, and even in arms) walked carelessly about the streets, attended with only two eunuchs, better men however than himself: *from one*, who a thousand times married his wife (*g*).—The foregoing expressions, so wretchedly constructed, so ungrammatical, and negligently thrown out, repugnant to every manner of writing, shew that his morals were not less strange, depraved, and singular.

He was remarkable indeed and highly commended for his tenderness and good-nature. He made no use of the sword, and abstained from shedding blood: nor in any other respect did he take an unpermitted liberty. And yet this esteem and praise he himself entirely spoiled by that monstrous affectation of delicacy in his discourse. For he appeared from hence to be a meer *Fribble*, rather than mild. Such obscurities in expression, such uncouth words; the meaning of them sometimes great and sublime, but quite enervated in the delivery, plainly shew to any one that observes them, that the man's head was certainly turned by too great a flow of happiness; which indeed is sometimes the fault of the man, and not seldom of the times.

Where the happiness of a state hath universally spread around the principles of luxury; men first begin to be more curious in dress and outward ornament; next, extravagant expence and care are bestowed upon their houses, in order to make them as airy as their country-seats;

seats; that their walls may shine with the richest marble from foreign countries; that the roofs may be embellished with gold; and the splendor of the pavement be answerable to that of their ceilings: after this they are exceeding nice in their furniture. From hence they proceed to set out their tables magnificently with the most costly dishes; and commendation is sought from novelties, and the changing of antient customs, that such things as were used to be served up first, should now come in the last course (*b*): and such as were presented to the guests at coming in, are now reserved for their going away.

When the mind has got an habit of disdaining things in common use, and looking upon them as mean and vile, it then seeks out for new language also; and brings into play again such words as are antique and obsolete; or coining new ones, introduceth strange uncouth terms, or wrest such as are known, to another meaning. Any word newly come in vogue is esteemed elegant, and metaphors every day grow more bold and frequent. Some are very concise in their expressions, and expect to be admired for leaving the hearer in suspense: others are as much too prolix, spinning out their meaning to an intolerable length. Some men are cautious of falling into vice, (as they generally do, who intend any thing great) but at the same time love the vice itself. Whenever therefore you find men delight in loose discourse, you may be assured they are not sound in their morals. As the luxury of entertainment, and expensive dress, are a certain sign that the state is decaying; so a licentiousness of speech, if frequent, shews also, that the minds of the people, that delight in such conversation, are in a bad way.

You ought not to wonder, that this corruption of language is received as well by the great vulgar as the small; for they differ not in judgment but in dress and fortune. This is rather what you should wonder at, that they not only praise what is vicious, but the vices themselves. For this is usual: there was no wit passing, however loose and sarcastical, but what easily obtained pardon (*i*). Point me out any man you please, of note and reputation, and I will tell you, wherein, the age he lived in, winked at his foibles, or knowingly dissembled them. I will give
you

you some, I say, of the greatest renown, who have been reputed most excellent men, and proposed as admirable examples; whom yet if a man presumes to examine and censure, he will quite demolish them; for so many vices are blended with their virtues, that it will be difficult to separate them.

Add now, that *language hath no certain criterion*: the custom and fashions of the place, which are perpetually changing, make likewise a change in the language: many affect to borrow words from another age; they speak in the antient style of the *twelve tables*. *Gracchus*, and *Craſſus*, and *Curio* of a later date, are too polite and modern for them. They go back as far as *Appius* and *Coruncanus* (*k*). Some, on the other hand, while they approve of nothing but what is trivial and in common use, fall into meanness: both of them faulty, in a different way; as much indeed as if they were to use in their discourse, the most pompous, high-sounding, and poetical expressions, in order to avoid the more necessary and common words; the one I say is as faulty as the other. The one dresseth himself like a coxcomb; the other like a slave: the one picks the hair from the legs; the other not so much as from the arm-pits.

Let us pass on now to composition. What a number of faults could I here point out to you? Some approve of a rough and crabbed style; whatever sentence flows in a smooth and more pleasing strain, they purposely fling it out. They would have no period without its ruggedness. They think it manly and strong, when it strikes the ear with an unequal sound. Of others, it cannot be called composition but modulation, so soft and soothing is the strain. And why need I mention that sort of composition, in which some principal words are postponed, and come creeping in at the end of a sentence? Or that which is smooth throughout, and clear in the close, like *Cicero's* ending with a gentle cadence, and answering his usual manner and measure? Sentences in general are not only faulty, when they are either weak and puerile, or so bold and luscious as not to preserve decency and modesty; but if they are too
florid,

florid, or too soft and sweet, without any point or design, they are nothing more than mere sound.

Now these are the faults which are introduced by some one who is reputed eloquent : whereupon others imitate him, and so on, from one to another. Hence, *Sallust* being in vogue, curt sentences, unexpected cadences, and obscure brevity, were reckoned beauties. *Arruntius*, a man of uncommon frugality, who wrote the history of the *Punic* wars, was a follower of *Sallust*, and became eminent in that mode of writing. *Sallust* hath somewhere this expression, exercitum argento facit, *by silver* he made *an army*, i. e. he raised an army by bounty-money. *Arruntius* began to be fond of this expression ; and therefore used it in almost every page. He says in one place, Fugam nostri fecere, *Our men made a flight* : in another, Hiero rex Syracusanorum bellum fecit, *Hiero, king of Syracuse, made war*. In another, Quæ audita Panormitanos dedere Romanis fecere, *Which things being heard, made the Panormitans surrender to the Romans*. I had a mind to give you this taste of him ; but his whole book is composed in this manner.

Such words as are very rare in *Sallust* are frequent in *Arruntius*, and used perpetually, even when there is not the least occasion for them. *Sallust* fell upon them accidentally, but *Arruntius* sought them. And you see the consequence, when any one takes an error for his model. *Sallust* had said, Aquis hiemantibus, *the waters being wintry* ; upon this, *Arrunteus*, in his first book of the *Punic* war, is pleased to say, Repente tempestas hiemavit, *on a sudden the storm wintered* : and in another place when he would tell you that it was a cold year, he saith, totus hiemavit annus, *the whole year was winter*. And again, Inde sexaginta onerararias, leves præter militem, et necessarios nautarum, *hiemante Aquilone, misit, From thence, beside the soldiery, and necessary mariners, he sent away sixty merchantmen*, during the winter of the north wind. In short, he thrusts this word in, where-ever he has an opportunity. *Sallust* somewhere says, Inter arma civilia æqui boni fumas petit, *Even amid civil broils he seeks the glories of a good and just man*. *Arruntius* could not refrain from laying hold of these words, and forthwith

inserts in his first book, *ingentes esse famas de Regulo, great were the glories of Regulus.*

These however and the like quaint expressions, that are picked up by imitation, are not signs of a luxurious fancy, or a corrupt mind; for they must be proper, and naturally his own, from whence to judge of an author's affections. The speech of a passionate man is passionate, and the more violent according as he is irritated: as the speech of a fribble is delicate and flowing: as you may observe in those, who pluck out what beard they have with knippers, or here and there a hair; or who shave the lip close, and let the rest grow as it can; who chuse their cloaks of some odd colour, and are very conspicuous for the richness of their gowns; and who desire that nothing they do should pass unseen; they invite and provoke every one to turn their eyes upon them, and care not how much you censure or laugh at them, if you vouchsafe to see them.

Such then is *Mecænas*, and such his style, as it is of all those who err not accidentally, but knowingly and willingly. Now this arises from a great defect of the mind. As in drunkenness the tongue falters not, 'till such time as the mind is overpowered by its load, and reason is overset or quite lost: so this manner of speech (what is it else but drunkenness?) is never impertinent, 'till the mind fails. This therefore must first be cured; as it is from this that sense and words flow; and from this the habit, the countenance, the gait: so long as the mind continues sound, the speech is robust, strong, and manly; if this be dejected, all its dependents sink at once.

—— Rege incolumi mens omnibus una est,

Amisso rupère fidem.—*Virg. G. iv. 212.* (Speaking of bees)

While he (the King) survives, in concord and content,

The commons live, by no divisions rent;

But the great monarch, Death, dissolves the government. Dryden. }

The mind, or soul, is our king within, while he is safe and well, the rest continue dutiful: they submit, and obey: when he wavers ever so little, the rest fluctuate in doubt; and when he gives himself up to pleasure,

pleasure, his every art and action are enfeebled, and all his efforts loose and languid.

To go on with the metaphor—Our soul is sometimes a king, and sometimes a tyrant: a king, when he observes what is right and fit; takes due care of the body committed to his charge, and commands nothing that is base, nothing that is mean: but when he is passionate, covetous, or over-nice, he assumes a dire and detestable name, even that of tyrant. Then do the unruly passions seize him, and sollicit him incessantly; rejoicing at first in their triumph; as a people are apt to do, when they think themselves happy in some largess from a tyrant, designing to enslave them; and, being already full, accept of more than they can digest. But when the disease hath more and more consumed his strength, and a relish for pleasure hath sunk deep into his marrow and nerves; elevated at the sight of those things, which his over-eagerness, and too fond desires render him unfit for, instead of enjoying them himself, he is contented with seeing others enjoy them; he stands pimp to the lust of others; and is only a witness of those delights, amid which he is starved by too great plenty. Nor is it so grateful to abound in worldly pleasure, as irksome, that he is not able to swallow down so great a preparation of dainties, or wallow with his troop of bawds and harlots: it grieves him to be deprived of the greatest part of his supposed felicity by the narrow receptacle of the body.

But is not this madness, my *Lucilius*, that not a man of us thinks himself mortal, or reflects on his infirmities. Nay, that he does not know, he is but *one*. Behold our smoking kitchens, and the sweating cooks running from fire to fire: could you imagine that it was for one belly, that provisions are making with so great a bustle? Behold our cellars and store-houses, full of the vintages of many years! Would you think that it was for one paunch that the wines of so many consuls reigns, and of so many different climates, are stored up for the same purpose? Behold in how many places the earth is broken up! how many thousand husbandmen are employed in digging and ploughing! Would you think that it is for one belly that men sow both in *Africa*

and *Syria*? Believe me, we should be more healthful, and keep our desires within proper bounds, were each of us to reckon himself but *one*; and at the same time to take dimensions of his body; and learn that it cannot receive much, or retain it long. Nothing however can contribute more to temperance and moderation in all things, than frequent reflection on the brevity and uncertainty of life. Whatsoever you do, think on mortality.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) So, *Plato*, "Οἷος ὁ λόγος τοιούτοις ὁ τροπος. And *Solon*, τὸν λόγον εἰδωλον εἶναι τῷ ἔργῳ. And yet *Erasmus* says he knows not what this proverb is in *Greek*, unless it be

Ανδ, ὅς χαράκλῃ ἐκ λόγου γινώσκειται

Euripides, much to the same purpose, μαρὰ γὰρ μῶρὸς λέκει. *Solomon* frequently, the tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright, but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness. Prov. 15. 2. The heart of fools proclaimeth foolishness. xii. 23.

(b) *Sen. Ep.* 19. *Fitzesborne's Lett.*

(c) I have given you the words as they stand in *Muretus's* edition; but to extract a seeming meaning from such nonsense, I have translated them from conjecture and the various readings—al. quid turpius.—Remittant hortos, al. remigant.—Colubratur—laxâ feratur al. ferantur.—Nemo tyranni al. nemore, ne more.—They are supposed to be (imperfect) hendecasyllables: and the sense, relating to some tyrant's behaviour.—

(d) As in *Virgil*, viii. 96.—Viridesque secat placido æquore silvas,

— and cut reflected forests on the waves. *Lauderdale.*

Alike bold, Αλιμινον δ' ὄρεος ἀνυλαὰ τέμναν. *Aristoph.* Av. 1400.

Cutting the shoreless furrows of the air.

(e) Improbe, quid tandem tunica nocuere soluta?

Aut tibi ventosi quid nocuere sinus?

(f) As it was usual for the fribbles of that age to cover their heads with their gown to keep off the sun.

Ut isti Græci palliati capite operto qui ambulant. *Plaut. Curc.*

And *Plutarch* censuring the freed man of *Pompey*, says, Domino stante accumbebat έχων δὲ ἄτερον κατὰ τοὺς κεραιλῶς τὸ ἵμν. τιν. And *Petronius* describing *Trimulchus*; Pallio coccino adrasum incluserat caput, we could not refrain from laughing, when we saw his bald pate peeping out of a scarlet mantle. See *Lips.* Amphitheat. xx.

(g) *Terentia*—Somewhat hyperbolical; from their perpetual quarrels and divorces.

(b) This *Martial* observes with regard to lettuce, or a salad:

Cludere quæ mentas laetluca solebat avorum,

Dic mini, cur nostras inchoat illa dapes?

The salad now comes first; in ages past,

Our ancestors reserv'd it to the last.

Plutarch, (*Sympol.* viii. 9.) recounting the causes of new diseases alledges this as one; the cus-

toms of the antients being more wholesome. Τὴν ταξιὶν κ. τ. λ. *The change of order in our feeding has a great influence on the alteration of our bodies; the cold courses, as they were called, formerly consisting of oysters, lobsters, sallad, and the like, now make the first course, whereas they were formerly the last.* I know not but that I may observe the reverse of our English pudding.

(i) See *Webb*, on painting, p. 66.

(k) *Appius Claudius*, Consul. U. C. 489.—*Coruncannus*, the first who from a Plebeian was made *Pontifex Max.* U. C. 489. Liv. Id.

Si tibi vetu'atis tantus est amor, pari studio in verba prisca redeamus, quibus *Salii* canunt, et auguras aves consulunt, et Decemviri tabulas condiderunt. Jamdudum his renuntiatum est, et successio temporum placita priora mutavit. Symmach. iii. 44. *If you have such an affection for antiquity, let us return to the old language, in which the Salii sung their hymns, the Augurs consulted the birds, and the Decemviri formed the twelve tables. These have long since been renounced; and a succession of ages hath changed the old decrees.*

(l) Atque ita hircum olet, *Lipsius*.

EPISTLE CXV.

On the same. And the Beauty of Virtue.

I WOULD not have you, my *Lucilius*, too curious and solicitous concerning style and composition. Many things of much greater importance call for your attention. Consider rather the *matter* than the manner of your writing. I could wish that you were more employed in thinking than in scribbling; especially if you so think, that you may apply your thoughts more and more to your own good; and seal, as it were, the substance of them on your heart (a).

Know that when you see or hear a laboured and over-nice discourse, that the mind of the author is taken up with trifles and vanity. The truly great man is more remiss and free; in whatever he is pleased to utter you will find more of confidence and solidity, than careful curiosity. You have seen and you know, many smart fellows, whose beards and locks are dressed with the nicest art, as if just taken out of a band-box (b). From such, you can expect nothing that is manly, nothing solid. Speech is the image of the mind (c): if it be clipped and

trimmed (*d*) very spruce, depend upon it the mind is not sincere and sound. Spruceness and affectation are not manly accomplishments. Could we inspect the soul of a good man, how fair, how beautiful, holy, magnificent, and pleasing would it appear! Justice shining here, and there Fortitude! here Temperance, and there Prudence! Besides these, Frugality, Continence, Forbearance, and Liberty, and Courteousness, and (who would think it?) Humanity, *that* so rare and the choicest good in man, would then shine in their full lustre. And then, O ye Gods! what grace, what weight and authority, would discretion and elegance, that most eminent qualification! add unto the rest? No one would think him amiable, but who at the same time thought him venerable.

And was any one to view this image, in yet an higher and more brilliant light than all worldly glories can give, would he not stand aghast and surprized, as at the sight of some deity, and tacitly pray, that he might behold him with impunity (*e*)? And then invited by the benignity of her (*virtue's*) aspect, kneel down and adore her; and having contemplated, and for some time considered the same, as rising far above the measure of such things as the sight of mortals is used to, her eyes sparkling with a mild indeed, but yet a living flame, would he not with awe and reverence break out, in those words of *Virgil*.

O quàm te memorem, Virgo! namque haud tibi vultus

Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat.—

Sis felix, nostrumque leves quæcunque laborem.—

O virgin, or what other name you bear

Above that style; O more than mortal fair!

Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!—

Let not in vain an humble suppliant pray.—

She will be propitious and assist us, if we duly honour her. But she is not honoured by the slaughtering of bulls (*f*), nor by the richest offering of gold and silver, or by gifts casts into the treasury; but by a pious will, and integrity of heart. Every one I say would be transported with the love of her, were they to behold her in her genuine beauty. But alas! many things now stand in our way, and either
dazzle

dazzle our eyes with too great splendor, or retain them still in darkness. But as the sight is wont to be cleared and sharpened by certain medicines; so were we to clear from the sight of the mind all impediments, we should be able to behold *naked virtue* in all her charms; though tabernacled in the body; nay, though poverty, meanness of condition, and even infamy, stood between us: we should behold, I say, her incomparable beauty, though cloathed in rags. As on the contrary, we should see iniquity, and the foul rust of a cankered mind (*g*); though beaming around with the splendid rays of wealth, and though our eyes are dazzled with the false light of power and honours.

Then shall we understand on what contemptible things we bestow our admiration; like children, who think glaring trifles of great value, and prefer their penny bracelets and toys to the love of either fathers or brothers. What difference is there, as *Aristo* says, between them and us, unless that we are more expensively silly, in being mad after pictures and statues? *They* are pleased with the shells and little stones of various colours that are found on the sea-shore; and *we* with the variegated marble pillars, whether brought from *Sandy Egypt* or the deserts of *Africa*, they form a grand portico, or support a capacious room for banqueting. But herein surely we are the more ridiculous; since when we so greatly admire the walls inlaid with plates of marble, we know what is behind them, and what they serve to hide; and thus it is that we impose upon our eyes: for when we spread the leafy gold upon our houses, what is it but a mere counterfeit that so delights us; since we know that beneath this shew of gold is concealed vile and worm-eaten wood? Nor are our walls and ceilings only thus thinly ornamented; but all that state in which you see the great and noble so proudly strut, is nothing more than *gilded happiness* (*h*). Look within, and you will learn that misery and vileness lie concealed beneath this gawdy shew of dignity (*i*).

It is this very thing, gold, that first raised so many judges and magistrates; and still governs them with its bewitching charms: this, which from the time it first grew into request, hath banished all true worth
and

and honour. Both as buyers and sellers, we regard not how good a thing is, but what it will fetch upon sale. Profit is all; incited by this we are both pious and impious; we follow what is right and fit, so long as there are any hopes of gaining thereby, but are easily drawn into vice, when it promiseth a greater advantage. Our parents originally instilled into us a veneration for gold and silver. And this principle, being sowed in our minds when young, strikes a deep root, and grows up with us: and then, all the world, in other respects of different opinions, agree herein: this they are ever gaping after themselves; this they wish for to all their relatives; and this, as the greatest of all human things, when they would appear grateful, they consecrate and offer up to the Gods. In short, the manners of men are such, that poverty is a cursed disgrace, and consequently despised by the rich, and hateful to the poor.

To this besides are added the ingenious labours of the poets, who are for ever inflaming this affection in us, by recommending riches as the only ornament and honour of life. According to them it seems, that the immortal Gods cannot bestow greater blessings, nor have greater themselves:

Regia solis erat sublimibus alta columnis

Clara micante auro.---(Ov. Met. ii. 1.)

*The sun's bright palace on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold, and flaming rubies blaz'd.*

And behold his chariot,

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summæ

Curvatura rotæ, radiorum argenteus ordo. (107.)

*A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold:
The spokes in rows of silver.---Sewell.*

Lastly, the age they would have thought to be the best and happiest, is styled *the Golden*. Nor are there wanting those among the tragic poets, who barter innocence, health and reputation, for gold.

(k) Sine me vocari pessimum, ut dives vocer.

An dives omnes quærimus; nemo an bonus.

Non

Non quare, et unde; quid habeat, tantum rogant.

Ubique tanti quisque, quantum habuit, fuit.

Quid habere nobis turpe sit, quæris? nihil.

Aut dives opto vivere, aut pauper mori.

Bene moritur, qui dum moritur, lucrum facit.

Pecunia ingens generis humani bonum.

Cui non voluptas matris, aut blandæ potest

Par esse prolis, non facer meritis parens.

Tam dulce si quid Veneris in vultu micat

Meritò illa amores cœlitum atque hominum movet.

Let me be rich, and call me what you please.--

But is he rich? all cry. Not, is he good?

They ask not, why? or whence? but what he has.

Esteem in all, is measur'd by the purse.

Say, what 'tis scandalous to have? why, nothing.

If rich, I wish to live; if poor, to die.

'Tis he dies well, who can enrich his heir.

Money's the greatest blessing man can have.

• *Not the sweet pleasure that a mother feels,*

Or children give, or a deserving fire;

Nor ev'n the sparkling beauty of the fair,

Can rival this delight of gods and men.

When the latter part of these verses were recited in a tragedy of *Euripides*, the whole audience rose up tumultuously; and with great resentment condemned the actor, author, and poetry. But *Euripides* sprung upon the stage, and humbly begged their patience, 'till they should see the catastrophe of the wretch who had made this extraordinary speech. It was *Bellerophons* (V.) (1), who here, from poetical justice, met with that condign punishment, which every guilty wretch feels in his own breast. For avarice never escapes with impunity.——O what floods of tears, what incessant toil does she exact from her devotees! How miserable does she make those who only live in expectation! How much more miserable those, who have obtained their fondest wishes? For behold! what anxieties and daily cares attend on men, according to their several possessions! Money is often possessed with greater torment than

than that by which it was acquired, What bitter sighs do their losses create? which heavy as they fell upon them, still feel heavier. Lastly, though fortune should take nothing from them, whatever she denies them further, is deemed a loss.

But all men think such a one happy, they call him rich, and wish themselves in his condition. It may be so. What then? Do you think any one can be in a worse condition, than the man who is envied by others, and wretched in himself? I only wish that all who are greedy of wealth, would seriously and honestly confer with the rich themselves. I wish that all who gape after titles and honours would consult the ambitious; and such as have reached the first state of dignity! Truly, I believe, they would change their minds; as the great themselves do, who are still hunting after something, and condemning what they before admired. For no one is contented with his own happiness, tho' it flows in upon him to his wish. Still do they complain of their wrong designs, and unhappy success, and had much rather be what they were before.

Therefore it is philosophy alone that can give this truly valuable blessing; *to do nothing that requires repentance.* And this solid happiness, which no tempest can shake, is not to be conferred, by the study of apt and well-chosen words, or a sweet fluency of discourse: let it flow as it will, so that the mind be calm and composed; so long as this continues truly great, and firm in its own consequence, neglectful of the opinion of others; and enjoys complacency in those very things, that to others are displeasing. Such a one estimates his proficiency in life by his conduct; and rightly judgeth that his knowledge is to be valued according to his not knowing, either how to covet, or how to fear.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Et veluti signes] So the Greeks, ἐσημαίνειν.—τὰ μαθηματα δι' ἀπλότητα τῶν ψυχῶν εἰς χάδος ἐσημασμένα. *Basil.* The *Latins* say *ponere signa*.

— Non est mihi tempus aventi

Ponere signa novis præceptis.—*Hor.* S. ii. 4. 1.

I have not leisure now, to mark new rules.

(b) De capsulâ totos] *Lipfius.* al. tortos. *Scaliger* reads it, Descapulatos, and applies it to those who affect a loose robe, or undress.

Effluit effuso queis toga laxa sinu. *Tibull.* 1.

Maltbinus tunicis demissis ambulat. *Hor.* S. i. 2. 25.

— *Walks with his gown below his heels.*

(c) Oratio vultus est animi.] Much the same with what he had said in the foregoing Epistle, Talis est oratio, qualis vita. So *Democritus* ap. *Laert.* calls, *speech*, ὁ δῶλον τῆς ζωῆς, than which says *Erasmus* nothing can be more just. *Man is known by his speech as brazen vessels by their ringing.* And to this *Perfius* alludes,

— Sonat vitium percussa malignè

Respondet viridi non costâ fidelia limo. iii. 21.

A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd vessel found,

'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound. *Dryden.*

There is another sentence in *Latin* to the same purpose.

Tale ingenium, qualis oratio. See *Erasm.* p. 1456.

To which *Terence* alludes.—Nam mihi quale ingenium habeas, fuit indicium oratio. *Heauton.* We say in English, *speech is the picture of the mind.*

(d) Si circumtonsa est] *Varro* in *Fragm.* Alii sunt circumtonsi et torti atque unctuli, ut man-gonis videantur esse servi; others are so trimmed and curled, that you would take them for the slaves upon sale.

(e) Ut fas sit vidisse] So in *Livy*, l. 1. *Proculus*, at the sight of *Romulus*, (supposed to have been made a God) venerebundus adstitit, precibus petens, ut contra intueri fas esset. It was the general opinion of all nations that no one can see God; according to that of the Evangelist—*No man hath seen God at any time.*

In a Note (in my translation) of *Vida's* hymns, (published in 1725) I have observed, That when the *Shechinah*, or divine glory filled the tabernacle, *Moses* could not enter therein but upon peril of his life. *Exod.* xl. 35. Nor could the Priests afterwards enter the temple that was built by *Solomon*, when the glory of the Lord had filled that house. ii. *Chron.* vii. 1. We understand therefore by his appearance to *Jacob*, *Moses*, &c. *Gen.* xxxii. 30. *Exod.* xxiv. 20, &c. that somewhat was obvious to their senses that plainly discovered the more immediate presence of God; so that they could no more doubt of it, than of one talking with them face to face; not that there was any similitude, whereby idolatry might pretend to represent him. *Deut.* iv. 15. *Job.* iv. 16. i. *John.* iv. 12.

(f) So the Prophet *Isaiab*, To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord; I am full of the burnt-offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; I delight not in the blood of bullocks or of lambs, or of be goats, &c. Wash ye, make ye clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed; judge the

fatherless, plead for the widow.—Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If. i. 11—20. In burnt-offerings and sacrifices thou hast had no pleasure. Heb. x. 6. See i. Sam. xv. 22. Pf. xl. 6. li. 16. If. lxvi. 3. Heb. xv. 6. Matth. xii. 7.

(g) *Æruginosi animi veterum*] al. *ærumnosi*. But *Gronovius* asks what connection there can be between *malitiam*, and *ærumnosi*, *iniquity*, and *the being unfortunate*? They are *ærumnosi*, who undergo great hardships, which they did not deserve, as *Hercules*, *Ulysses*, *Regulus*; let the paradoxical *Stoics* dispute what they please, concerning the last. This word, *ærumnosus*, belongs to Fortune, not to any fault or vice in the man. He therefore reads *æruginosi*, and supports it from the following:

— Hic nigræ succus loliginis, hæc est

Ærugo mera.—Hor. S. l. 4. 100.

— Envy's weed

Thus shoots unseen, and choaks fair friendship's seed. Duncomb.

— Hæc animos ærugo—

Cum semel imbuerit—Hor. A. P. 331.

When this base rust hath crusted o'er their souls. Creech.

— miserâque ærugine captus

Adlatras nomen—Mart. ii. 61.

(b) *Bractea felicitas*] *Vett. Gloss.* *Bratteam, seu Bracteam, tenuem auri argenticque laminam; a thin plate of gold or silver.* *Bracteatum lacunar.* *Sidon.* i. 10. *Mentis aureæ dictum bracteatum.* *Plin. Paneg*—Vid. *Juret, ad Symm.* l. i. Ep. 16.

(i) Alluding to what King *Antigonus* said to a certain woman admiring his felicity, *O mulier si scias quantum mali sub fascia ista (diademate) lateat, nec humi jacentem tollas: O woman, if thou didst know what afflictions lie under this diadem, you would not stoop to take it off the ground.*

(k) *Sine me vocari.*]—*Gronovius* reads it, *sine me*, as

— *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo.*

Ipsæ domi. Hor. S. i. r. 66.

Let the poor fools hiss me, where'er I come,

I bless myself, to see my bags at home. Creech.

These verses are said to be taken from different places, the latter from the Greek of *Euripides* ap. *Stob. Sermon.* 89.

— ὦ χρυσέ, δαξίωμα κάλλιστον ἐροῦμαι

ὦς ἐδὲ μητὴρ ἡδονὰς τοιαύτας ἔχει

οὐ παῖδες ἀνδρωποισιν, ἢ φίλος πατήρ,

εἰ δ' ἡ Κυπρίς τούτων ὀφθαλμοῖς ὀρᾷ

οὐ θαῦμα ἔρωτες μυρίαι αὐτὴν τρέφειν.

Pecunia, &c.

(l) *Lipsius* observes, that if *Seneca* means here the poet's *Bellerophon*, (*Hor. Od.* iii. 7. 15.) he cannot see what gold has to do in the case. *Bellerophon* was punished for his pride and ambition.

EPISTLE CXVI.

On the Affections and Passions.

IT hath often been disputed, whether it were better to have moderate affections, or none at all. We *Stoics* are for discarding them entirely: the *Peripatetics* are satisfied with moderating or governing them. But for my part I cannot conceive how any degree of a disease can be thought healthful or beneficial. Be not afraid, *Lucilius*, I am not for depriving you of any of those things you are unwilling to be denied. I will grant, nay, indulge you in those which you seek after and think necessary to life, as being both profitable and pleasant. I will detract only the vicious part. For when I forbid you to *covet*, I permit you to *will* (a): that you may make the same efforts with better courage and resolution, and better relish such pleasures. Why not? they will sooner attend you when you command, than when you serve them.

But it is natural, you say, to be troubled at the loss of a friend: forgive a while the tears that so justly flow. It is natural to be concerned at the opinion of mankind; and be made sorrowful by adversity. Why will you not allow so just a dread, as is that of men's having a bad opinion of you? There is no vice but what meets with an advocate; and which in the beginning is not softened and palliated by some excuse or other: but on this very account it spreads the more. You will find it difficult to put an end to it, when once you have permitted a beginning. Every affection is but weak and feeble in its first rise: but self-instigated it gathers strength as it proceeds. It is much easier therefore excluded at first than expelled afterwards.

Who can deny but that every affection flows as it were (b) from a certain natural principle? Nature hath committed us to the care and charge of ourselves. True; but when we are too indulgent herein, we become faulty. Nature hath annexed pleasure even to things necessary; not

that we should affect the same for pleasure's sake, but only that this accession might render such things as we cannot possibly live without, more grateful and acceptable to us. But when pleasure challengeth reception in her own right (*c*), it is then luxury. Therefore let us resist the affections at their first intrusion (*d*); for, as I before observed, they are much easier rejected at first than when left to themselves to depart. *Permit me, you say, to grieve in some measure, and in some measure to fear.* But such measure soon becomes unreasonable: nor can you check it when you please. It may be safe indeed for a *wise* man not to set a guard upon himself: he can restrain both his tears and his joy when he pleases: but because it is not so easy for us to return when we will, it is much better not to set forward.

Panætius (e), I think, gave an elegant and just answer to a young man, who enquired of him, *whether it was proper for a wise man to be in love.* “As concerning a wise man, said he, we will consider that another time; but as for you and me, who are very far from deserving that title, I think it would be better for us, as yet, not to venture upon an affair so turbulent, so unmanageable, so liable to enslave us to the will of another, and despicable to itself. If the beloved object shews us a particular regard, we are immediately more inflamed with her tenderness and good-nature; if she despises us, we are fired with indignation and pride. The love that is too gracious is as hurtful as that which is too rigid and severe. We are entangled by favour; and must have a strong contention with disdain. Conscious therefore of our own weakness, let us desist a while, and be quiet, nor trust our infirm mind to wine, or beauty, or flattery, or any the like attractive charm.” What *Panætius* here saith with regard to *love*, I think applicable to all other affections. Let us avoid, as much as we can, walking on slippery ground: we stand not oversteady on the more firm and dry.

I know, *Lucilius*, you will here again retort upon us the common outcry against the *Stoics*. *You promise us too great things which are unattainable: you command impossibilities. We are at best but poor and infirm mortals.*

mortals. This self-denial therefore is too hard a lesson for us (f). We will, we must, grieve a little: we must covet, but it shall be moderately: we must be sometime angry, but we will be appeased again. But do you know why the things commanded seem impossible? I will tell you. It is because we think them so: but truly, they are not so in fact. We defend our vices, because we love them. And we had rather find out some excuse for them than shake them off. Nature hath given us sufficient strength, if we would exert ourselves in the use of it (g): if we would collect our forces, and employ them wholly for ourselves, at least not, as usual, against ourselves. We pretend we cannot, but the truth is, we will not.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *The will*, according to the *Stoics*, is good, and reckoned among their *ευταδεαι*, *pleasurable habits*.

(b) *Quasi naturali principio*] *Seneca* says, quasi, as it were, for if it was truly natural, it would be good.

(c) Not as accessory, but principal; not as a servant, but as mistress.

(d) *Intrantibus resistamas*] *Sen. de Ira. i. 7. 8.* Optimum itaque quidam putant temperare iram, non tollere. Optimum est primum irritamentum protinus spernere, ipsique repugnare feminibus, et dare operam ne incidamus in iram, nam si cœperit ferre transversos difficilis ad salutem recursus est.—In primis, inquam, finibus hostis arcendus est, nam cum intravit et portis se intulit, modum a captivis non accipit. *An enemy is to be driven from the gates as soon as possible, for when they are once entered, they will make their own terms with the captives.* Vid. *Stobæ. Serm. i. Agell. xix. 12. Aristot. Ethic. ii. iii.*

(e) A most eminent and respectable professor of Stoicism at *Athens*, to whose writings *Cicero* acknowledges himself much indebted, in composing his admirable treatise of *Moral Duties*. *Melm. Del. p. 107. See Ep. 33. N. a.*

(f) Hard as it is, this undoubtedly is the Christian's lesson. *Then said Jesus to his disciples, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.* *Matt. xvi. 24. Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.*

(g) *Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God. Who is able to make all grace abound towards you; that ye always having a sufficiency in all things, may abound in every good work.* *ii. Cor. iii. 5. ix. 8. And the Lord said unto me, saith the same Apostle, my grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.* *ii. Cor. xii. 9.*

EPISTLE CXVII.

A trifling Question; whether, since Wisdom is good, it is good to be wise?

YOU certainly, *Lucilius*, will create much trouble both to yourself and me; and, while you do not intend it, draw me into strife and debate; by posing me with such questions, as I cannot answer in the negative, without disobliging some of our own sect; nor in the affirmative with a safe conscience.

You desire to know my opinion concerning that decree of the *Stoics*, *that wisdom is a good, but to be wise is not*. I will first explain to you what the *Stoics* mean by this assertion, and then freely give you my opinion. It is maintained by some of us, that *good* is a *body*; because what is good, must act in some sort; and what acts is a *body*. Good profiteth, but in order to profit, something must be done, and consequently whatever doth it is somewhat, i. e. a *body*. Now wisdom they say is good; it necessarily follows therefore that we must also call it *bodily*, or such thing as hath a *body*. But *to be wise*, they range not under the same predicament. It is incorporeal, and merely accidental to something else, i. e. to wisdom; therefore of itself it doth nothing, nor profiteth. *Why then*, say they, *do we not affirm, that it is good to be wise?* We do affirm as much, only we refer it to that whereon it depends, i. e. to wisdom itself.

Hear then what is said by some in answer to this; before I begin to secede (*a*), and enlist myself in the opposite party. *By the same means*, say they, *neither to live happily is good*; for whether they will or no, they must answer upon their own principles, *that an happy life* is good, *but to live happily, is not*. It is further urged by some in this manner. *Would you be wise? if so, to be wise is a desirable thing, and nothing can be desirable but what is good*. Here then they are obliged to change their terms, and to sling in a syllable which our language will not admit:
what

what is good, say they, is desirable, but what is only contingent to good, is to desirable; which, when we have attained good, is not required merely as good, but as an accession to the good required. I am not of the same opinion, and cannot but think the abettors of it in the wrong; forasmuch as they are tied down to their first point, and it is not lawful in disputations to change the terms.

It is usual to allow a *presumptive argument*, and to look upon that as truth, which seems so to all men: as for instance; *that there are gods.* (*b*) This we esteem as such; as it is a general opinion, implanted in the minds of all men; nor is there any nation so abandoned, as not to believe it. When we dispute likewise concerning *the immortality of the soul*; it is no small argument with us, that all men agree in fearing, or reverencing the *infernal deities*. Here then I make use of the same common persuasion; you will find no one who does not think that *both wisdom and to be wise are good*. I will not however do, as the custom is of those gladiators, who being overcome, in their last extremity appeal to the people. We will begin again to fight with our own weapons.

What is accidental to man is *without* the man, to whom it is accidental, or *within*: if within him, it is then a body, as much as that is, to which it is accidental; for nothing can happen to a man without touching him, and what toucheth, is body. If what happens be *without*, after it hath happened, it retires, and what retires, hath motion; and what hath motion, is body. You perhaps may expect me to say, that the course is not one thing, and the running another; nor heat one thing, and to be hot another: nor light one thing, and to be illumined another. I grant that these things are not strictly the same; yet neither are they of a different class. If health be a thing indifferent, so is likewise to be well: if beauty be indifferent, so is it to be beautiful. If justice be good, it is also good to be just. If villainy be bad, it is also bad to be villainous; as truly, as if blear eyes are a misfortune, it is also a misfortune to be blear-eyed. This is plain, forasmuch as the one thing cannot be without the other. To be wise,

is wisdom; and wisdom is, to be wise. So that it is so far from being doubted, whether as one is, such is the other, that most men think them one and the same thing.

But this I would ask further. Since all things are, good or bad, or indifferent, among which do you rank *the being wise*? They (the *Stoics*) deny it to be good: but it cannot be bad; it follows then that it must be indifferent. But we call those things mean or indifferent, which may happen as well to a bad as to a good man; as money, beauty, nobility. Whereas this, the *being wise*, cannot happen, or be assigned, but to a good man: therefore it is not indifferent: and it cannot indeed be bad, because it cannot happen, or be assigned, to a bad man: therefore it is good. *But it is nothing more*, they say, *than an accident to wisdom*. Is this then which you call *being wise*, what makes, or is made, wisdom? Be it either active or passive, it is still a body: for that which makes, and that which is made, is a body; and if it be a body it is good; for this was all that you suppose wanting to it, to prevent its being a good; that it was not a body.

The *Peripatetics* hold, that there is no difference between *wisdom* and *being wise*; because the one is included in the other. For do you think that any one can *be wise*, but he that *hath wisdom*? or that any one can have wisdom, without being wise? The antient Logicians first made a distinction between them; and were followed herein by the *Stoics*. What this is I will now inform you.

A field is one thing, and to *have* a field, another. For why? to *have* a field relates to the possessor, and not to the field: so *wisdom* is one thing, and *to be wise* another. I suppose you will grant these to be two things, the possessor, and the thing possessed. Wisdom is possessed; he that is wise possesseth it. *Wisdom* is, a perfect mind, or what contains the highest and chief good, it being the whole art of life. What then is *to be wise*? We cannot say that it is a perfect mind, but that it is contingent to some one having a perfect mind; so that the one

is

is itself an upright mind; the other, as it were, the *having* an upright mind.

There are, it is likewise said, *different natures of bodies*: as this is a man, and this a horse: and these natures are attended with motions of minds declarative of bodies: and these motions have severally something proper, and distinguishable from the bodies themselves: as, *I see Cato walking*. This the sense of seeing discovers to me, and my mind believes it. It is a body that I see, on which both mine eye and my mind are fixed. I say afterwards, *Cato walketh*. I am not speaking now of body, but of something relative thereto; which some call a *dialectical*, some a *declarative*, and some a *dogmatical* proposition. So, when I mention *wisdom*, I understand thereby a body; but when I say, *he is wise*, I mean something *relative* to body. Now there is a great difference between the one and the other. Let us suppose then, for the present, these are two things; (for as yet I do not declare my own opinion) what hinders that a thing, though it may be different, may yet be good? I before observed, that a field is one thing, and to have a field, another. For the possessor, and the thing possessed, are different in nature: this is land, that is man. But in the two things we are disputing about, there is no such difference, as they are both of the same nature; he that possesseth wisdom, and the wisdom possessed.

Besides, in the former case, what is had, and he that hath it, are different; but in this, what is had, and what hath it, are the same. The field is possessed by right, wisdom by nature; that may be alienated, and delivered up to another; but this departs not from its owner. It is not therefore consonant to reason, to compare things that are disparate. I was saying, they might be two things, and yet either of them good; and you grant that wisdom and a wise man are two things, and either of them good. As then *wisdom* is good, and also *the having wisdom*; nothing hinders but that *wisdom* is the same, and also *to have wisdom*, i. e. to be wise. For to this end I would be a wise man, *that I may be wise*. What then? Is not *this* good, without which neither is *that* good? You must assuredly say, that wisdom, if not given for

use, is by no means acceptable. What then is the use of wisdom? *To be wise*: this is what is most precious and estimable herein: take away this, and you will render it a vain, superfluous thing. If torment be an evil, to be tormented also must be an evil; insomuch that if that were no evil, neither would the consequence of it be so.

Wisdom is the habit of a perfect mind; *to be wise* is the use and application of such an habit. How then can the use of it not be good, when without the use it cannot be good itself? I ask again, *is wisdom desirable*? You grant it. And *is the use of it desirable*? It is likewise granted; for you say, you would not accept it, if denied the use of it. What is desirable is good; to be wise, is the use of wisdom; as the use of elocution is to speak, and of the eye to see; so, I say, to be wise, is the use of wisdom; but the use of wisdom is desirable, therefore to be wise is desirable; and if desirable, it is good.

I have more than once condemned myself for imitating those I censure, and wasting words upon what is self-evident. Who can doubt but that if extreme heat be an evil, to be extremely hot is the same; and that if cold be an evil, so is it, to be cold; and if life be good, to live is also good. All these trifling questions about wisdom are certainly not comprehended in wisdom's self. But it is still our duty to abide with her; or if we have a mind to make an excursion, she hath a large and copious field for us to rove in. Let us enquire into the nature of the Gods; what feeds the stars, and gives divers motions to the planets; and whether our bodies are affected according to these their motions; or whether they have an influence on the minds and bodies of all; whether the things we call casual, are linked together in a certain chain of causes; or that nothing happens in this world instantaneous, or without the direction of Providence. These things however tend but little to the reformation of manners, yet they raise the mind; and lift it up to the greatness of those things it is employed about; whereas the foregoing disputes, and the like, lessen and depress the mind; and are so far from sharpening it, as you suppose, that they rather dull and debase it.

Why,

Why, I pray you, do we spend our care and diligence, so necessarily required and due to affairs of greater consequence, on what, for any thing we know, may be false, and certainly is useless? What will it profit me to know, whether *wisdom* is one thing, and *to be wise* another? At all adventures I will stand the chance of this my wish—may *wisdom* be *your* lot, and *to be wise*, *mine*; and I doubt not but we shall fare alike. Or rather, shew me the way to attain knowledge in the following particulars:—tell me what I am to avoid, and what to pursue—by what studies I may strengthen, and fix the, as yet, wavering mind—and how I may disengage myself from those vices that turn and drive me from the right way—and how I may relieve those calamities that have broken in upon me, or those that I have unwarily rushed upon myself.—Instruct me how I may bear adversity without sighing; or prosperity without making others sigh.—How not to live in anxiety, concerning the last and necessary end of life, but to fly to it, when *proper*, as to a sure refuge. Nothing, in my mind, seems more absurd and mean, than *to wish* for death. For if you would live, why do you wish to die? if you would not live, why do you ask the Gods for what they gave you at your birth? As it was then decreed that you should one day die, whether you will or no; (*to be willing*) to die is always in your own power; the one is imposed upon you by necessity, the other is left to your approbation.

In my reading I have met with a principle, ridiculous enough in these days, though wrote by a man, otherwise very learned and eloquent; Ita, inquit, moriar quamprimum, *Let me*, says he, *die as soon may be*. (e). Fond man! you desire what is your own. *Let me die as soon as may be*. Perhaps when you say this, you are grown old and foolish; otherwise what should prevent you? No one detains thee. Go off as you please. Chuse some proper instrument of nature for this purpose. Now these are the elements whereby this lower world is maintained, water, earth, air, and these are not more the means of life than they are the ways of death. *Let me die as soon as may be*. How *soon* would you have it be? What day do you assign to this word *soon*? it may possibly happen sooner than you desire. These then are the words of a weak

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mind catching at mercy and a longer life, in this seeming detestation of it. He hath no mind to die, who wisheth for it. Ask of the Gods, if you please, life, and health : but if you had rather die, the fruit or effect of death is to cease from wishing.

Let these things, my *Lucilius*, employ our meditations, in order to form our minds thereto. This is *wisdom* ; this is *to be wise* ; *to meditate on life and death* ; not to debate on subtle trifles with idle disputations. So many questions of great importance hath Fortune proposed to you, which remain as yet unresolved. At present you only cavil. But how ridiculous is it to stand flourishing your sword, when the trumpet calls you to battle ? Throw aside these sportive weapons, these daggers of lath. There is need of the sword, and to engage in earnest. Tell me by what means no sorrow shall afflict, no fear disturb, the mind—by what means I may discharge my breast of this heavy load of secret desires. Something must be done.

What say you ? *Wisdom* is good ; *to be wise* is not good ? Be it so, if you please. Let us deny, *that to be wise is good* ; to the end that we may draw into contempt this whole study, as being a vain and superfluous employ. And what if you should know, that *this* likewise is made a question ; *Whether future wisdom be a good ?* But what doubt, I pray you, can there be, that the barns feel not the load of a *future* crop ; and that childhood is not sensible of the strength and vigour of youth ? Health *to come* profits not the man who is sick at present, any more than the rest, that is to follow many hard and painful labours, refresheth a man at the time of his running or wrestling. Who knows not that *what is to come*, is not good upon this very account, because it is *yet to come* ? What is good also profiteth ; but nothing profiteth that is not present ; and if it profiteth not, neither is it good ; and if it profiteth, it profiteth instantly. *I shall hereafter be wise* ; this then will be good when it shall come to pass ; in the mean while it is nothing.

A thing must first be, before it acts : for how, I beseech you, can that be good, which is as yet nothing ? And how can I better prove to you,
that

that a thing is not yet, than by saying, *it is to come*? For 'tis manifest, that what is still coming, is not yet come. The spring is coming on, I know it therefore to be as yet winter. Summer will follow; it is not therefore yet summer. In short, I say, the best argument to prove that a thing is not present, is, that it is yet to come.

I shall be wise, I hope; but in the mean time, I am not wise. The time is to come when I shall be wise, from whence you may easily understand, that as yet I am not wise. I cannot have that good and this misfortune at the same time. These two things do not coincide, nor can good and evil dwell together.

But let us give over these imaginary trifles, and hasten to what may turn to our advantage. No parent who is going under great concern to fetch a midwife for his daughter, will stop by the way to read the play-bills (*f*). No one who is informed that his house is on fire, will stand studying, in a game at chess, how to deliver his king out of check. But from all parts news is continually flying about that one's house is in flames; one's children in danger, our city besieged, and our goods plundered: add to these, shipwrecks, earthquakes, and whatever else is terrible to man. Distracted among all these calamities, are you at leisure to attend to such things only that amuse the mind? Are you solicitous to enquire what is the difference between *wisdom* and *the being wise*? Do you employ yourself in continually making and solving riddles, while matters of so great weight are impendent? Nature hath not so liberally and prodigally bestowed the gift of *Time* upon us, as to have given us any to throw away. And yet you see how much of it is lost, even by the most careful and diligent. Sicknefs, either our own, or of some friend, robs us of a great part: another part is taken up with necessary affairs; and another with the demands of the public: and sleep divides with us almost the whole of life.

Of the time then, at best, so very short and rapid, carrying us away with it, shall we delight in losing the greater part, and throwing it away idly? Add hereunto, that the mind is too apt rather to amuse

than to heal itself; and that philosophy is made use of as pastime, rather than as a remedy. I know not what difference there may be, between *wisdom*, and *the being wise*; but this I know, that it is of no consequence to me, whether I know these things or not. Tell me, when I have learned the difference between *wisdom* and *being wise*, whether I shall be wise myself. Why else do you detain me upon the words rather than the works of wisdom? Make me more brave, more secure; make me a match for Fortune, or rather her superior. I may be superior to her if I put in practice all I learn.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Secedere*. Figuratively, from their changing their places in the Senate by permission of the Consul.

(b) *Expetendum*, inquit, quod bonum est; *adexpetendum* quod bono contingit. *Expectandum* vocat αἰρετον, *adexpectandum* nova voce προσαιρετον, i. e. quandam quasi προειρηνην τῇ αἰρετῇ. And many such words, saith *Muret*. have the Stoics coined without any necessity for them. It is observable, that in our ancient language the syllable is often used by way of augment. as, *to-partid*, Chaucer's Knight's Tale. v. 763. *to-broßin*, ib. 1833.

(c) *Cicero* in the very period wherein he gives us the names of several ancient Atheists, makes the belief of a God natural to all men. Quo omnes, says he, naturâ duce vehimur. But see *Locke's* essay, l. 1. c. 4. where this argument for the being of a God, from the universal consent of mankind, is fully disproved. See *Cic. Tusc. Qu. i. 16*.

(d) Quomodo ultimum et necessarium vitæ terminum non expectem, sed ipsemet, cum visum fuerit, profugiam. These words, like some other before taken notice of, required softening; in order to adapt them to a Christian ear: which never can be reconciled to such horrid doctrine as is here exhibited in the usual rant of Stoicism: and which *Seneca* himself never vouchsafed to follow, but by compulsion of the cruel tyrant *Nero*. This benefit however we receive from it, that it enhanceth the value of the Gospel, and serves as a foil to set off the purer light, which by the blessing of God we Christians enjoy.—Ut quandoque moriaris etiam invito positum est, ut cum voles, in tua manu est. *Ib.* It is appointed for all men once to die, therefore saith *Seneca*, die when you please. No; let us remember what follows in like sentence in *Paul's* Epistle to the *Hebrews*, (9. 2.) and after this the judgment. So shall we be safe from giving attention to so rash a precept from an Heathen; or from one much worse, and more contemptible, a renegado Christian.

(e) We know not whose words they are, but they seem spoken by one, who on the bed of sickness had resigned himself to patience; yet, as it is very natural, *wisshed to die*: and however they may be condemned by a Stoic, there was wanting but a word or two more (*God will*) to render them truly Christian.

The most desirable manner of yielding up our lives is,—when Nature thinks proper to destroy the work of her own hand, as the artist who constructed the machine is best qualified to take it to pieces. In short, an old man should neither be anxious to preserve the small portion of life which remains

remains to him; nor forward to resign it without a just cause. It was one of the prohibitions of *Pythagoras*, *not to quit our post of life*, without being authorised by the Commander who placed us in it, i. e. without the permission of the Supreme Being. *Cato. Melm. 109.*

(f) *Dictum et ludorum ordinem perlegit.* It was customary among the *Romans* to give out bills, shewing what day the gladiators were to fight, and how they were matched; and this they called *pronuntiare munus*. *Munus populi pronuntiavit in filix memoriam. Sueton. in Jul. Vid. Lips. l. c. 18. Saturn. Serm.*

EPISTLE CXVIII.

An Enquiry into what is the true Good.

YOU require me, *Lucilius*, to write oftener. Were we to reckon, I believe, you would find yourself in my debt. It was our agreement indeed, that you should write first, and expect an answer from me: but I will not insist upon it: I know you are to be trusted, and therefore will pay you beforehand (*a*). Nor yet will I do as the most eloquent *Cicero* desires his friend *Atticus* to do; that *if nothing material occurred, he would write any thing that came uppermost*. I shall never want matter, though I pass over those things with which *Cicero* fills his Epistles; as, *what candidate was hard drove; who engageth with his own or with foreign forces—who stands for the consulship, upon the favour and authority of Cæsar or of Pompey; or upon his own art and strength:—and how hard an usurer is Cecilius, of whom a neighbour cannot borrow money under cent. per cent.* No; it is better for us to treat of our own failures than those of other men; to examine ourselves; and consider how many things we are candidates for without having a single vote.

This, my *Lucilius*, is excellent; this the way to live secure and free; to sue neither for place nor pension; and to let Fortune keep her court-days to herself. How pleasant is it, think you, when the tribes are assembled,

fembled, and the candidates for an office are busily employed in paying court to their well-wishers; while one promiseth money; another sues by his agent; another squeezes and kisses the hands of those, whom, when he is chose, he scorns to touch; and all stand in suspense, expecting the voice of the cryer, or returning-officer! How pleasant is it, I say, at such a time to be entirely disengaged, and unconcerned, as a spectator of the *fair*, without buying or selling! How much greater pleasure does such a one enjoy, who, without care or concern, beholds not only these mobbing elections of prætors, and consuls, but those great assemblies (*b*) in which some are canvassing for anniversary honours; others perpetual power: some are praying for happy success in war, and a triumph; others are intent upon riches: others on matrimony and children: others on the welfare of themselves and their relations! How great is the mind that can prevail upon itself to ask *nothing*? to sue and cringe to no man; and to say to Fortune, *Begone, I have no business with you; I shall not put myself into your power; I know by your means Cato is rejected, and Vatinius chosen; I have nothing to ask of you.* This is to humble Fortune indeed, by depriving her of all authority.

Let us then entertain each other with these reflections, and perpetually dwell upon this subject, while we see so many thousands involve themselves in difficulties and disquietude; who, in the pursuit of ruin, are still running from one mischief into another; and now seek that which they soon will fly from and detest. For where is the man, who thinks even *that* enough, when he hath obtained it, which before seemed too much for him to ask or wish for? Felicity is not, as men are apt to think, covetous, but mean; and therefore satisfieth not. You fancy perhaps some things great, because you are not acquainted with them, but the man who hath attained them is of a contrary opinion: I belie him, if he does not yet study to rise. What you suppose the summit, is but a degree or step towards it. And the reason why men run into this error, is, they know not *truth*: being deceived by common opinion, they are carried away with the *appearance* of good; and at last find, when, after much toil and labour, they have

have gained their end, that what they pursued is evil or vain, or greatly short of what they expected: and the greater part admire such things as certainly deceive them at one time or another, and commonly take what is *great* to be *good*. Lest therefore we should fall into the like mistake, let us enquire what is *good*.

Various have been the interpretations hereof: some have defined it one way, some another, under different expressions. As, some define it thus, *Good is that which invites and attracts the mind of man*. But to this it is immediately objected, *And what if that which invites a man, invites him to his ruin?* You know that many evils are very attractive. Truth and verisimilitude differ in this: what is good is annexed to truth; for it is not good, unless it be true. But what invites and engages by its appearance, is verisimilar, wheedles, solicits, attracts.—Or, some thus define it; *Good is that which incites a longing after it, or influenceth the mind with a tendency thereto*. But to this is made the same objection: for many things influence the mind, which things are pursued, to the great detriment of the pursuer.—They define it better therefore, who say, *Good is that which influenceth the mind according to the nature and fitness of things*; and is then to be sought after, when it becomes worthy our search, and is truly decent and honourable. For this is by all means desirable. And here I am called upon to shew the difference between bonum and honestum, *what is good*, and what is *fit and decent*.

They seem indeed inseparable, for nothing can be good, but what in some measure is right and fit: and what is right and fit must also be good. What then, you will ask, is the difference between them? Why, the honestum (*what is right and fit*) is that perfect good which completes the happiness of life, and by communion therewith other things become good. This is what I mean: some things are neither good nor evil in themselves, as *warfare, embassy, jurisdiction*; but when these offices are justly executed they begin to be good, and become really so from being indifferent. Bonum, *good*, therefore ariseth from a communion with fitness. But honestum, *fit and right*, is good on its own

account. Good floweth from the fitness of things, but the fitness of things is good of itself. What is good might have been bad, and what is right and fit cannot be otherwise than good.

Others again define it thus : *Good is that which is according to Nature.* Observe what I say, what is good is also according to nature. But it does not follow that what is according to nature is also good. Many things are agreeable to nature, and yet of so little consequence as not to deserve the name of *good*; for they are light and contemptible: whereas not the least good is contemptible. So long as there is any littleness in it, it is not good; and when it begins to be good, it is no longer little. *How then shall we know when a thing is good?* when it is perfectly agreeable and consonant to nature. *You own, you say, that what is good is according to Nature: this is a necessary property: yet you affirm that some things may be according to Nature; and yet not be good. How then can the former be good, and these not so? How do they attain another property or quality, when the same excellence, the being agreeable to Nature, is common to both?* Why, from their magnitude or greatness. Nor is it new or strange, that things should alter their properties by increase or growth. One that was an infant, is now a young man: and hath other inclinations. He was before irrational, but now is rational. Some things grow not only greater by increase, but are totally changed.

But, it is said, *A thing is still what it was, notwithstanding any increase.* Whether you fill a pitcher or a tub with wine, it makes no difference; the wine is still the same. *A small or a large quantity of honey have both the same taste.* These examples suit not the purpose. For in these the same quality, however they are increased in quantity, still remains: but as some things, though amplified in kind, still keep the same property; there are other, which after many additions, the last quite alters, and impresteth thereon a new and different condition from that wherein it was before. Thus one stone will make an arch; I mean that which is wedged in between the reclining sides, and binds them together. Now why is this last addition, though a small one, of so great consequence? not because it increaseth, but because it fills, or completes the work.

Some things also in their process throw off their pristine form, and take a new one. As, when the mind hath long been musing upon and pursuing a subject till it is quite wearied with the greatness of it; that now begins to be thought another thing, and is called *infinite*, which at first appeared, though great, yet *finite*. In like manner when we have found a difficulty in cutting a thing, this difficulty increasing upon us, we pronounce it impossible to be cut: and so from a thing which is hard to be moved, we pass on to what is immovable. In the same way of reasoning, something that was agreeable to nature, is by an additional greatness transferred into another property or quality, and becomes thereby *truly good*.

A N N O T A T I O N S, &c.

(a) In antecessum dabo. A *ferensic* term, or what is used by the bankers and scriveners. Ep. vii. In antecessum accipe. *Quintilian*. Quod apud mercatores solet, in antecessum dedi. *I gave earnest*.

(b) Throughout the world, wherein Fortune presides.

E P I S T L E CXIX.

On Riches and Contentment.

AS often as I find any thing, I stay not 'till you cry, *half is mine* (a), I offer it myself. Do you ask what I have found? Hold up your lap: 'tis all solid gain. I will tell you how to grow rich at once, which I know you would be glad to learn: and you are in the right. I will shew you then a most compendious way to attain great affluence; yet you must be obliged to some creditor, with whom you may negotiate this affair; I say you must necessarily run in debt. Yet I would not have you borrow by your solicitor, or any intercessor, nor shall your name stand in any broker's books. I have got a creditor for you. According to the recommendation of *Cato* (b), you shall borrow of yourself. Quantumcumque est, satis erit, si quidquid deerit, id a nobis petierimus. *Whatever little we have 'twill be enough, if what is still wanting we can borrow of ourselves.*

For there is little or no difference, *Lucilius*, between not wanting a thing, and having it. The effect is the same in both; you will no longer be in pain. Not that I command you to deny Nature any thing she properly asks. She is stubborn, and not easily to be overcome. She demands her own. But I would have you know, that what exceeds the call of nature is precarious, and unnecessary. I am hungry; and must therefore eat; but whether it be the common sort of bread, or made of the finest wheat-flour, is of no concern to Nature; she does not desire any otherwise to please the belly, than by filling it. I am thirsty, and whether I drink of the next pool (*c*), or of such water as is mixed with snow, in order to give it a coolness not its own, it is the same to nature. She desires nothing more than to quench her thirst; it matters not whether it be out of a cup made of gold, or of crystal, or of the *Chalcedonian* pebble, or a plain earthen mug (*d*), or from the hollow of the hand. Fix thine eye upon the end or design of all things, and you will disdain superfluities. Hunger calls upon me; I therefore reach out my hand to the next thing I meet with that is eatable. Hunger will make me relish it, be it what it will; an hungry stomach disdains not any thing.

If you ask now what it is that hath so delighted me; it is this, which I think an excellent sentence, *sapiens, divitiarum naturalium est quæsitior acerrimus*, *the wise man is a most diligent searcher after natural riches*. But *this*, you say, is *setting before me an empty platter*. What can this mean? *I was preparing my bags, and considering in what sea I should first make my trading voyage, what public business I should take in hand, or what wares I should send for. This is deceiving me; to teach me to be poor, when you promised me riches*. Do you then think the man poor, who wants nothing? But *this*, you say, *he owes to himself, and the benefit of his patience, not to Fortune*. Well; and do you therefore think him not rich, because his riches, such as they are, can never forsake him? Tell me, which you had rather have? much, or a sufficient competency? He that hath much desireth more; which is an argument that he hath not enough: he that thinks he hath enough, hath attained what the rich man never can, the end of his wishes (*).

Or

Or do you think them no riches, for which a man is in no danger of being proscribed? or because they are not enough to tempt a bad son or wife to prepare poison for their father or husband? because they are safe in time of war, or in peace at their own disposal? Because it is neither dangerous to enjoy them, nor does it require much labour to dispose of them?

Or do you think a man hath but little, who hath just enough to keep him from being cold, or hungry, or thirsty? *Jupiter* himself hath not more. It is never little, which is enough. *Alexander of Macedon*, after he had conquered *Darius* and the *Indians*, was still poor. He was still seeking somewhat more, which he might call his own: he searcheth out unknown seas: he sends a fresh fleet into the ocean: and, if I may say it, he breaks through the barriers of the known world. What Nature is satisfied with, satisfieth not man. There are those who still desire something, when they have got every thing. So great is the blindness of our minds; and so forgetful is every one of their beginning, when they see themselves advanced; that he, who was but now master of a little nook in *Greece*, and that controvertible, is soon after grieved, that, being checked in his career by the far distant end of the world, he must now return through that world he has made his own. Money never made any one rich. On the contrary, it only makes the possessor more covetous and needy. Do you ask the cause of this? The more a man hath, the more he thinks it possible to have.

Upon the whole, set before me one of those whose name may be joined with that of *Crassus*, or *Licinus* (*e*); and let him set down his revenues, and take into the account not only what he hath, but what he hopes to have. Yet even such a one, if you will believe *me*, is poor; or, if you will believe *yourself*, he may be so. Whereas the man who hath so composed and formed himself to that which Nature alone requires of him, is not only out of the reach, or sense of poverty, but also exempt from the dread of it. But that you may know how difficult a thing it is for a man to straiten himself within the measure of Nature, even he, whom we supposed to live according to Nature, and whom
you.

you call poor, hath still something that is superfluous. But riches attract and blind the common people; when they see large sums of money expended in any house; or the house adorned with gold; or if the family be comely in body, and splendid in apparel; the happiness of such a family exists in ostentation and outward shew; but the man whom we have withdrawn, both from the eye of the people, and the reach of fortune, is happy within himself. For as to those, whom poverty hath seized upon, under the false name of riches, they have riches, as we are said to *have* an ague, when the ague *hath* us. As we ought therefore to say, an ague hath hold of such a one, in like manner we should say, riches hath hold of him.

There is nothing therefore I would sooner remind you of than this, which but few or none sufficiently observe: *that you measure all things by pure natural desires, which are easily satisfied, or with very little.* Only be careful to keep your desires clear from vice. You enquire perhaps, what sort of table I would keep, what plate, and how many spruce servants in livery I would have attend dinner? Know then, that Nature requireth nothing more than meat and drink;

Nam tibi cùm fauces urit fitis, aurea quæris
 Pocula? num esuriens fastidis omnia, præter
 Pavonem rhombumque?—*Hor. S. i. 2. 115.*
When thirsty is the throat, and calls for ease,
Will nothing but a golden goblet please?
Or when, with hunger pinch'd, you fain would eat,
Will nothing satisfy but dainty meat,
An ortelan, or turbot?—

Hunger is not ambitious. It is well content when satisfied; nor regardeth much by what means. Such torments belong to wretched luxury: which though glutted, is continually seeking to get an appetite; not to fill the belly, but to stuff it: and how to recover the thirst that hath been quenched by the first draught. *Horace* therefore hath elegantly denied that it at all concerns the thirsty, in what glass, or with what delicate hand they are served with water. For if you think it of
any

any consequence, how frizzled and curled the page is (*f*), and how clear the glass, you are not dry.

Among other favours, this particular one is bestowed on us by Nature, that she hath removed all disdain from necessity. Superfluities alone require choice. *Such a thing does not become me, this is not elegant, and that offends the eyes.* The will of the Creator of the world, who hath prescribed to us the rules of life, is, that we study to preserve ourselves, and not to be over-nice and delicate. All things that tend to our health and preservation are ready and at hand. Delicacies are not provided but with care and trouble. Let us then make use of, and thankfully enjoy, this estimable bounty of Nature; and think, that in nothing she hath more obliged us, than, in that whatever is necessarily wanted, or desired, it is accepted without disdain.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) In commune] It was proverbial among the *Greeks*, when any one found a thing, for another who was present, to say κοινὸς Ἐρμῆς, *communis Mercurius*: forasmuch as *Mercury* was supposed to preside over the highway or common road, and the thing so found was called Ἐρμαῖος, *Mercurial*, —as we say, *balvies*.

(b) Catonianum illud] *Lipsius* and *Pincian* read it, *Hecatonianum*; as frequent mention is made by *Seneca* of *Hecaton*, the philosopher.

(c) So *Propertius*,

Ipsa petita lacu nunc mihi dulcis aqua est.
Ev'n from a pool the water now seems sweet.

(d) Tiburtinus calix.

(e)
Content, thou best of friends! for thou
In our necessities art so.
'Midst all our ills a blessing still in store,
Joy to the rich, and riches to the poor. —
Content, the good and golden mean,
The safe estate that sits between
'The sordid poor, and miserable great,
The humble tenant of a rural seat.
In vain we wealth and treasure heap;
He 'midst his thousand kingdoms still is poor,
That for another crown does weep:
'Tis only he is rich who wishes for no more. Dryd. Misc. ii. p. 83.

(:) These

(e) These two names are likewise mentioned together in *Perfius*, ii. 36.

Tunc manibus quatit, et spem macram suppliance voto

Nunc Licini in campos nunc Crassi mittit in ædes.

Then dandles him with many a mutter'd pray'r,

That heav'n would make him some rich miser's heir,

Of Licinus, or Crassus.—

Dispositis prædives hamis vigilare cohortem

Servorum noctu Licinus jubet—Juv. xiv. 305.

Rich Licinus's servants ready stand,

Each with a water-bucket in his hand,

Keeping a guard for fear of fire all night—Dryden.

In Sidonius, Ep. v. 7. we have his Epitaph :

Marmoreo hoc tumulo *Licinus* jacet; at *Cato* nullo.

Pompeius parvo. Credimus esse Deos?

He is also mentioned in the following Epistle.

(f) *Such a one as* Horace *described*, Od. ii. 5. 23.

Discrimen obscurum, solutis

Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu.

So smooth his doubtful cheeks appear,

So loose, so girlish flows his hair.

EPISTLE CXX.

From whence we learn the Knowledge of Good.

IFIND, my *Lucilius*, that your Epistle, after wandering through many petty questions, at last fixed upon one, which you desire me to explain: *from whence do we receive the first notices, or ideas, of Good and Right?* These two things, in the opinion of some, are very different; but we *Stoics* only suppose them subject to a slight distinction. What I mean is this: some think a thing *good* from its being useful; they give this title therefore to *riches, an horse, wine, shoes, &c.* So low do they degrade the name of *good*, making it applicable to servile uses. And they suppose *that* to be *right*, which consists in the discharge of any just duty: as, in the pious care of an aged father; assisting a friend in adversity; a brave and bold expedition; or in passing a prudent

dent and merciful sentence. Now we (Stoics) suppose *good* and *right* to be two things indeed, but of the same import. *Nothing is good but what is right; and what is right, is also good.* I think it unnecessary to add the difference between them, having so often taken notice of it. I shall only observe, that nothing seems *good* to us, which may be made a bad use of. And you see how many make a bad use of riches, nobility, strength, and the like. I therefore now return to the question proposed, *How we come to the first knowledge of Good and Right?*

Nature could not teach us this. She hath sown in our minds the seeds of knowledge, but not implanted knowledge itself. Some affirm that we fall upon this knowledge accidentally; but it is incredible that any one should have met by chance with the idea or image of virtue. We rather think it gathered from observation and reflection; and that from comparing such things with themselves as have been well experienced, the understanding formed from hence its judgment of what is *good* and *right*, by *analogy* *. For since the Latins have adopted this word, and made it a free denizen of *Rome*, I think it by no means to be rejected, or returned to its native country, *Greece*; it is to be accepted therefore, not as a stranger and newly-received word, but as if it were in common use.

To explain then what is meant by the word (*analogy*). We know that sanity or health is a quality belonging to the body; from hence we infer a like quality belonging to the soul: we know that strength and vigour are properties of the body: from whence we presume the soul to be endowed with the like properties. We have been amazed at some generous, humane, brave actions; hence we began to admire them, as so many perfections: but these however have been traversed with many failings, which the glare and splendor of some notable action concealed from us; we therefore pretended not to see them. Nature commands us to magnify deeds that are praise-worthy; whereupon glory is generally carried beyond truth. From hence we took the idea of some extraordinary *good*.

Fabricius refused the gold of King *Pyrrhus*, and judged it greater than a kingdom, that he was able to condemn the riches of a King (*a*). The same hero, when a physician made him an offer to poison *Pyrrhus*, advised the King to be upon his guard against treachery. Now it was the same greatness of soul, that scorned to be overcome with gold, or to overcome his adversary by poison. We therefore justly admired this great man, who was not to be prevailed upon by the promises of a King, nor by any that were treacherously made against a King. So resolutely fixed was he on setting a good example: and what is most difficult, he preserved his innocence, in war. He thought a man might be guilty of baseness even towards his profest enemies; and in the extreme poverty, wherein he gloried, detested riches no less than poison. *Live*, said he, *Pyrrhus*, *by my courtesy, and rejoice at what you was so much displeased before, that Fabricius was not to be corrupted.*

Horatius Cocles, with his single arm, kept the narrow pass of the bridge, and ordered it to be pulled down behind to prevent the passage of the enemy: and so long did he maintain his post against the assailants, 'till he heard the downfall of the props and timbers; and looking behind and seeing his purpose affected, so as at his own peril to stop the peril of his country, *Now follow*, said he, *who will; this is the way I go.* And thereupon immediately flung himself into the river; and being not less solicitous in the rapid stream to preserve his arms than his life, with this honourable and victorious load upon him, he got to land as safe as if he had returned by the bridge (*b*). These and the like actions give us an idea of valour and magnanimity.

I will add what perhaps may seem strange to you. Evil things have sometimes given us the idea of good. And what is most *right and fit* hath appeared from the contrary. For there are you know certain vices, which border upon, or have the resemblance of, virtues, so that even in the most vile and base men, there is sometimes the appearance of goodness. Thus the prodigal man counterfeits the liberal; whereas there is a great difference between a man's knowing how to give, and not knowing how to keep, his money. There are many, I say, *Lucilius*,
who

who do not give, but throw it away. I do not call him a liberal man, who is angry, as it were, with his money. In like manner, carelessness assumes the air of ease and freedom; and rashness, of fortitude. Now this resemblance hath obliged us to examine things carefully, and to distinguish such as resemble one another indeed in appearance, but in fact are widely different. While we respect those whom some noble exploit hath rendered famous, we begin to remark that such a one hath executed an enterprize with nobleness of spirit and great resolution; yet it was but once. We see him brave in war, in the forum a coward: bearing poverty with manliness and courage; but scandal and infamy with a poor and abject mind. We have therefore praised the particular deed, but despised the man.

We have seen another person courteous to his friends; moderate towards his enemies; and both in public and private life, behaving himself soberly and righteously; not wanting patience, in what he was bound to suffer; nor prudence in what he was to perform: we have seen him, when it was a time to give, distributing his bounty with a full hand; and when labour was required of him, how resolute! industrious, subject to command, relieving the weariness of his body with constancy, and firmness of mind. He was moreover always the same, consistent with himself in every action; and not only good by intention and design, but happily arrived to such an habit, as not only to do what was right, but to be capable of doing nothing but what was right.

From whence then we learn that in such a one virtue is perfect; and this we divide into several parts: seeing that desires are to be restrained; fear to be repressed; requisite actions to be foreseen; and their several duties paid to every one (*c*): from hence we learned temperance, fortitude, prudence, justice, and gave to each their particular office. And from whence did we learn virtue? It was displayed in the order, decency, constancy and uniformity, that such a one observed in all his actions; and particularly in that greatness of soul which exalted itself above all the rest. Hence appeared that blessed state of life, which

ever flows in a prosperous and happy course (*d*), dependent entirely upon itself. And what we further collect from hence is, that this perfect man, this adept in virtue, never cursed Fortune; was never cast down by any accident, and looking upon himself as a soldier and citizen of the world, underwent all labours as patiently as if they were enjoined him by the command of his superiors. Whatever happened to him he received it, not with discontent, as an accidental evil, but as his destined lot in life. *This, saith he, be it what it will, is my portion. It is hard: it is indeed severe; but we must bear it, and do the best we can.*

He necessarily appeared therefore, in all respects, a great man; from whom no disasters could ever distort a sigh or groan; who never complained of his fate: he gave to many a taste of his goodness, which shone as a light in a dark place (*e*); turning the inclinations and affections of every one towards him, being mild and gracious, and alike just in all affairs both human and divine. His mind was perfect, being advanced to that height, above which there is nothing but the mind of God. A part whereof condescended to dwell even in this mortal breast (*f*); which is never more divine, than when it reflects upon its own mortality; and knows that man was born to this end; that he must one day part with life; and that this body is not a fixed habitation, but an inn; and indeed an inn, where we must make but a short stay; and must certainly leave it, at the pleasure or displeasure of our host.

It is a very strong argument with me, dear *Lucilius*, that the soul is derived from some higher source, when it looks upon all earthly things, wherewith at present it is conversant, as mean and vile; and is under no dread to leave them. For he knows whither he is going, who recollects from whence he came. See we not how many things incommode and trouble us; and how irksome this body is to us? Sometimes we complain of the bowels, sometimes of the head, sometimes of the breast and throat; at one time the nerves, at another our feet rack us; to-day a lowness of spirit; to-morrow a violent cold; sometimes too much blood; sometimes too little; thus are we tossed about, and at last obliged

to go off. This is what generally happens to those who live in a tenement not their own. And yet though such a weak and putrid body be our portion, we nevertheless lay schemes for eternity; and as far as human life can possibly be extended, so far do we stretch our hopes; never satisfied with riches or power. But what can be more ridiculous? What more shameful? Nothing contenteth *us*, who' must die soon, nay, who *die every day*; for we daily draw near our end; and every hour drives us to the precipice from whence we shall surely fall.

Observe then in what a state of blindness our minds are involved! That which I said must come, is now come, and great part of it already gone: for the time we have lived, is there, where it was before we lived (*g*). We greatly err in fearing our last day; since each of the foregoing contributes as much unto death, as this. It is not this last step that hath tired us when we drop; it only makes us know and confess that we are tired. The last day reacheth death, the former advanced towards it. Death cuts us not off at once, but only crops us continually (*b*). A great soul therefore, conscious of a better state in reversion, and a more exalted condition, endeavours indeed, in the station wherein it is placed, to demean itself industriously and honestly; but it looks upon none of those things that surround it, as its own property; but as things lent us for a while, and useth them accordingly, as a stranger, and one that is hastening to another abode (*i*).

Now when we see a man acting with such constancy and integrity, it cannot but present us with the distinguishing marks of an uncommon understanding; something, I say, above the common standard of human nature; especially, if as I before observed, this greatness is attended with the manifestation of truth. Truth ever keeps the same steady course. Things false and counterfeit last not, being ever subject to change. Thus some men are at one time *Vatinius*', at another time *Cato's*; one while they think *Curius* not severe; nor *Fabricius* poor enough: they will scarcely allow *Tubero* to be frugal, and sufficiently content with his little: and at another time they challenge *Licinius* in wealth, *Apicius* in luxury, and *Mecænas* in the most elegant delights.

Nothing

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 (in block capitals)
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Nothing can be a greater sign of a bad disordered mind, than this restlessness, this continual agitation, between the dissimulation of virtue, and the love of vice :

— habebat sæpe ducentos

Sæpe decem fervos ; modò reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens ; modò sit mihi mensa tripes, et
Concha salis puri ; et toga quæ defendere frigus
Quamvis crassa, queat ; decies centena dedisses
Huic parco paucis contento : quinque diebus,
Nil erat in loculo.—Hor. Sat. i. 3. 11.

*Sometimes two hundred slaves compose his train,
And sometimes ten. Now, in a pompous strain,
Of kings and heroes he would brag ; and soon
Lower his style to a more humble boon ;
A three-legg'd table, and of salt one shell,
And a coarse gown the weather to repell ;
Yet in five days, so frugally content,
Had he a million, it would all be spent. Duncomb.*

There are many such as *Horace* hath here described ; so wavering, so unlike to, and inconsistent with themselves. Did I say many ? nay, almost all men have this foible. There is scarce any one but who changeth his opinion, and his wishes : at one time he thinks himself happy in a wife ; at another time he prefers a mistress : he will now be master, and soon after stoop to be an officious humble servant ; at one time he shews away in the greatest splendour, so as to create envy ; at another time he subsides, and lowers himself beneath the most abject of mortals : at one time he is profusely generous ; at another time he scrapes together all he can get. Nothing sure can discover a weak and imprudent mind more than such demeanor ; where one action is perpetually thwarting another, and (than which I think nothing can be more vile) the man is altogether inconsistent with himself.

Think it a great virtue, my *Lucilius*, to act uniformly. Now none but a wise man appears always one and the same. The rest are daily
putting

putting on new shapes. One while you would think us very frugal and grave; at another time, prodigal and vain. We frequently change our masques, and put on a very different one from that we pulled off. Exact this therefore of thyself, having fixed upon a certain rule of life, maintain it to thy last breath. Endeavour to deserve praise, at least to make it known who you are, by an uniformity of action: for it may sometimes be said of the man you saw yesterday, *who is this man?* so great an alteration hath one day made in him.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*) Things that come not within the scrutiny of human senses, as the virtue of the loadstone, &c. cannot be examined by them, or be attested by any body; and therefore can appear more or less probable only as they more or less agree to truths that are established in our minds; and as they hold proportion to other parts of our knowledge and approbation. *Analogy* in these matters is the only help we have, and 'tis from that alone we draw all our grounds of probability. See *Locke*, p. 285.

(a) See *Plutarch*. in the Life of *Pyrrhus*.

(b) *Id.* in the Life of *Poplicola*.

(c) The like charge is given us by St. Paul, *To render to all their dues, tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour.* Rom. xiii. 7. And here I cannot but recommend to the Reader's notice that most excellent sermon of my good and ever-memorable master Dr. *Snape* on this text.

(d) i. e. the *Eupdæa* of the Stoics.

(e) As St. Peter saith of the most sure word of prophecy, *wherewith ye do well that ye take heed as unto a light that shineth in a dark place.* ii. Pet. 1. 19. And St. *John* of our Saviour—*In him was life, and this life was the light of men, and the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not.* John, i. 45.

(f) For who hath known, saith St. Paul, the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. Phil. ii. 5. Know you not yourselves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates? ii. Cor. 13. 5. And of his fullness have we all received. John i. 16.

(g) The bell strikes one.—If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.

Where are they? With the years beyond the Flood. *Young*. N. T.

(b) *Carpit nos illa non corripit*] The old translation renders it, *Death swallows us indeed, but doth not devour us.* *Cellu nous avalle, mais ne nous devore pas.*

Is Death at distance? No: he has been on thee;

And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow. *Id.*

Each moment has its sickle, emulous

Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep

Strikes

Strikes empires from the root: each *moment* plays
 His little weapon in the narrower sphere
 Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
 The fairest bloom of sublunary blifs. *Id.*

(i) *These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things, declare plainly they seek a country: and truly if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, i. e. an heavenly. Wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city. Heb. ii. 13. 6. Dearly beloved, with St. Peter, I beseech you, as strangers and pilgrims, to abstain from fleshly lusts, that war against the soul. i. Pet. ii. 11. And St. Paul, This I say, brethren, the time is short, it remaineth that ye use this world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away. i. Cor. 7. 31. See Epp. 58, 74, 98.*

“ The *Ægyptians* in general, according to *Deodorus*, held the present life to be of small account; but the glory of a life to come hereafter, acquired by virtue, to be the highest object of their ambition. They looked upon our houses here but as *inns*, where we are to bait but a little while.” Nay, *Macrobius* assures us, *Animarum originem manare de cœlo inter rectè philosophantes indubitatè constat esse sententiæ. Somn. Scip. l. 1. It was the undoubted opinion of the best philosophers, that our souls were derived to us from heaven.*

EPISTLE CXXI.

Whether every Creature is sensible of his own Constitution.

I KNOW you will chide me, *Lucilius*, when I explain to you the petty question, which I have been so long musing upon this very day. And again you will cry out, *what avails this towards reforming our morals?* But exclaim as you please, when I have called to my assistance those eminent Stoics, *Pofidonius* and *Archidemus* (a); let them argue the point with you: what I would ask is, *whether any thing that relates to morality does not tend to create good manners?* When we consider the different engagements and pursuits of man, we find that one thing tends to his nourishment, another to exercise, another to dress, another to instruction, another to pleasure and delight. All these, I say, belong to him, yet not all of them make him a better man. So with regard

to

to morals; some things affect him in one way, some in another; some correct and regulate mankind; other things point out their nature and origin.

And when I am enquiring after the reason why *Nature* first made man, and gave him the pre-eminence over all other animals; do you think that such an enquiry bears no relation to *manners*? if you do, you are mistaken; for how will you know what manners best suit a man, unless you first find out what path it is best for man to pursue? unless you inspect his very nature. Then indeed you will understand what you are to do, and what to avoid; when you have thoroughly learned what you owe to your nature and constitution as man.

I would fain learn, you say, how to covet less, and less to fear: root out all superstition from me; teach me, that what is called felicity, is light and vain; and that by the accession of one syllable, it becomes the reverse, infelicity. Know then, I will some day gratify your request, by exhorting to the practice of virtue and scorning vice: and though some perhaps may think me too severe in this respect, I will steadily persist in persecuting iniquity, bridling in the most refractory affections, restraining such pleasures as necessarily end in pain and sorrow, and in thwarting every idle wish. For why? we have often wished for the greatest of evils; and have received that with joy and congratulation, against which we afterwards so bitterly exclaim (*b*). In the meanwhile permit me to discuss a few things, however wide they may seem from this purpose.

The question was, *whether all animals have a certain sense of their condition or constitution (c).* And that they have such a sense, is chiefly manifest from their so aptly and expeditiously moving their limbs, as if they had been particularly instructed and bred up therein. There is a certain agility in all their different parts; as the artist useth his tools with ease and readiness; and the pilot knows to steer his ship: and the painter, having set before him many various colours picks out, or forms, that which he thinks will give the best likeness; and with a

quick eye and ready hand passeth between the pallet and the image represented. So ready and nimble is an animal in the use of each several motion. We are apt to admire just actors, in that their hand is expressive of every affection; and a proper attitude and gesticulation attend on the different flow of words; what these do by art, animals do by nature. None of them find any difficulty in moving their limbs; nor hesitate in the use of them. They come into life with this knowledge; and are born, as it were, with such particular instructions.

But it is said, *that animals move their limbs in such an apt manner, because if they were to move them otherwise it would give them pain.* According to this opinion then they act by compulsion; 'tis not the *will*, but *fear* that directs them to a proper motion. But this is false; they are flow upon compulsion: agility is a voluntary motion; and so far is the fear of pain from inciting thereto, that they will endeavour at their motion, though they suffer pain by it. Thus an infant, who is learning to use his feet and to stand upright, as soon as he begins to try his strength, falls down, and not without tears riseth again as often, 'till by frequent exercise and much pain he hath attained the habit Nature designed him. Some animals of a very hard back being turned thereon, will twist themselves, and throw out their feet and scramble with them, 'till they are replaced in their proper position. The tortoise, for instance, when laid upon his back, is not supposed to feel much pain, yet through desire of his natural posture, he is restless, and struggles, nor will cease his endeavours 'till he hath recovered his feet. There is in every animal therefore a sense of their constitution; and from hence proceeds the prompt use of their limbs; nor can we have any greater sign that they came into life with this knowledge, than that no animal is ignorant in the use of his body.

Constitution, it is said, as you define it, is *the governing principle of the mind, under such a modification with regard to the body.* But as this is so perplexed and subtle, and what you yourselves scarce know how to express; how shall an infant understand it! All animals should have been logicians, that they might comprehend this definition, which is obscure and unintelligible

unintelligible to a great part of the better learned among yourselves. There would be some force in this objection, if we should allow that the animals themselves understand this definition of constitution. But constitution itself is much easier understood from Nature than it can be from any definition or expression (*d*). The infant knows not what is meant by the word *constitution*, but he well knows his own; neither does he know what an animal is, but he perceives himself to be an animal; and also understands in the gross, summarily, and obscurely, his own constitution.

We likewise know that we have a *soul*: but what the soul is, where it is, of what quality, and from whence it is, we know not (*e*). The same sense that we have of the soul, though we know not its nature and situation; such a sense have all animals of their constitution. For they must necessarily be sensible of that, by which they are sensible of other things; they must needs be sensible of that, which they obey; and by which they are governed: there is not one of us, but who knows there is somewhat within him, that stirs up his powers to action; but what it is he knows not. As infants, so likewise other animals, have a certain sense of their principal part, though it be not clear enough, nor so express, as to form a just notion of it.

You say, it is objected again, that every animal is at first reconciled to his constitution; but that the constitution of man is rational; and therefore is man reconciled to himself, not as merely to an animal, but as to a rational animal; for in that is man dear to himself, as being man; how then can an infant be reconciled to a rational constitution, when as yet he is not rational? Every age of life hath its own constitution. There is one constitution to infants, another to youth, and another to old age, and all are reconciled to their present condition. An infant hath no teeth, he does well without them: he cuts his teeth: this condition agreeth likewise with his age: as that herb, which in a little time will become bread-corn, hath one state, when tender and scarce rising above the furrow; another when it is grown up; and though the stalk indeed be slender, yet it is strong enough to bear its weight; another when it begins to change
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colour,

colour, and ripen for the barn; in whatever state it is, it maintains the same, and in all respects is accommodated thereto. Thus I say there is an age peculiar to infants, another to children, another to youth, and another to maturity; yet I am still the same person I was, when a boy, when a young man. So though the constitution of every man is continually changing, there is the same respect and agreeableness in every change: for it is not the boy, nor the young, nor the old man, that Nature recommends to my care, but myself (*f*). Therefore the infant is reconciled to that constitution which he then hath as an infant, not to that which he shall hereafter have when a young man. Neither, though some greater and better state may remain, into which he shall one day pass, is not this also in which he was born suitable to Nature.

At first, every animal is reconciled and a friend to *self*. For there must be some quality to which other qualities may be referred. I seek pleasure. For whom? Myself. Therefore I take care of myself. I fly from danger? For whose sake? My own. Therefore am I cautious. If then I am directed by self-preservation; self-preservation must be before all things. And this we see in all living creatures; nor is it ingrafted in, but born with us. Nature bringeth forth her young, and would preserve them: and, because the nearer our defence is the more safe we are, she hath committed the charge of every one to himself; and therefore, as I have said elsewhere, young animals as soon as they come from their dam, or see the light, know immediately what is hurtful to them; and fly from those things that threaten death. Nay such as are in danger from birds of prey, are afraid even of the shadow of those birds when flying over them. No animal comes into life without the fear of death.

It is asked indeed, *how an animal, just brought forth, can understand what is either salutary or destructive?* But first the question is, whether he does understand this, not how he understands it? And that they have such understanding is manifest from this, *they will do nothing more than what they so understand.* Why does not the hen fly from the peacock or the goose, when she flies from the hawk with all speed, a much less

less bird, and not known to her before? Why are chickens afraid of a cat, but not of a dog? It is plain they know what will hurt them, without having learned this from experience: for they are afraid before they have made any trial of their danger. And then that you may not think this happens by chance, they neither are afraid of other things than what they have cause to fear, nor do they ever forget that such are their enemies. Their flight from what is pernicious is ever answerable to this their defensive care and diligence.

Besides, the longer they live, they are not less afraid; from whence it is apparent that this comes not by custom, but from the natural love of their own welfare. What custom teacheth is learned slowly, by degrees, and in various ways: but whatever Nature proposes comes alike to all, and at once. If you desire to know, I will tell you, how every living creature comes to the knowledge of what will prove destructive to him. He perceives himself to consist of flesh, and consequently knows whereby flesh may be cut, or burned, or bruised. Such animals then as are armed for mischief, he concludes to be his enemies, and of an hostile disposition. There is a connexion between these things. For as every animal is at once endowed with the sense of self-preservation, such things as tend thereto they readily perceive, and dread what is like to be hurtful.

Now this dread of, and rejecting, contraries is natural; and what Nature directs, is done, without forecast, without deliberation. See you not with what art and subtlety the bees form their little cells (*g*)? what amazing concord there is between them in dividing the labours of the day! See you not that no art of man can imitate the curious texture of the spider's web (*b*)! What pains does she take in the just disposition of the threads! some are woven in a strait line by way of foundation; others are entwisted circularly, and growing still finer but closer spread, are a net to catch flies, her destined prey. Now this art is innate, not taught her, and therefore none of these animals are more learned than others of the same kind. Every spider of the kind spins a
like

like web; and every cell in the honeycomb is formed with the like angles.

Whatever is taught by art is uncertain and unequal: but what Nature teacheth is always uniform; and nothing hath she taught more certainly than self-defence, and skill in self-preservation. Animals begin to live and to learn at the same time; nor is it any wonder that, that instruction should be born with them, without which they would have been born in vain. Nature hath given them this knowledge, as the first means of preserving in them a constant agreement with, and love of their own condition. They could not possibly be safe, unless they had an inclination so to be: nor would this alone have been of service to them, but without this nothing else could.

Lastly therefore let me observe that you will find in none of them a contempt, nor even a disregard, of *self*. For even such as are dumb, and brutes indeed, though in other things they are quite stupid, are cunning enough to get their living: and you will see even those, which are altogether useless and unprofitable to others, are yet never wanting to themselves.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Archidemus*, an eminent leader among the Stoics. *Cicero* likewise mentions him with *Antipater*. Vid. Lipf. *Manud.* l. 12.

(b) *Nos plerumque id votis expetimus, quod non impetrasse melius foret, &c.* Val. Max. vii. 2.

——— *Quid enim ratione timemus,*

Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te

Conatus non pœniteat, votique peracti?

Evertère domos totas optantibus ipsis

Dii faciles.——Juv. x. 6.

How void of reason are our hopes and fears!

What in the conduct of our life appears

So well dispos'd, so luckily begun,

But when we have our wish, we wish undone?

Whole houses of their whole desires possess,

Are often ruin'd at their own request. Dryden.

(c) Τὴν δὲ πρῶτην ὁρίαν, φησὶ, τὸ ζῶν ἰσχεῖν ἐπὶ τὸ τηρεῖν ἑαυτὸν.—*Laert.*—Placet iis quorum ratio mihi probatur, simul atque natum sit animal, ipsum sibi conciliari et commendari ad se conservandum et ad suum statum, et ad ea quæ sunt conservantia ejus status diligenda.—alienari autem ab interitu, iisque rebus quæ interitum videantur alferre. *Cic. de Fin. 3. 5. The philosophers, whose system I approve of, are of opinion, that as soon as any creature is born, (for here we must commence our disputation) it has an affection for itself; it endeavours its own preservation and well-being; and is impelled to the love of every thing that can contribute thereto. At the same time it abhors dissolution, and whatever may seem to threaten the same.*

(d) *We should know very little indeed, saith GALEN, did we know no more than what we could give a just definition of.*

(e) There was a strange diversity of opinions among the antient philosophers about the nature of the human soul. The most eminent of them however, from the time of *Pythagoras*, maintained, that it is a portion of the divine essence. See *Leland ii. 1. 280.*

(f) *Self*, is that conscious thinking thing, (whatever substance made up of, whether spiritual or material, simple or compounded it matters not) which is sensible, or conscious of pleasure and pain, capable of happiness or misery, and so is concerned for *itself* as far as that consciousness extends. *Locke, p. 292.*

(g) “ See what bright strokes of architecture shine
Through the whole frame, what beauty, what design!
Each odorif’rous cell, and waxen tow’r,
The yellow pillage of the rified flow’r,
Has twice three sides, the only figure fit
To which the lab’rers may their stores commit
Without the loss of matter, or of room,
In all the wondrous structure of the comb.” *Anon.*

(h) I cannot here but pay my respects to the memory of *Dr. Littleton*, my late most worthy friend, whose elegant poem on a *spider*, is in the hands of every one.
Insidious, restless, watchful, spider, &c.

EPISTLE CXXII.

On Extravagance, and irregular Living.

THE days, *Lucilius*, are now upon the decline: they are grown indeed somewhat shorter, yet are still long enough to give a man sufficient time for business; if he would rise, as I may say, with the day itself; but to some other purpose, than merely to give the usual salutation. But it is scandalous to lie dozing when the sun is risen, and not to be thoroughly

thoroughly awake 'till noon : and yet this is what some call rising early. For there are those who invert the order of night and day, and who never open their eyes, still heavy with yesternight's debauch, 'till night returns again. They seem to be in the state of those, whom Nature, as *Virgil* saith, hath placed opposite to us, with their feet to our feet.

Nosque ubi primus equis oriens effulsit, anhelis,

Illic fera rubens accendit lumina vesper. G. i. 250.

Or when Aurora leaves our northern sphere,

She lights the downward heav'n, and rises there ;

And when on us she breathes the living light,

Red Vesper kindles there the tapers of the night. Dryden.

It is not that their region or country is opposite and contrary to that of other men, but their life. There are oftentimes *antipodes* in the same city ; who, as *Marcus Cato* (*a*) observes, *never saw the sun, either rising or setting.*

Think you that those men know how to live, who know not when they live? And yet they fear death, though they bury themselves alive, and are as ominous, if you chance to meet them, as the night-raven. Although they spend their darkness in wine and perfume ; although they spin out the whole time of their intemperate vigils in banqueting, and variety of luxurious dishes ; they *feast* not, but are solemnizing their own funerals (*b*). The obsequies of the dead indeed are wont to be celebrated in the day-time, and are soon over : but no day is long enough for him that liveth, and worketh as he ought. We must stretch out the narrow span of life ; the duty and sign whereof consist in action. We must even contract the night, and transfer part of it to the day. Birds that are cooped up for a feast, that by sitting still they may grow fat, are generally kept in the dark : so of those men, who lie all day long without any exercise, a swelling is apt to invade the sluggish body ; a lazy fatness seizeth all their limbs ; and having dedicated themselves to darkness, they grow filthy and ill-favoured. Their soddish countenance looks as suspicious as of those who labour under some disease ; they are of an ashy colour, languid and faint ; and tho' still active, their flesh seems already corrupted. This however, I may say,

say, is but the least of evils that attends such irregularities, since a far greater darkness involves the mind; it is quite stupid; it is so very dark, it envies the blind. Who but such men as these could ever think that the eyes were given us to be used in darkness!

Do you ask whence proceeds this depravity of mind, that loaths the day, and is for turning the whole of life into night? Know that all vices are repugnant and contrary to Nature: they all desert the order and fitness of things. It is the very design of luxury to rejoice in perverseness; and not only to depart from what is right, but to fly from it as far as possible. Do they not seem to live contrary to Nature, who drink fasting (*c*), who pour down wine into their empty veins, and go drunk to dinner? yet such is the common excess of youth, who affect in this way to try their strength. Upon the very threshold of the bath they strip and drink; nay, they quaff down bumpers, and every now and then wipe off the sweat occasioned by their frequent and hot draughts. To drink only after meals is too vulgar a thing for men of taste; let your country-folk, and men who know not true pleasure, follow rules; our gallants delight not in that wine which swims harmless upon their food, and has a free and easy access to the nerves: no drunkenness is so agreeable, as that which is got upon an empty stomach.

Do they not seem to live contrary to Nature, who change habits with women, and study to preserve a young bloom on a wrinkled forehead? What can be more horrid, or more wretched? They would fain never be man, that they may not leave off their boyish tricks: and when their sex ought to rescue them from contumely and disgrace, not age itself can discharge them.

Live they not contrary to Nature who covet a rose in winter? and who by the nourishment of warm water and a proper heat of air, force the lily and other spring flowers, to bloom in the depth of winter?

Live they not contrary to Nature, who plant orchards on their turrets, (*d*), so that trees may wave over the tops of their houses; and strike
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their roots in those places, which it would have been presumption to pretend to reach with their highest boughs?

Live they not contrary to Nature, who lay the foundation of their baths in the sea; nor think they can swim delicately unless the warm water likewise be ruffled with billows?

Thus having resolved to will nothing but what is contrary to the custom of Nature, they at last entirely revolt from her. “ *Is it day-light?* It is time then to go to sleep (*e*). *Is it night?* Let us now take our usual exercise: let us get into our chariots, pay our visits, and so to dinner. But lo! the morning approaches; it is now supper-time. It is not for us to act as the common people do. It is mean to live in the ordinary and vulgar way. Let the poor wretches enjoy the whole day to themselves; so we have but an early hour in the morning to go to bed.”

For my part I cannot but rank such extravagant fops among the dead. For how like a funeral is it, and a sorrowful one too, to live thus by the light of torches and flambeaux? I remember not long ago, there were many who lived such a sort of life, among whom was *Atticus Buta*, a Prætorian, who after he had spent a large estate, and was complaining of his poverty to *Tiberius*, received this answer, *you are too late awakened*. *Montanus Julius (f)*, a tolerable poet, but well known, by having been a favourite, though afterwards in disgrace, with *Tiberius*, was one day reciting his poetry; and as he was fond of using the words *ortus* and *occasus*, (*east* and *west*, or *morning* and *evening*) when a friend of his complained that he had detained him a whole day, and that it was very unreasonable to expect a man should attend so long to hear his compositions; one *Natta Pinarius (g)* said pleasantly enough, *For my part, I think a man cannot use him more courteously than I do; for I am willing to bear him*, *ab ortu ad occasum* (alluding to the words only.) But when he was reciting these verses,

Incipit arduentes Phœbus producere flammas,
Spergere se rubicunda dies, jam tristis hirundo

Argutis

Argutis reductura cibos immittere nidis

Incipit, et molli partitos ore ministrat.

Phæbus begins to shew his sultry flame,

And ruddy morn to spread around the same;

With various food the swallow treats her young,

And lulls them with her melancholy song.

Varus a Roman knight, a companion of *Lucius Vicinius*, and an excellent smell-feast, making himself every where welcome by his witty, and often bitter jests, cried out,

And Buta now prepares for sleep.

And when he repeated these lines,

Jam sua pastores stabulis armenta locarunt,

Jam dare sopitis nox nigra silentia terris

Incipit.—

The shepherds to the fold their flocks had led,

And silent darkness o'er the world was spread:

cried the same *Varus*, what does *Montanus* say? *It is now night; I will go then, and give good-morrow to Buta.* Nothing was more notorious than this life which *Buta* led, so contrary to all rule; and in which many, as I said, indulged themselves at that time.

Now the reason of men's living in this preposterous manner, is, not because they think the night itself hath any thing more pleasing in it; but because nothing delights them that is obvious and common; and because light is generally burthensome to a bad conscience; and because they who value every thing, according to the price it bears, be it great or small, disdain the light, which costs them nothing.

Moreover these luxurious gentlemen desire to be talked of as long as they live; if nothing is said of them, they think they lose their labour, and live to no purpose; accordingly they are angry with themselves, if they have done nothing to raise a report. Many devour all their goods; others waste them upon harlots. To gain any credit among them, a man must not only commit some lascivious, but some notable folly. In a city so busily employed as this, a common sin will not be thought a story worth telling.

I have heard *Albinovanus*, (an excellent story-teller) (*b*) say, that he lived but a few doors from *Spurius Papinius*, who was one of these night-owls. Sometimes, said he, about the third hour of the night I have heard the twang of whips (*i*). I ask what is the matter? and I am told, *that Papinius is calling his servants to account*. About the sixth hour of the night, I hear a loud bawling: *what is this for?* I say. *Why, Papinius is only exercising his voice*. About the eighth hour of the night, I hear the rattling of wheels; and, when I ask what it means, am told, that *Papinius* is going to take the air. Towards break of day the whole house is in an uproar; the pages are called, and the butlers and the cooks are running up and down; *what now?* says I. *Papinius* is just come out of the bath, and calls for some broth and mulled wine. *What? and did his suppers exceed the expences of the day?* No; for notwithstanding all this he lived very frugally: *he spent nothing*, but the night. Therefore to some who called *Papinius* a sordid and covetous wretch, said *Albinovanus*, you may as well call him *lychnobius*, a lanplighter.

You must not wonder, *Lucilius*, that you find so many peculiarities in vice. Vice hath various and innumerable appearances; the several kinds of it cannot be comprehended. The observance of what is *right* is simple and uniform; but *wrong* is manifold, and puts on whatever shape you please. The same may be said of the manners of those who follow Nature: they are always free and easy, and scarce ever know any difference: but the depraved, and such as turn aside therefrom, not only differ from other mortals, but even among themselves.

The principal cause however of this disease, seems to be the disdain of common life; as they distinguish themselves from others by their dress, by the elegance of their entertainments, and by the smartness of their equipage; so would they likewise differ from them in the observation and disposal of time. They scorn to sin in a low and customary manner, who expect *infamy* for their reward (*k*). And this is what they all ambitiously covet; who live, as I may say, *retrograde*. But let us, my *Lucilius*, maintain the life which *Nature* prescribes, nor ever decline

decline from it: to those who follow her all things are easy, and readily provided; but to those who are continually thwarting her, life is nothing else but *rowing against the stream*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Lipſus* does not recollect this to be ſaid any where by *Cato*, but that *Cicero* makes mention of ſuch ſots; qui ſolem, ut aiunt, nec occidentem unquam viderint, nec orientem, &c. *who are carried away from their meals, and cram themſelves next day, over yeſterday's crudities, who boaſt of never having ſeen the ſun riſing or ſetting, and who are beggars, having ſpent their patrimony.* Cic. de Fin. U. 8.

(b) *Iuſta ſibi faciunt*] See Ep. xii. *Pincian* reads it *buſta*. *They are digging their own graves.*

(c) *Plutarch*. *Queſt. Conviv.* 8. 9.

(d) *Seneca Frag.* in *Thyefte*,—nulla culminibus meis
Impoſita nutat ſylva.

Nor on my houſetop nods a ſylvan ſcene.

Sen. Controv. v. 5. Aiunt in ſummis culminibus mentita nemora et navigalia piſcinarum freta. *They have not only groves on the top of their houſes but even fiſhponds.*

(e) So *Tacitus* ſpeaking of *Petronius*—*Illi dies per ſomnum, nox officiis et oblectamentis vitæ tranſigebatur. He paſſed his days in ſleep, and his nights in the duties and recreations of life.* And *Lampridius* of *Heliogabalus*, *Trajecit et dierum actus noctibus et nocturnos diebus, eſtimans hoc inter instrumenta luxuriæ; ita ut ſero de ſomno ſurgeret, et ſalutari inciperet, mane autem dormire inceptaret. He transferred the proper actions of the day to night, and of the night to day, looking upon this as an inſtance of luxury; ſo that he would riſe from ſleep expecting a ſalutation, and in the morning fall aſleep.* So *Horace* ſpeaking of one *Tegellius*,

— Noctes vigilabat ad ipſum

Mane, diem totum ſtertebat.—S. i. 3. 17.

All night he drank, and then all day would ſnore,

No mortal from himſelf could diſſer more. *Duncomb.*

(f) *Seneca*, the father, likewise mentions him, *Controv.* i. 7. *Montanus Julius*, qui comes fuit, quique egregius poeta) as an agreeable companion and an excellent poet. He wrote both Heroic Poems and Elegies, according to *Ovid.* de Pont. l. 4.

Quique vel imparibus numeris, Montane, vel æquis

Sufficis, et gemino carmine nomen habes.

(g) He is mentioned by *Tacitus*, l. 5. as one of the clients of *Sejanus*.

(h) And alſo a poet.

(i) Et cædens longi relegit tranſacta diurni.

Et cædit donec laſſis cædentibus, exi,

Intonet horrendum, jam cognitione peractâ. *Juv.* vi. 484.

Caſts up the day's account, and ſtill beats on;

Tir'd out at length, with an outrageous tone

She bids them, in the Devil's name, begone. *Dryden.*

(k) So *Tacitus* moſt elegantly of *Meſſalina*, the wife of *Nero*. Nomen tamen matrimonii concuſſivæ, ob magnitudinem infamiæ, cujus apud prodigos, noviffima voluptas eſt.

EPISTLE CXXIII.

On Luxury.

TIRED, *Lucilius*, with a disagreeable rather than a long journey, I came to my house at *Alba* late at night. I found nothing ready, but myself. I stretched therefore my weariness on the couch; and began to reflect with myself; that nothing is grievous, but what may be endured with patience; nothing intolerable, but what we make so by discontent. *My baker has got no bread*; but the porter has got some; as likewise the farmers and the ploughmen. *Yes, coarse bread!* Stay a little, and you will think it fine enough; hunger will soon render it as soft and delicate, as what is made of the finest wheat-flower. We should not eat therefore 'till this incites us. *Well then I will wait, and not eat before I can get white bread, or can relish brown.*

It is very necessary to accustom ourselves to live upon a little. Many difficulties, both with regard to time and place, intervene, and hinder the rich and great themselves from their usual repast (a): no one can have at all times what he pleases: but it is always in a man's power to have no mind to that which he knows he cannot have, and cheerfully to make use of what he has. A great part of liberty consists in an orderly good-tempered appetite, that can brook a delay, and even contumely. You cannot imagine what great pleasure I take in finding that my weariness can cure itself: I want not unction nor a bath: I ask no other remedy but that of time: for, what labour hath contracted, rest will soon disperse; and a supper at such a time, whatever it may be, will be more delicious than a public feast in the capitol (b).

I have sometimes made trial of my mind, by way of surprize; as it is then more sincerely and truly made. For when the mind is prepared and hath enjoined itself patience, it will not so easily appear how strong

and

and firm it is. Those are the surest proofs of it that are made *extempore*: when it looks upon an inconvenience, not only with an equal, but with a pleasant eye; falls not into a passion, nor is litigious: when it supplies itself, with what might have been expected, only by not desiring it; and thinks that somewhat indeed is wanting to habit and custom, but nothing absolutely to itself. There are many things, which we knew not to be superfluous before we wanted them; for we used them, not because we had need of them, but because we had them. And how many things do we seek to get, only because others have them, and especially some of our acquaintance?

It must be reckoned among the causes of our evils that we live by example. Neither are we governed by reason, but led away by custom. If such a thing is done but by few, we regard it not; nor think of following them therein; but when it becomes the fashion, we cannot but follow it; as if it were the more fit because more frequent; and error, when 'tis become public, usurps the place of right. Men cannot travel now but with a troop of *Numidian* horse (*c*), or a string of running footmen, before them. It is thought scandalous to have no one to clear the way; and not to shew by a great dust they raise, that a gentleman is coming. All have now their mules to carry their glasses, made of crystal and transparent pebble, cut by the hands of the greatest artists. All have the faces of their minions masked, lest the sun or the cold should hurt their tender skin. It is thought a shame there should be any among this tribe, whose face is not so fair as to need no paint (*d*).

Now these are the men, *Lucilius*, with whom we must avoid all conference. These are they who teach vice, and propagate it from one to another. They have been thought the worst of men who only carry tales from one to another; but these men carry vices. Indeed the conversation of such men is exceedingly hurtful; for though it may not affect us at first, yet it will leave certain seeds in the mind, which, even when we have shook off these our companions, will abide with us, to our great detriment. As when we have heard a concert of
music,

music, we carry away the modulation and sweetness of an air, that engages our thoughts, nor will suffer us to give attention to any thing more serious; so the voice of flatterers, and of such as commend vice, stays longer with us than the time we give it hearing; nor is it an easy matter to shake off from the fond mind the pleasing sound: it pursues us; will not forsake us; and at times will interfere do what we can. We must shut our ears therefore to frivolous discourse; and indeed to the first attack of such men; for, when once they have made a beginning, and find free admission, they soon grow bolder, and at length come to the following language:

“ *Virtue, Philosophy, and Justice!* what are they but mere empty
 “ sounds! Our only happiness consists in *good living!* to do every
 “ thing we please; and to enjoy one’s patrimony. ‘This is to live;
 “ this is to remember that we are mortal: the day fleets from us, and
 “ life irrecoverably passeth away (*e*). Why should we scruple to em-
 “ brace every delight, and to treat life with those pleasures it cannot
 “ always enjoy; but now can, and even demands them? What avails
 “ it to stretch our frugality even beyond the grave? and now to deny
 “ ourselves those things which death will soon deprive us of? What
 “ a poor wretch art thou, who hast no mistress? and no minion for a
 “ mistress to envy! How ridiculous is it to walk the streets sober,
 “ and to sup so early and frugally as if you were to make a diary for the
 “ approbation of a father! This is not to live for yourself, but for
 “ another! What madness is it for a man to solicit for his heir! and
 “ to deny himself every thing, that the prospect of a large legacy, or
 “ an inheritance may make your friend your enemy! For, the more
 “ he is to receive, the sooner will he desire, and rejoice in your death.
 “ Value not a rush those severe and supercilious censurers of other
 “ men’s lives, and enemies to their own; those public pedagogues,
 “ who would fain govern the world! Despise them we say, and make
 “ no scruple to prefer mirth, and good living, to the empty name of
 “ a good man.”

Such harangues as these are to be dreaded, as the voice of the *Syrens* whom *Ulysses* would not venture to hear; before he had bound himself to the main-mast. They are altogether as prevalent; they draw us from our country, our parents, our friends, our virtue: and basely inveigle those wretches that listen to them into a scandalous life. How much better is it to walk in the strait path, and to attain this happy end, to think those things alone delightful, which are fit and honourable? And this we should certainly attain, if we suppose and sincerely reflect on two sorts of things, those that have sufficient charms to incite us, or those that are attended with horror. By the former I mean *riches, pleasures, beauty, ambition*, and the like pleasing, sweetly-soothing baits; while such as drive us from them with abhorrence, are *ignominy, hard-living, labour, pain and death*. We must therefore be well exercised that we fear not these, nor covet the former. We must fight contrariwise, retreat from those that invite us to them, and make head against those that press upon us. See you not how different is the attitude of those, who ascend or descend an hill? They that go down a steep place bend their bodies backward; they that go up stoop forwards. For if when you descend you stoop forwards, or in ascending lean backwards, this, my *Lucilius*, would be to favour and assist the precipice. Now, we descend into pleasures, but climb up against adversity and hardships: here then must we stoop forward our bodies, and in the former case lean them back, restraining them with all our might.

But think not that these are the only men whose discourse is pernicious to us, while they recommend pleasure, and instil a dread of pain; which is terrible enough in itself. No, there are others whom I think as prejudicial; I mean those who under a pretence of affecting *Stoicism* exhort to vice: for, this is their boast: *that the lover is the only wise and learned man; and that he is most wise, who hath the most skill in drinking and feasting. Let us enquire then, say they, to what age young men are amiable.*—No; let us give up those vices to the Greeks; and rather attend to the following instructions: *No one is casually good: virtue is to be learned: pleasure is a low and mean engagement; to be held in no esteem; common with dumb animals; the lowest and most contemptible*

have recourse thereto; glory is something vain, volatile, and more inconstant than the winds; poverty is no real burthen, but to those who repugn it; death is no evil; why do you complain? This is the most just and equal law to all mankind: superstition is a mad error (f); it fears those, who ought most to be beloved; and abuseth those it worshippeth: for what difference is there whether you deny the Gods, or scandalize them? These are the things, *Lucilius*, that are to be learned; nay, they are to be learned, as we say, *by heart*. Philosophy should never suggest any excuses for vice; the sick man can have but little hopes of recovery, to whom his physician recommends intemperance.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *A diebus optantem: al. a diis. al. a diu optatis. al. octavam*, referring to the hour of supper:

*Exul ab octava Marius bibit, et fruitur diis
Iratis; at tu victrix provincia ploras.
Marius his sine begs off, contemns his infamy,
Can rise at twelve, and get him drunk at three.
Enjoys his exile, and condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain.* Dryden.

(b) *Cœna Diali] al. adjiciali, five adiciali.* Ep. 95.

(c) *Numidarum equitatus]* So in Ep. 87. *Cursores, et Numidas, et multum ante se pulveris agentem.*

(d) *Desideret medicamentum]* So *Juvenal*, of women:

*Sed quæ mutatis inducitur, atque fovetur
Tot medicaminibus, coctæque filiginis offas
Accipit, et madidæ, facies dicetur an ulcus?* Juv. vi. 470.
*But hadst thou seen her plaister'd up, before,
'Twas so unlike a face, it seem'd a sore.* Dryden.

(e) *Una felicitas est, bona vita, facere omnia libere]* This is another passage in full agreement with that of St. Paul, *come let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.* i. Cor. xi. 32. which in my paraphrase of that admirable chapter runs thus:

*Come, let us swim in pleasure; swim at large;
Eat, drink, and with variety of sport,
Indulge the taste of lustful appetite.
For why? To-morrow the eclipse of life
Shall cover us with an eternal shade;
The common period of all earthly beings.*

Where I observe that this is no *laconic* proverb, properly so called as some take it; because no people

people were more sober and frugal than the *Lacedæmonians*.—St. Paul certainly took it from *Ic.* xxii. 13. but to a different end, &c.

(f) Error infans, *al* infantis, a *childish error*. “Superstition is a very dangerous weapon, that cuts with two edges; for while it fills with some false fears, the absurdity of those fears drives others into infidelity. Superstition built the *Pagan* hell and *elysum*, and infidelity, not content with pulling down the superstructure, erased the very foundations. The extreme errors are, superstition, which realizes the fire and the worm; and infidelity, which, laughing at these, overlooks the analogy. *Malampus*, p. 207.

EPISTLE CXXIV.

Against the Epicureans, that Good consists in Reason and not in Sense.

POSSUM multa tibi veterum præcepta referre,
Ni refugis, testisque piget cognoscere curas.

I many solid precepts could rehearse,

Would you attend to the instructive verse.

But you, I know, *Lucilius*, will attend; nor are you disgusted at the most subtle question. Such is your elegance of taste, not to delight only in what is great. And this I likewise approve in you, that you reduce all things to some use and profit; and then only are offended, when a subject is not argued with the nicest subtlety imaginable: which indeed is not what I shall now pretend to. The plain question is, *whether good is comprehended by sense, or the understanding*. And as an adjunct to this, it is said, *that neither infants nor brute animals are capable of it*.

The *Epicureans*, who set pleasure in the highest place, affirm good to be *sensual*: but we *Stoics*, on the other hand, who attribute it to the mind, suppose it *intellectual*. If the senses were the sole judges of good, we should reject no sort of pleasure; for there is no pleasure but what is alluring and delightful: and, on the contrary, we should undergo no pain willingly; as there is none but what offends the senses.

Besides, they would by no means deserve blame or censure, who are too fond of pleasure, and who live in the utmost dread of pain; whereas we condemn those, who devote themselves to lust and gluttony; and despise those, who dare not engage in any manly exercise for fear of pain. For, how do they sin, or do wrong, who act in obedience to the senses, supposing these to be the judges of good and evil; for to these you have given the power of determining what you shall fly from, or what pursue? But surely *reason* should preside in this affair; which as it ought to determine concerning *life, virtue, and the fitness of things*; so likewise concerning *good and evil*: for otherwise, according to these men, pre-eminence is given to the baser part to judge of the better; if good must be judged of by the *senses*, dull and stupid as they are, and much more imperfect in man than in other animals. What if any one had a mind to discern minute things not with his eye, but his touch? Surely to discern good from evil, no penetration can be more sharp and exact for this purpose than the sight of the eyes. You see then how ignorant of truth they are, and how disrespectfully they trample upon things high and sublime, who make the *touch* the judge of good and evil.

But it is said, *that as every science and every art must have something that is manifest, and comprehended by sense, from whence it may be derived and encrease; so an happy life takes its source and foundation from such things as are manifest and fall under the apprehension of sense.* Well then, you say, an happy life takes its beginning from things manifest; and we say, that such things are happy, or create happiness, which are according to nature. And what is according to nature appears clearly, and at first sight, as whatever is perfect and entire. *What then is according to nature?* Why, it is that which befalleth him, who is just born: I do not call it actually good, but the beginning of good. Whereas you attribute pleasure as the chief good to infancy; as if a child began to have that from its birth, which he obtaineth only when a complete man. This is to set the top of the tree, where should be the root. If any one should say that an infant, while it lies in its mother's womb, of an uncertain sex, tender, imperfect, and unshapen, is already
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in possession of good he would certainly seem to be mistaken. But how little difference is there between him who hath just entered upon life, and him, who is as yet a latent burthen in the womb? Both of them as to any understanding of good and evil, are alike mature; because an infant is no more capable of good than a tree, or a brute animal. And why is not a tree or a brute animal capable of good? Because they want reason: and upon the same account infants are not capable; for they as yet want reason.

Some animals are irrational; some not as yet rational; and some rational, but imperfectly: in none of these dwells *good*. It is an attendant upon reason. What difference then is there between the things before-mentioned? Good can never be in what is irrational; in what is not yet rational, good is not yet; and in what is imperfect, good may hereafter be, but is not now. What I mean, *Lucilius*, is this: good is not found in every natural body; nor in every age of life; and is as far from belonging to infancy, as the last is from the first; or perfection from a beginning: therefore much less in a body, scarcely formed in the womb, or whatever prior state it may be in. Again, speaking of the good of a tree or plant; you will not say that it is in the first leaf that buddeth forth; or that the good of wheat is in the tender blade, or in the soft ear that first springs from the stalk; but in the grain, when the summer and due maturity hath hardened it. As nothing in nature exhibits good before it is in perfection, so the good of man is not in man 'till reason is become perfect in him. Now what this good is I will tell you: *it is a mind upright and free, subjecting other things to itself, itself to nothing*. Infancy therefore is not capable of this good; neither can the child, the boy, or youth itself expect it, but unjustly and in vain. And happy is the old age, that hath attained it by long study and application, when it becomes a real and intellectual good.

You allow, it is said, some good to be in trees and in herbs; why not then in infants? True good is neither in trees nor in brute animals; the good in them is only a precarious good, by concession. And what is that? you say. Why it is that which is consonant to the nature of

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every thing. Good can by no means be assigned to brute animals; it is of a more noble and happy nature. There can be no good, but where there is reason.

There are four several natures: that of a tree, that of a beast, that of a man, and that of God. The former two, being both irrational, have much the same nature. The other two have different natures, the one being immortal, the other mortal. The nature then of one, i. e. *of God*, is perfect good in itself; and care and diligence in the other, i. e. in man, hath made also his (respectively) perfect. Other things are said to be perfect in their nature, but not truly perfect, forasmuch as they want reason. For that, in short, is perfect, which is perfect according to universal nature; but universal nature is rational; other things however may be perfect in their kind.

In what there cannot be a blessed life, neither can be that by which a blessed life is effected; there is not in a brute animal that whereby a blessed life is effected, therefore in a brute animal good is not. A brute animal indeed comprehends things present by sensation; and remembers things past, when the sense is awakened thereto by something present. As a horse remembers the road when he is put into it; but it is not to be supposed that in the stable he remembers any thing of the road, though he treads it every day (*a*). The third degree of time, I mean the time to come, appertaineth not to brute beasts. How then can the nature of those things seem perfect, which have not the use of perfect time? For time is divided into three parts, past, present, and future: that only which is shortest, and is passing, i. e. the present, is given to the knowledge of animals; very rare is the remembrance of the past, nor ever recovered, but by the intervention of something present. The good therefore of a perfect nature cannot be in a nature that is imperfect; or if it naturally hath good, it is of the same sort that plants also have.

Nor do I deny but that brute animals are carried with a strong force and impulse towards those things that seem agreeable to nature; but
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then it is in a confused and disorderly manner; but there can never be any disorder or confusion in *good*. *Why then, say you, are brute animals moved confusedly and disorderly?* I said this upon a supposition, that their nature was capable of order; they are now moved according to nature. For that is confused, which may not be so at another time; and that not at ease, which at another time may be secure. Vice is in none, but where also there may be virtue. The motion then in brute beasts is such as is according to their nature. But not to detain you too long, suppose a brute animal to have some good, some virtue, something perfect; what then? It is not absolutely good, nor virtue, nor perfection; for these privileges belong only to rational animals, to whom it is given to know, *wherefore, how far, and in what manner*. So that *good* is in nothing but where there is *reason*.

You ask, *whereunto tends this discourse, and wherein will it profit the mind?* I will tell you; it both exercises and sharpens it: and, as the mind must be employed some way or other (*b*), detains it in a fit employ: it is of service likewise in preventing it from pursuing its natural tendency to ill. But give me leave further to say, that I cannot possibly confer a greater benefit upon you, than by pointing out to you your own good, by distinguishing you from brute beasts, and placing you in communion with God.

Why then, I say, do you take so much pains in nourishing and exercising the strength of your body; as if this was to be boasted of? Nature hath given this in greater perfection to savage beasts. Why so careful to heighten and preserve beauty? When you have done all you can, many animals will excell you herein. Why do you trim your hair with so great diligence and art? Whether you let it flow at full length, like the *Parthians*, or tie it up in a knot like the *Germans*, or frizzle and spread it wide, like the *Scythians*; every horse shall toss about a thicker and more flowing mane; and the lion shall look more formidably noble: and whatever swiftness you pretend to, you are no match for the little hare.

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Would you then laying aside these qualifications, in which you are necessarily excelled, as they are foreign to you, return to your own proper good? Know, it is this: *a mind or soul truly reformed, and comparatively pure as God is pure*: advancing itself above all earthly things, and reckoning nothing its own from without. Thou art a rational animal; and what is the good within thee? Perfect reason. Do all you can then to advance this, and carry it to the highest perfection, its proper end. Then think yourself happy, when all joy and satisfaction arise from yourself; when in all those things that men so greedily catch at, so fondly wish for, and so carefully guard, you can find nothing, which, I do not say, you had rather have, but which you at all desire. I will conclude with this short rule, whereby you may examine yourself, and know whether you are as yet perfect. Thou shalt possess the proper good, when thou shalt know and understand, *infelicitissimos esse felices, that they are most unhappy, who are happy (c)*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) If brutes have any *ideas* at all, and are not bare machines (as some would have them) we cannot deny them to have some *reason*. It seems as evident to me that they do some of them in certain instances reason, as that they have *sense*; but it is only in particular *ideas*, just as they received them from their senses. *Locke*, p. 121.

There is a gradation or scale of ascent of the principle of action among creatures in proportion to their perfection, with regard to the motion of their bodies. But men have further a power of directing arbitrarily their perceptive capacity to, and throughout their past perceptions, which brutes have not: and therefore cannot properly be called thinking creatures. And this is the specific difference betwixt rational and irrational beings, as this power is the foundation of the rational nature. See *Raxter* on *Locke*, p. 79, &c. *Brown* on the understanding, p. 173.

(b) That there are *ideas*, some or other always present in the mind of a waking man, every one's experience convinces him: though the mind employs itself about them with several degrees of attention, &c. *Locke*, p. 184.

(c) Or it may be rendered, that *the most unhappy are happy*, if they discharge to the best of their power the respective duties of life.

THE END.

